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THE MURAL PAINTINGS IN THE PANTHÉON AND HÔTEL DE VILLE OF PARIS.

By Will H. Low.

THE surprise of the average citizen may be imagined who in reading his morning paper should find, between a racy Presidential campaign scandal and an account of the latest record-beating performance of a transatlantic steamer, or a transcontinental train, a record of the proceedings of his local Board of Alderman like that which follows:

WHEREAS, The city of —— has now arrived at a stage of progress where it is one of the most important centres of civilization, and it behooves us as good citizens, animated by a just sense of our position, to keep before us and give forth to the world at large evidence of our prosperity and importance; be it

Resolved, That the city of —— shall employ the most skilful architects, the most competent builders, and, as their services may be required, the most cunning artificers of various kinds, to design and erect a building which shall stand as a symbol to our people and to the world of our greatness and enlightenment. And be it further

Resolved, That on the completion of the building proper, the most famed artists, sculptors, and painters of our country shall be invited to perpetuate, by their art, the history of our past, the record of our present, and the aspirations of our future within said building, in order that he who runs may read the cause and the effect of this our greatness.

The imaginary citizen, on reading this extra-imaginary resolution, would rub his eyes, would probably question the right of the city father to squander the inheritance of his son; but through it all would, we may be sure, run a thread of conviction that the world was moving at a rapid pace, and that there was much that was new under the sun.

Nevertheless, if in point of intelligence such a resolution would denote progress, in point of time it would be as old as the first step taken toward the erection of the Cathedral of Florence, seven or eight centuries ago; for the imagined resolution is but a free translation, from memory, of one passed by the Syndics of Florence before proceeding to erect the proud dome which soars above their happy valley. Their town was commercial in its trend; they were simple, practical merchants; but having arrived at a period of great material prosperity, they recognized the necessity, which is as great in the new marts of the world as in the old, as necessary now as then, of giving place to the higher ennobling idealism which finds its best material exponent in spacious temples and adorning works of art. The intellectual aspiration of a people cannot in truth be held to be embodied in its lit-

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erature, whether it be the prose or poetry of imagination, or the recorded investigation of its philosophers or its scientists. No matter how wide-spread may be the diffusion of knowledge, no matter how multiplied may be the means of instruction, so that the printed book may be in the hands of every citizen, there yet remains the fundamental need of the intuitive absorption of an intelligence through the eyes. Nor is this by any means confined to him who, having opportunities of education placed before him, neglects to avail himself of his privileges; the student lifts his study-dimmed eyes from the printed page and receives through another sense a vision which uplifts him in another, but no less greater, manner above the momentary and material accidents of life. The Old World has long recognized this truth, and throughout political vicissitudes, throughout social and economic changes, it had held it to be a part of civilized life, without which it would retrograde toward the savage who, once his stomach filled, sleeps. France, where many things are managed "better," has always managed this particularly well. At least from the Gascon king who, practical spirit, not only wished every Frenchman to have his *poule au pot*, but who made his Paris, his France, beautiful, down to M. Carnot, under whose reign we have seen the new Sorbonne built and decorated, the usefulness of beauty has been recognized.

From this point of view, therefore, rather than from one more purely artistic or critical, I am glad of the opportunity afforded in these pages to describe some of the more recent, and consequently less generally known, manifestations of the civic pride and dignity of Paris.

Before proceeding, however, and in order to show how far-reaching is the demonstration of this sentiment, it may be well to explain that the city of Paris is subdivided into twenty wards (or arrondissements), that in each ward is a city hall in miniature, known as the Mairie. In these buildings various civil acts—marriages, declarations of births or deaths, etc.—are performed, and almost every building is decorated by statues or mural paintings, many of them of great merit, and all of them giving opportunity for the manifestation of that artistic sense which Paris rightly judges to be one of her most precious possessions. In addition to these are the countless churches, the schools of various kinds, buildings for the transaction of public business—even the Louvre, where the walls being covered with framed pictures, the decorative artists have found constant employment for more than a century on the ceilings and along the stairways. In fact, every civil or governmental building in Paris is more or less decorated; all attest the greatness of the country, and all its citizens feel a glow of honest pride as they pass by or under this pictured history or allegory, and engaged perhaps in the transaction of the most commonplace business, have, by the means of their beautiful environment, a momentary surcease of care, a moment's uplifting to higher, nobler thought.

It is difficult for an artist to agree altogether with the natural deduction to be drawn from the sight and the influence of such works of art; for to one not an artist, who follows the great throngs of people who flock to the Panthéon to read their history written on the painted wall, the thought is paramount that this is art's true, highest function. To tell a story, to make visible a memory or a thought, *is*, in effect, from a non-artistic point of view, the function of art; to do all this with due regard to the prosody of technical requirements, to give latitude for the expression of the temperament of the artist, is the exception to which an artist would lay claim. It goes without saying that in the choice of artists, and in their more or less fitness for their task, there is abundant room for criticism—a criticism which can only be lightly touched upon in an article like this. We will rather, therefore, approach the works described in the humor of the public for whom they are destined, and entering the great portal of the Panthéon, experience the feeling which, to an American at least, even Westminster in London, with its thousand memories with which we can claim relationship, or Santa Croce in

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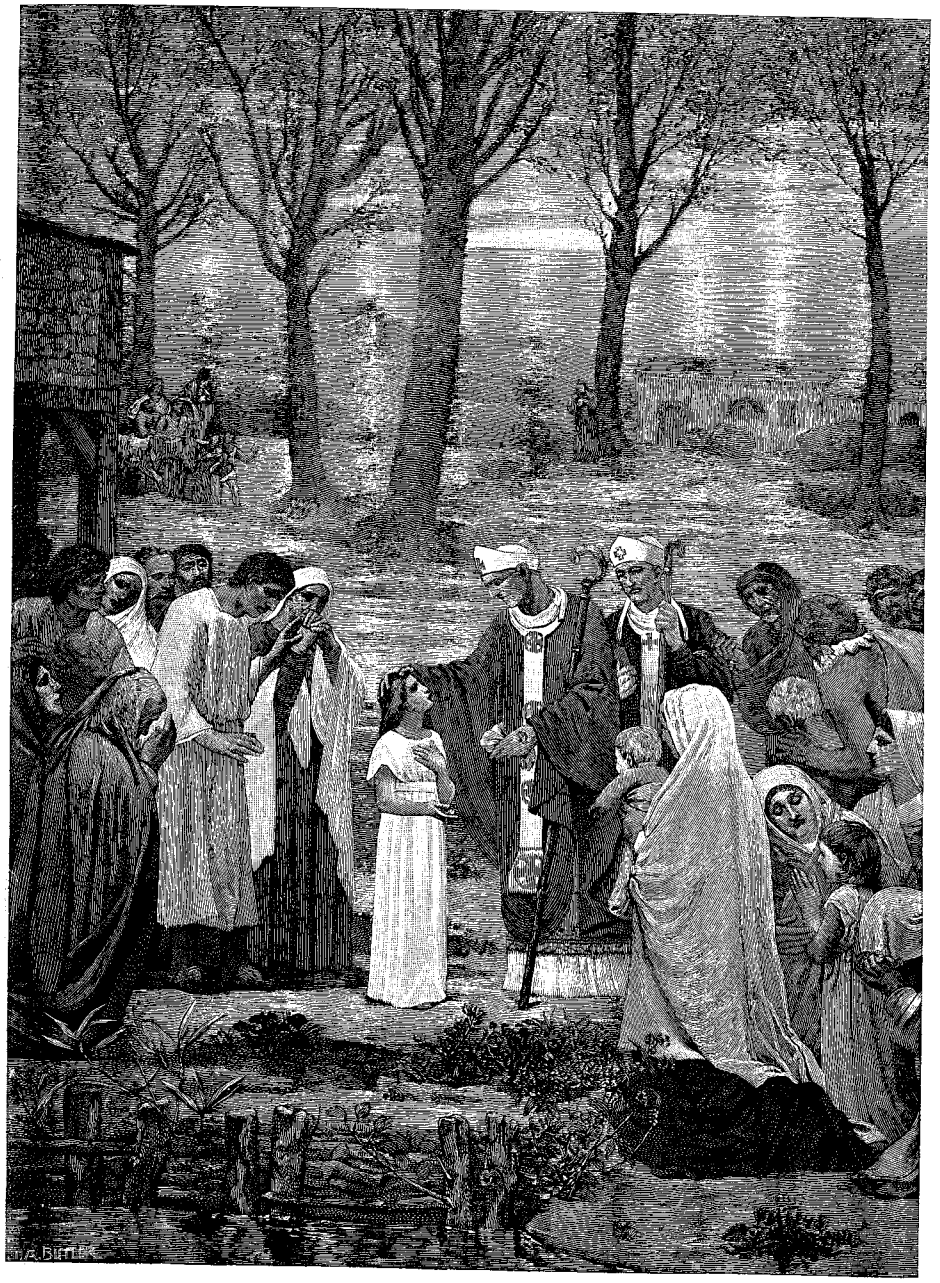

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

The Sanctification of Saint Genevieve.

(From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes, in the Panthéon.)

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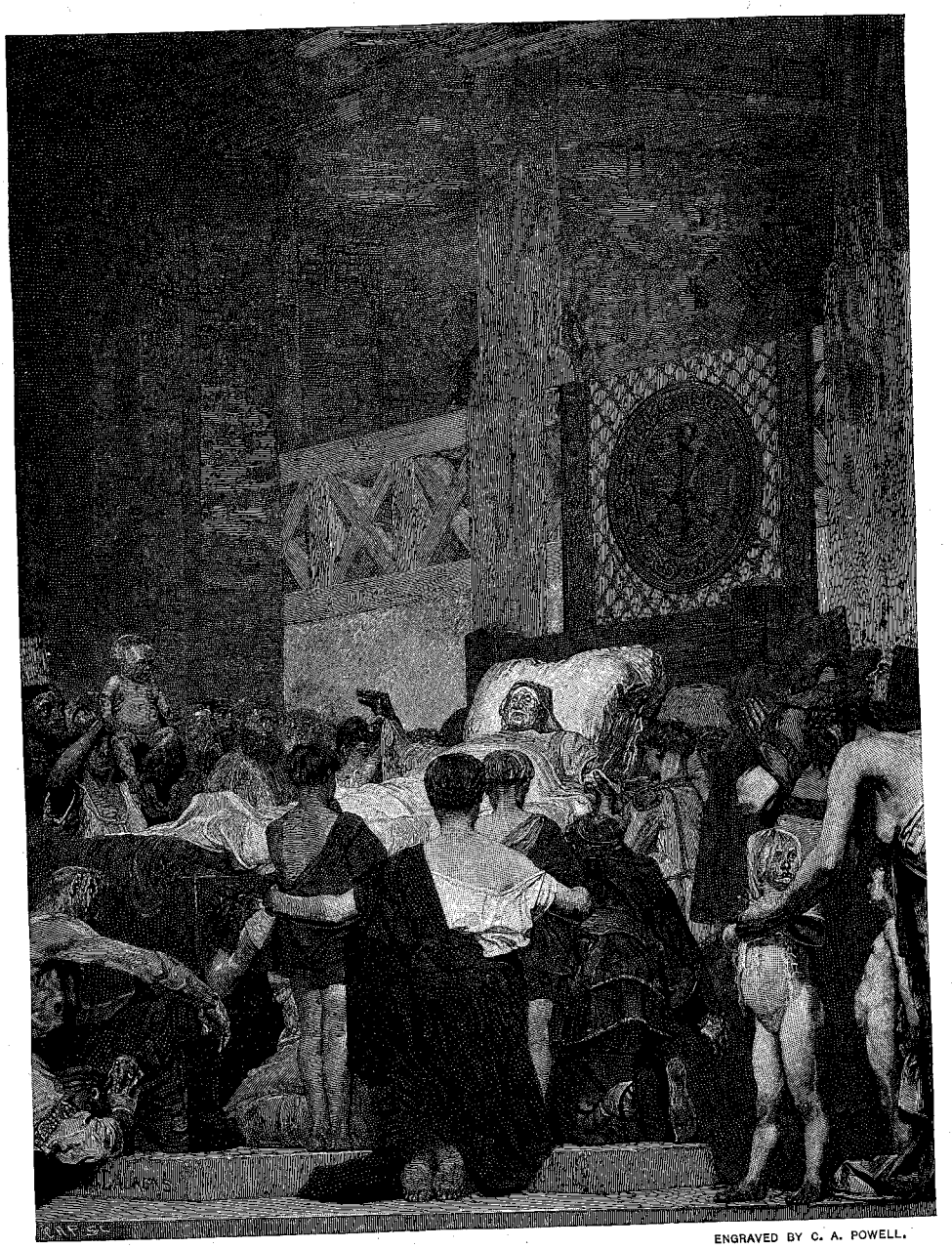

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

The Death-bed of Saint Genevieve.

(From the painting by Jean Paul Laurens, in the Panthéon.)

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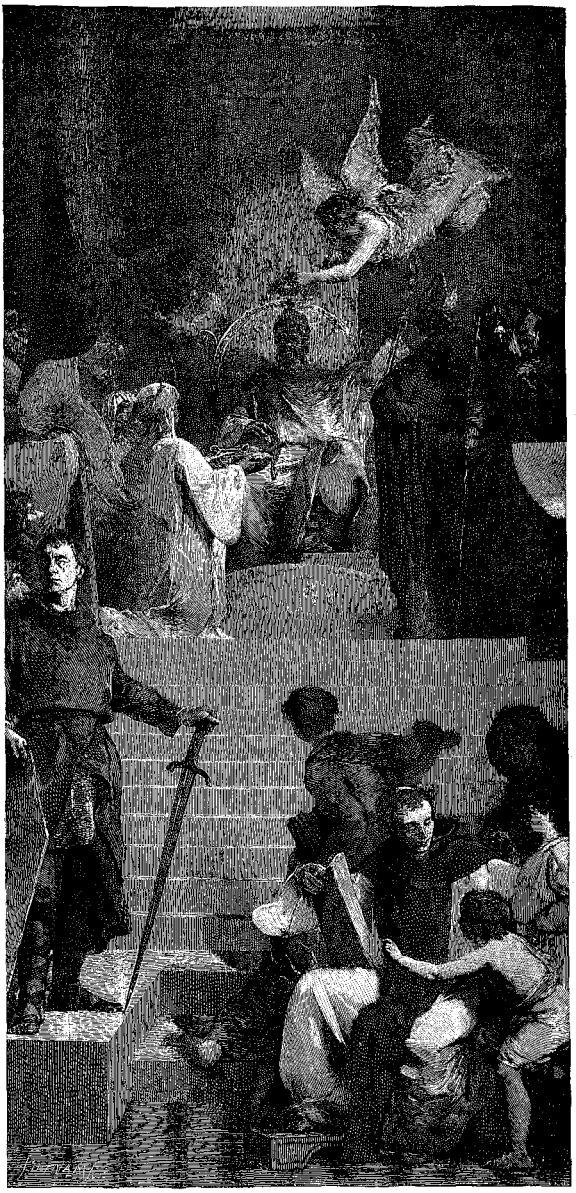
Florence, with the great names enshrined therein, fails to give. For the Panthéon, despite its first destination as the church of Saint Genevieve in 1764, takes its real character as a purely civic monument from the decree by the Legislative Assembly, which set it apart as a last resting-place for the citizens who had achieved distinction, and wrote across its pediment *Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*

A more simple and grand recognition of the principles for which our forefathers fought, and the fruits of which we are supposed to enjoy, would be difficult to find than this great edifice, set apart, not for the rulers or the nobility, but for the great men to whom the country acknowledged its indebtedness. The Restoration having more nobles in its hierarchical Church than sympathy with its citizens, promptly effaced the inscription, which the French people, in their touching struggle for liberty, replaced after 1830. The citizen-king respected the destination given to the building by the people, but in 1851 the third Napoleon gave it back to the Church, in whose hands it remained until 1885, when it again became the Panthéon, which, from the apparent temper of France, it is likely to remain. Throughout its checkered existence, however, and despite the fact that the main and modern decoration was commenced while the building was a church (or perhaps because of that fact, since the Church, even in France, has a more human sentiment in these days than at the commencement of the century), the building has an eminently republican aspect. It must be confessed that the dust of Victor Hugo seems more of and with us than that of Edward the Confessor; hence the feeling which the contemporaneous, cosmopolitan, average American must experience in this vast edifice.



The Coronation of Charlemagne.

(From one of the panels of Henri Lévy's painting in the Panthéon.)

Of the building proper, however, it is neither the province nor the purpose of this article to treat, beyond

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the mere mention of the sentiment inspired by its large, well-lighted spaces; a sentiment intensified by the study of the mural paintings which it contains. The most remarkable of these is that by Puvis de Chavannes, which, like most of the others, consists of one large composition divided into three panels by the interposition of columns, a fourth panel, contained in the space between two columns, forming a separate composition. The larger triptychal panel represents Saint Genevieve, who, the child of humble parents according to the legend, was remarked by the good bishops of the early Church as they journeyed to England to convert the heathen. The scene represents a landscape which has many characteristics of the present environing country around Paris, with Mont Valérien in the background. The good bishops, in their episcopal garb, have singled out from the people who crowd around them a little child, who gravely looks up at them as she is blessed and her future destiny prophesied. In the foreground mariners approach the boat which is to carry the missionaries on their journey, and around and about are gathered the country people, some kneeling and invoking the blessing of the holy men, others bringing the sick to be cured, and others still, occupied in their daily tasks. This, and the accompanying panel, which represents two peasants who, from the vantage-ground of a little hillock, observe the child Genevieve engaged in prayer, and who, with the simple devotion of simple peasants, stop the plough to make the sign of the cross, are easily described as to subject. It is less easy to convey an idea of the charm of the work itself, a charm so greatly dependent on color, and perhaps still more so on the harmony between the painting and the place it occupies, that the accompanying engraving [page 663] may fail to give it. It is an almost primitive world that one looks on in M. Puvis de Chavannes's decoration, a world having little in common with ours, except the forms of nature and the atmosphere depicted. Yet the types are essentially human, modern even; but, modern or human, with the trivial, the local characteristics suppressed. We no longer flock around our missionaries with the unquestioning simple faith with which these good folk surround Saint Genevieve and the bishops; but there is in us all a chord of belief, which, shred from the complex strings which vibrate to the touch of our century, this gifted painter has been able to find.

With a knowledge of the after-life of this simple little girl, more of which we shall see depicted further on, I can well understand that her prototype, in someone of the little orphan asylum children who often pass before these paintings under the guidance of their instructors, may find the inspiration of a life in the painted image. Of the decorative quality, of the exquisite marriage of light and color, of the gravely subdued, almost archaic but thoroughly typical, character of the drawing, many have borne testimony since these panels, the first of the new decorations, were placed here in 1877. Puvis de Chavannes was then but little known except to the few, and his talent found but little sympathy; but anyone who was in Paris at that time, and who was interested in art, will remember the instant triumph which greeted these works.

Another painter of another stamp has affixed the sign-manual of his temperament in the panels which form pendants to those of Puvis de Chavannes. Within similar spaces Jean Paul Laurens has painted the death-bed of Saint Genevieve [page 664]. In a vast hall of massive architecture, the dying saint, raised on her pillow, dominates the faithful who surround in orderly and decent confusion the death-bed of their patron saint. It is a fine page of history, and M. Laurens, proceeding contrariwise from M. Puvis de Chavannes, has, by an array of archæological precision, of insistance upon local types, reconstituted for this latter day a dramatic scene. Decoratively it is less in keeping with the tone of the building, though as a detached painting it is of a fine, sombre harmony, and the sturdy, constructive character of the drawing shows us Jean Paul Laurens at his best. Between these we have, on the wall nearest the Puvis de Chavannes, "The Coronation of Charlemagne" [page 665], a somewhat confused and theatrical rendering of the subject by Henri Lévy.

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ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

Jeanne d'Arc Burned at the Stake, Rouen, 1431.

(From the painting by J. E. Lenepveu, in the Panthéon.)

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It is not without a certain vividness of color and a most *savant* ordonnance in respect to composition, but it is most decidedly unmural and unsuited to its position. This matters little apparently, and perhaps happily, to the average citizen. With Charlemagne — "protector of letters," the device reads — exists another glorious episode in the history of his *patrie*, and from seven to seventy this work finds its admirers. Two smaller panels near by, the work of Th. Maillot, represent local Parisian customs of other times in connection with the veneration of Saint Genevieve. They are rather uninspired works, full of a curious erudition like enlarged missal-paintings, but again, from a non artistic point of view, they interest and instruct.

The wall opposite the painting by Lévy contains a large panel representing the battle of Tolbiac, where Clovis, seeing his army on the point of defeat, vows to become a Christian if victory is vouchsafed; and a smaller panel of his baptism after the battle. It is a composition rather scattered in character, Clovis being made prominent by a display of extraordinary movement, and on the whole it is perhaps as fine an example as can be found of what an ultra-academic art education will produce on a nature apt to receive its lessons. M. Joseph Blanc, the author of this work, is a Prix de Rome, and has evidently taken to heart all that an academy can teach. Here is superb drawing; composition studied, and, within limits, full of invention; a tone which, while it gives little sense of color, keeps well within the boundaries of mural decoration, and yet the result artistically is feeble and meaningless. One can hardly look at this work without feeling that, with a nature endowed with sentiment, such a superb technical equipment would have produced great work; but, as it is, neither the battle nor the baptism move one greatly; the one sensation of curiosity being aroused by the frieze, in which M. Blanc has introduced contemporaneous portraits, and we may admire M. Clemenceau, M. Lockroy, M. Arago, and M. Coquelin, decked in the costumes of Clovis and his companions, while Gambetta leads the procession [above]. Yet with the criticism, which I promised to spare my reader, comes the thought that

Return of the Victorious Clovis from Tolbiac.
(Frieze of the painting by Joseph Blanc, in the Panthéon.)

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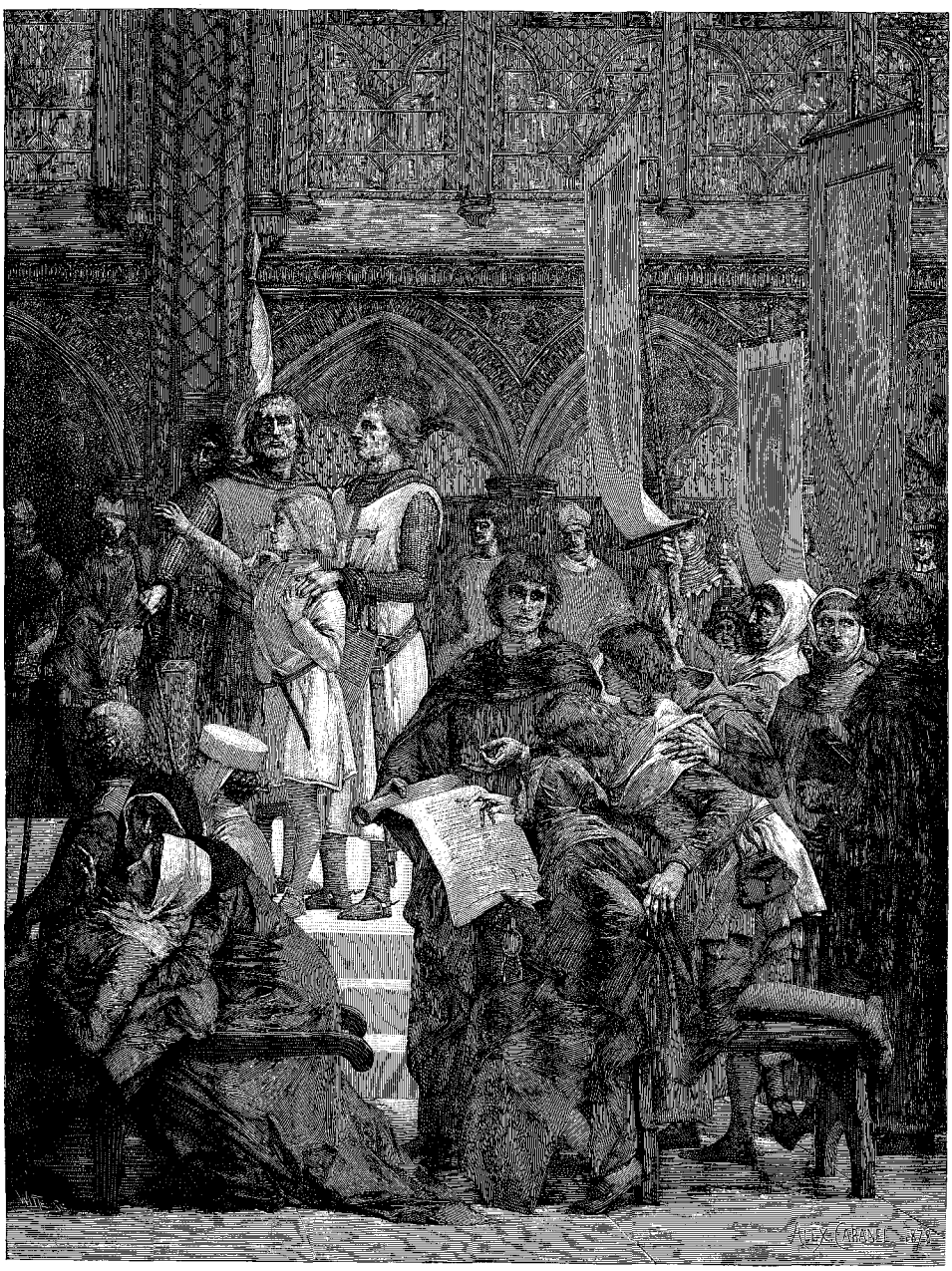

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Saint Louis, King of France, Founding the Sorbonne.

(From the painting by Alexander Cabanel, in the Panthéon.)

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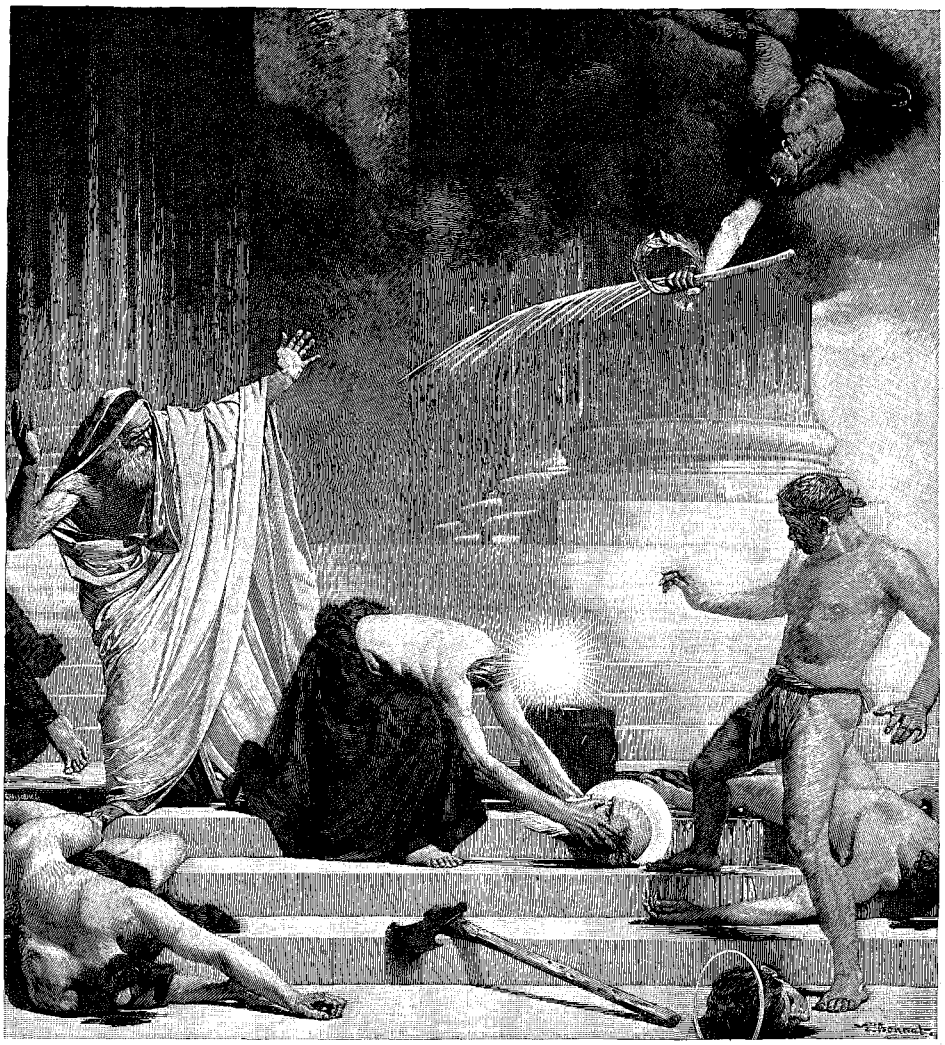

The Martyrdom of Saint Denis.

(From the panel by Bonnat, in the Panthéon.)

if one were a boy, with a prospect of being drafted into a standing army in a few years, the sight of M. Blanc's great work would fill one with joy. This brave array of lances, or I know not what archaic weapons, the horses (albeit, to quote an irreverent art student, "a little india-rubbery"), and the general *mêlée* of battle, to an eye not easily offended by too evident reminiscences of older masters must seem far more warlike and inspiring than the curious modern warfare represented by Meissonier. Crossing to the other side of the building, we come to four episodes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, by Lenepveu, which constitute one of the "attractions" of the Panthéon, so great is the power of subject, but which have given rise to very serious murmuring on the part of the artistic public. With one of the best subjects which could inspire a French painter, M. Lenepveu, to whom we owe a really admirable ceiling in

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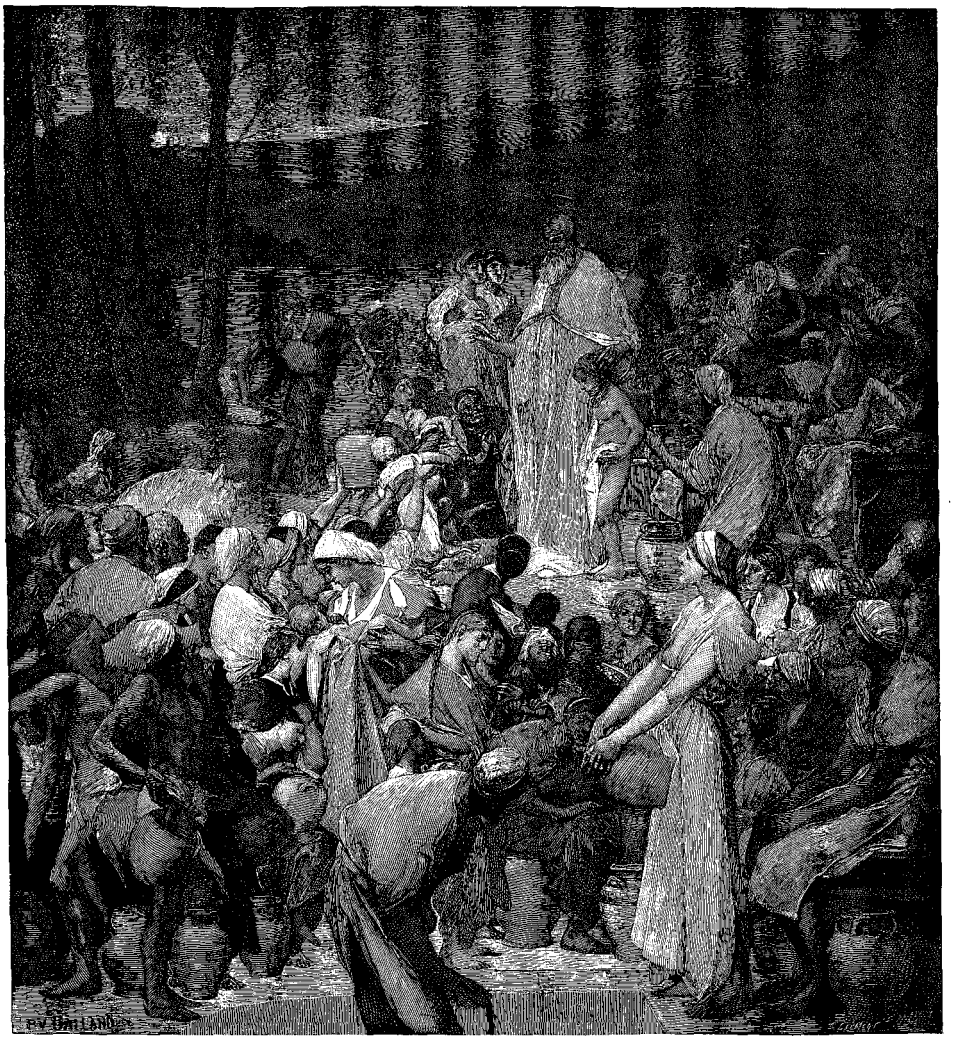

Saint Denis Preaching.

(From the painting by P. V. Galland, in the Panthéon.)

the auditorium of the Grand Opéra, has chosen to represent his heroine and the episodes in which she figures very much as they might be represented on the stage. It adds to the distress which these works inspire to think that the space filled by them was destined to be decorated by Paul Baudry. Had Baudry lived to carry out his designs, which were partially made at the time of his death, the Panthéon would probably have had a worthy companion-piece to the Puvis de Chavannes ; for he had studied his subject thoroughly from all obtainable sources, and looked upon his work as about to be the crowning effort of his illustrious career. There has been, in fact, a most unfortunate connection between the deaths of some of the great painters of France and the commissions which their death prevented from adorning the walls of the Panthéon. Jean François Millet, Paul Baudry, and Élie Delaunay all held commissions for the

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Panthéon at the time of their death. Delaunay had so far finished his that another hand will be able to complete it, so that we shall not altogether lose what, it is to be inferred from other work by Delaunay, may be among the most interesting of the Panthéon decorations. In the cases of Baudry and Millet, however, the loss is irreparable; and for the latter there is no representation of what his admirers can well believe would have revealed a new phase of his talent. Of Baudry we have the superb decorations in the *Nouvel Opéra*, which, though hardly seen in their tasteless and ponderous surroundings, are yet known, to those who saw them exhibited at the École des Beaux-Arts in 1874, to be the capital decorative work of this century. Meissonier, for many years previous to his death, held a commission to paint a great panel representing Sainte Geneviève saving Paris from famine during a time of siege. He made sketches for the subject, one of which has, I think, been exhibited; but perhaps wisely, or for some reason best known to himself, this great autocrat of art never put his project into execution.

To return to the present Jeanne d'Arc of Lenepveu for a moment, to accentuate the point which I am constrained to acknowledge. These four panels, which represent Jeanne at Domremy listening to the voices, the assault of Orleans, the coronation at Reims, and the death at Rouen [page 667], are perhaps the most popular in the Panthéon with the masses. A wiser administration may in the future (when their author has departed to the rest which is accorded to the laurel-crowned members of the Institute) change these panels for others which, representing the same subjects, will be more in consonance with the surrounding decoration in point of dignity of treatment. But as from their subject they touch the popular heart, so, as before a shrine, we can always find a devout assemblage. Sometimes it is a little group of children with a teacher, lay or clerical; at others an *invalide*, one-armed, who has wandered from his palace with its memories of another conqueror; and again two peasant women, mother and daughter, the younger, flushed with pride of education, spelling out the legends of the pictures, written in a rather difficult text, to be sure. The discovery of the dove escaping with the expiring breath of Jeanne d'Arc fills these last with awe; and across this comes the rasping voice of the personal conductor, who in English difficult to qualify runs through his *boniment*. "This now, ladies and gentlemen, is the best thing here; it's the history of Jo-ann of Arc, and everything authentic. When Sarah Bernhardt played Jo-ann of Arc she came here and copied the costumes. It is by four of the most celebrated painters of France, and you'll find their names in the corner!" With a patter of feet on the stone flooring the personally conducted are led away and others fill their place. The art might be better, but this great picture-book teaches a lesson of patriotism which, whether the beholder comes from Montreuil-les-Pêches or Oklahoma, strikes home. The Panthéon holds, moreover, beyond certain places boarded in where Delaunay's work is being carried on from the point where he laid down the brush, and where Humbert's "Great Women of France" are promised to be, a series of panels by Alexandre Cabanel representing the life of Saint Louis, king of France. Here we have perhaps a representation more academic than spontaneous; but there are many beautiful features in the work which, commencing with the young prince learning at the knees of Blanche of Castille, carry us through the life of the wise monarch and lawgiver, who founded the Sorbonne [page 669], who abolished judicial torture, down to the point of his death at Jerusalem. More history — easily retained by "him who runs" and carrying its lesson—"the Martyrdom of St. Denis" [page 670], a vigorous but unpoetical and undecorative panel of Bonnat, forms a panel near the door; and facing it on the other side is "St. Denis Preaching," by Galland [page 671], which has quite the opposite qualities, and of which the main fault seems to be a certain over-individuality in the various figures which tends to distract and makes the subject difficult to grasp.

Nothing has been said in this rapid review of the sculpture, which counts at least one masterpiece in the "St. Vin-

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ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

Music.

(From the panel in the ceiling of the Salle des Fêtes, in the Hôtel de Ville, painted by Gervex.)

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cent de Paul" of Falguière. There are other sculptures by Fremiet ("St. Grégoire de Tours") and Hiolle; a group by Chapu ("St. Germain and St. Genevieve") and at the end, where there is a good mosaic from a design by Hébert representing "Christ Showing to the Guardian Angel of France the Great Destiny of the French People," there is to be a monument commemorative of the Revolution, by Falguière. In fact, all the decoration of the Panthéon, with the exception of the central dome by Gros, a survival of its earlier destination, has been accomplished since 1876, and is still in progress. The monument to Victor Hugo, who was of yesterday, is not yet in place, and that of the next who shall be judged worthy is not yet thought of. Thus the sculptors of to-day are working for their country, as behind the wooden partitions already spoken of the painters are joining their names to those of events which make up history. This is one, and the greatest, element of French art, which makes it, instead of being a mere plaything of the rich, who have framed pictures on their walls as they have other objects of luxury, a vital force walking hand in hand with Literature and Science.

It is a curious fact that with the rapid communication of to-day, and with the vogue that French art has enjoyed among our picture-dealer-led amateurs, that in many cases the painters who enjoy the most national reputation in France, who in the eyes of their fellow-citizens occupy the highest positions, are almost unknown in the United States. The reason is not far to seek: While Chose and Machin were making agreeable little pictures for purposes of exportation, Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes were decorating the walls of national monuments. As I write this in Paris, the whole of one page and a portion of another of the principal evening paper, *Le Temps*, is filled with accounts of the unveiling of three statues in different portions of France. The interest here is not exclusively artistic—far from it—but it is so welded into and joined to the national life that it serves in the cause of good government, and thus demonstrates the use of beauty.

A more purely municipal undertaking is the new Hôtel de Ville, or city hall of Paris, which stands to-day completely rebuilt within fifteen years, not by any means a flawless work of art, since such exist not, but one which to any thinking spectator from our mighty new republic carries a query, as he reflects on the efforts made in wrong directions, on the waste of money, and the usual result in our great cities of any municipal undertaking. The answer that they manage those things better here in Paris comes to the query; and yet, to be fair, it is easy to see how things might be much better here in these very directions. There are numberless critics well founded in their criticisms of the methods employed here, and of the results achieved. But the one important thing which they do is to make a beginning; mistakes come as they do in most human affairs, but here and there results a masterpiece, and an art which is not impeccable is better than to be without an outward and visible sign of the belief in art inherent in us all, from the savage who scratches a rude ornament on his war-club to him who moulded the Medicean tomb, the dome of St. Peter, and painted the Sistine Chapel.

The city hall of Paris stands on the site of the old Hôtel de Ville, which in the ferment of 1871 was burned. The principal façade is, in fact, a reproduction of the old one, but the building, as responding to the needs of a modern city, is considerably larger. For a description of the building proper I can refer my reader to any guide-book, or some one of the monographs which have been published on the subject. From it one would learn that the statues of eminent men and women, most of them Parisians, on the building number one hundred and ten, and in addition there are perhaps as many more personifying sister cities, or various arts, trades, or qualities which the municipality of Paris considers itself more or less obliged to acknowledge. Among this great mass of sculptured people all are not masterpieces; but it is safe to say that there is not among them a single figure so absolutely devoid of art as our familiar friend, the Soldier's Monument, average quality, furnished by the ——— Granite

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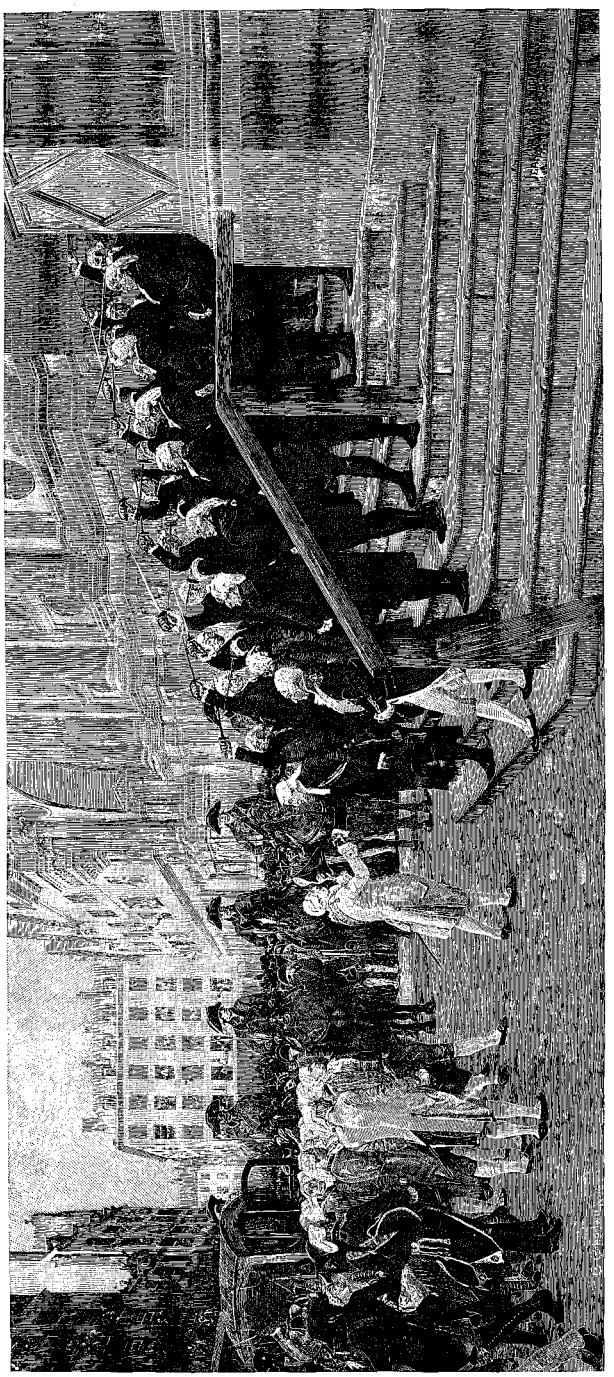

The Arch of Steel.
(From the painting by Jean Paul Laurens, in the Hôtel de Ville.)

or Marble Company, which confronts us at every turn at home.

In the maze of courts and turrets, abundantly, and, in the main, tastefully, decorated, it is simply impossible to take a step without the feeling that a great city is at home here; that, the pride which every good citizen holds as a birthright finds expression in this sumptuous pile. When we come to the interior, even in its incomplete condition, this feeling gains in volume, and the conviction finds place that, whatever its faults, this brave building is finely typical of the present city of Paris. A considerable portion of the building is given up to various offices to which the public is not admitted, but which are no less appropriately, if somewhat less sumptuously, decorated than the Salles des Fêtes, which are always open under slight restrictions.

It is difficult to undertake a detailed description of the Grande Salle des Fêtes, as a number of the painted ceilings and other decorations are not in place. I will therefore transcribe a list furnished by the Municipal Commission of Decoration for the Hôtel de Ville, and then describe some few of the works already in place. The list, which states that "a consid-

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erable number" of the principal artists have been commissioned to do the decoration, adds that it will take some years to finish. This is probable; but from the number of works already in place, or shortly to be there, the period is not likely to be a long one. The list is as follows: Grande Salle des Fêtes, 3 great ceiling panels: "Paris Welcoming the World to her Festivals," by Benjamin Constant; "The Dance," by Aimé Morot; "Music," by Henri Gervex; 2 smaller ceiling panels ("Flowers and Jewels"), by Gabriel Ferrier; 16 large figures representing the provinces of France, by Humbert, Milliet, Bertaux, and Weerts; stairway panels, by Luc Olivier Merson; domes and pendentives, by Joseph Blanc and Schommer; 16 landscape panels, by various painters; 2 antechambers to the Salle des Fêtes, panels covering the wall spaces, by Puvis de Chavannes and Roll; great stairway to the Salle des Fêtes, ceiling and fifteen panels ("The Glory of Paris"), by Élie Delaunay; three salons, called Salons à arcades: First salon, ceiling composed of three panels, by Léon Bonnat, "The Arts;" second salon, ceiling, three panels, by Jules Lefebvre, "Letters;" third salon, ceiling, three panels, by Besnard, "Science." In these three rooms there are, in addition, 6 friezes, by Léon Glaize, Commere, and Lerolle; 36 triangular corner-pieces over the arcades, by Chartran, Maignan, and Carrère; 12, by Rivey, Collin, Marchal, and Mlle Forget; 12 large figure panels, by Tony Robert-Fleury, Ranvier, Dagnan-Bouveret, Layraud, E. Thirion, H. Leroux, J. J. Henner, G. Callot, Jeanniot, Buland, Armand Berton, Rixens; 12 landscape panels, by Collin, Français, Billet, Lapostolet, Henri Saintin, Berthelon, Lansyer, Guillemet, Barrau, Pierre Vauthier, and Luigi Loir. Lateral gallery, ceiling, by Galland. Salon at the angle of the rue Lobau, decoration covering entire wall, by J. P. Laurens, representing the history of Paris and its municipal liberties. Vestibules: 2 large panels, by L'Hermitte and Tattegrain; 4 smaller panels over doors, by Monginot, Quost, Jeannin, and Cesbron.

I have carefully copied these names, many of which are familiar to us in the United States, in order to show on what a scale Paris has invited her great family of artists to dignify her home. The list of sculptors would be even longer. The effect of all this is not one of too great magnificence, for the spaces to be filled are vast. Once in a while, as in the decoration of the third Salon de l'arcade, the only one which is completely finished, the ceiling, by Besnard, is so startlingly rich in color that it seems a pity that the whole room was not confided to him to carry out in the same scheme. In the Grande Salle des Fêtes, however, where in addition to the various ceilings and painted decoration there is considerable decorative sculpture, the effect is admirable. The ceiling, by Benjamin Constant, is not yet in place, and it is said that after seeing it in the last Salon he has wisely modified it somewhat, so that it may take its place between "The Dance," by Aimé Morot, and "Music," by Gervex [page 673], which, now that it is in place, produces a much better effect than when seen last year in the Salon. Detached pieces of the decoration were seen in the Salon of this year, notably "The Winter" of Puvis de Chavannes, for one of the antechambers of the Salle des Fêtes. This forms a companion to the "Summer" already in place, and proves that which has already been proved, that this painter is past-master in the art of decoration. Like his other work, it is admirably simple, synthetic to the last degree, but full of poetry and sentiment. "The Voûte d'Acier" (the Arch of Steel) [page 675], by Jean Paul Laurens, who, as in the Panthéon, is here in contrast with Puvis de Chavannes, is less happy in decorative conception. It is an admirable genre picture, magnified out of its proper dimensions, more interesting historically or anecdotically than as a decoration. Still—the point which is never missed—it is history made plain. Not enough can be said at this time of the final general effect of this magnificent demonstration of a city's greatness and power, but enough has been accomplished already to make the heart of every citizen of Paris swell with pride as he looks on it; and the effect, as the work is finally finished, and with festival and reception going hand in hand

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with the more sober business of a city's administration, the city settles down in its new house, will be cumulative.

The citizen of another great city, swelling with pride of wealth and meagre in pride of dignified representation, can hardly look on this great building without envy. The query arises and the answer lags: When shall we arrive at a point when, in our turn, we can point to a great building and say, If you would see my monument, look about you?

APPLES OF GOLD.

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—*Proverbs* xxv. 11.

"DISREPUTABLE weather!—simply disreputable!" murmured Mr. Atwood.

He looked out from under the shelter of his umbrella comfortably as he spoke.

The rain was falling from the heavens in whirling sheets of silver. From a roof just ahead of him the spouting had given up carrying off the flow as hopeless. The water ran over it in streams, which the wind caught again and flung aside in the air, breaking them into rain-drops once more.

Mr. Atwood paused and watched the tangle for a moment; then shrugging the collar of his heavy overcoat still higher, and dexterously grasping his umbrella handle close by the ribs, he struggled on.

Around the street corner, and approaching the point of the angle which Mr. Atwood was nearing, another figure was battling against the weather; but where the man showed a certain vigor and enjoyment in resistance, the woman—for it was a woman, and a young one—walked with a nervous rapidity, and an apparent heedlessness of the wind's efforts to turn her light umbrella inside out.

At the street corner the big, steadily advancing umbrella and the little wavering one met with a crash which brought the respective owners to an abrupt stand. They disengaged their weapons, and peered out at each other through the mist.

"Celeste! Why, my dear child!" exclaimed Mr. Atwood.

He raised his hand quickly to his hat, but only to hold it in place, not in salute.

Civilities die a natural death in a whirlwind.

The gust of air seized the girl's bobbing umbrella, and settled the question of turning it wrongside out once and forever. In the same moment Mr. Atwood's covering swept over her like a great sheltering wing.

"Come here, child," he said; "there is room for one more in the ark. Throw that wreck of silk and whalebone in the gutter, and come under gingham for once in your life."

Celeste obeyed, taking his offered arm. Conversation was impossible until the corner was passed where the four winds of heaven seemed to have appointed a rendezvous. Then Mr. Atwood looked down at his companion's costume and smiled.

"Thin shoes, new gloves, and a silk sieve waterproof! May I ask, madam, where you are going?"

"I am taking a walk," said the girl, speaking for the first time.

Mr. Atwood laughed. "*Were*, Celeste," he corrected—"were. You are being taken home now, my dear. There, I trust, to be well scolded, as these many moons have lapsed since the honeymoon."

He looked down suddenly at the hand on his arm—then into the face by his side, where there were drops of water which he did not think were rain, and the lips were as tremulous as the hand.

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"Old! Heavens, how old you make me feel," said Mr. Atwood, anxiously examining the ribs of his umbrella. "Here you are, a sedate matron, and I remember the first day I visited your family, and caught you, a little tot, with long shaving curls pinned to your yellow pigtails to eke them out. You don't remember it, but I do. You were a pretty child, Celeste. You might have been a good one too, if we had spoiled you less."

A great drop, which again was not rain, fell on Mr. Atwood's sleeve. Without turning he talked on. "What business have you to be out a day like this? The wind is enough to make you hoarse for a week, let alone the dampness. Here, take my handkerchief and tie it about your throat."

Celeste took the handkerchief he offered, with a little hysterical laugh.

"That is just like you," she said, openly drying her eyes. "Ignore, ignore, always ignore—appearances, always appearances!"

"I don't think you can quite quarrel with me on that score. Here I am walking up a thoroughfare, with a weeping young woman clinging to my arm, and all the 'Quaker ladies' in the puddles staring at us. Could Mrs. Grundy ask for more?"

"Don't laugh," cried Celeste, hysterically, "pray don't!"

Mr. Atwood turned and stood quite still for a moment, looking into her face.

Then he lifted the umbrella slightly, and looked out from under it. They had been walking in the teeth of the storm, but now he altered their course to a cross street, where the inner edge of the farther pavement was comparatively sheltered.

"Now," he said, "we have miles of way before us. My handkerchief is a large one, and my reputation can stand it. You may tell me what it is, if you wish, and if I can help you; if not, you may cry your cry out with the weather, and then I will take you home."

They walked on in silence. At last Celeste spoke.

"I think," she said, thoughtfully, "I think that I shall tell you. I am so sorely in need of help, and the wind has blown you to me. My trouble is about my husband."

Mr. Atwood laid his hand quickly on the one in his arm. He shook his head, half smiling.

"No," he said, "the wind never meant that. It blew you to me because it knew I could be heartless enough to send you away without letting you speak. No, whatever it be, whether great or small, if it concerns your married life, tell no one. Fight it down—put it behind you—do anything but talk."

"Then you too fail me," said Celeste, bitterly.

Mr. Atwood's voice grew graver, his manner more serious.

"You must not misunderstand me. You know me as always devoted to your interests. I have no wish to learn your secret. My advice to you is to keep it. At the same time if you need help, if you need me, I am here."

"I must have help," she answered, in a choked voice; "I have just discovered that my husband is a liar."

Mr. Atwood uttered an exclamation of incredulity. "A liar! Impossible, Celeste."

"You thought it a lovers' quarrel, did you not? Now, will you listen? As you are a lawyer and a man of the world you may understand."

"I am your old friend, and your husband's," he answered gravely. "Someone has misled you maliciously."

"What I know I discovered myself."

"Then you are mistaken."

"No, I tell you I know it. He has been deceiving me for months. Do you suppose I accepted light evidence?"

Mr. Atwood was silent for a moment; then he spoke simply.

"You mean," he said, "that he has been unfaithful to you?"

Celeste lifted her head proudly, her color rising.

"No, that humiliation I am spared. My husband is still my husband."

The expression of troubled gravity on Mr. Atwood's face lightened.

"Then," he replied, with decision, "his wife must be his wife."

"I have made up my mind. I shall

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return to my mother," said Celeste, quickly.

Apparently Mr. Atwood did not hear her.

"What is it that has happened?" he asked.

Celeste flushed painfully. Her eyes dropped.

"How can I bring myself to tell it?" she cried, bitterly. "I am so ashamed. If it were not so contemptible!—its hideousness lies in its smallness."

There was almost a smile in Mr. Atwood's eyes as he looked down at her.

"Child," he said, half sadly, half whimsically, "men are not great."

She glanced up quickly.

"Ah, you have not heard yet. I have not told you. You know how my fortune is left to me?"

"Yes—by your father's will it was left you outright, was it not?"

"*Leaving* me outright you had better say," corrected the girl, with a laugh which was not good to hear. "I wish I had never seen a penny of it."

It was not a pretty story which she had to tell and he to hear.

"I have been reinvesting," said Celeste. "My father's investments were too old-fashioned. You have no idea how easy it was; I had only to sign papers and my husband did all the rest. I was to be troubled with nothing."

The umbrella brushed a long icicle from a gateway which they passed to the pavement at their feet. Its icy tinkle seemed to find its echo in her voice.

"Yesterday—it is the old story—my husband gave me a box of papers to assort, and among them I stumbled on a letter which I read twice before I understood. It was an acknowledgment of almost the exact amount I had last reinvested, dated the same day—one of my husband's debts of honor. His honor! I understood then why I was not to be troubled."

Whatever were Mr. Atwood's thoughts, they were not expressed in his face. His eyes were fastened on the lower points of his umbrella, from which the water dropped ceaselessly. His countenance was inscrutable.

"Had you no further evidence?" he asked, quietly.

"In plenty. It rolled up like a snowball. I have an unfortunate memory for dates and sums. Each one of my reinvestments antedated some settlements. Do you suppose I was easier to convince than you? Comparatively speaking they all agreed."

"With what?"

"The other papers."

"The other papers! Ah, Eve—Eve. It has been so since the first little red apples were made. Child, I could almost wish you had remained ignorant: the tree of knowledge bears such bitter fruit. Yet, sooner or later it must have come."

"I have been thinking that it would be best for me to go first to my mother's house, and from there make my plans," said Celeste, with the same high-strung composure.

"Once," answered Mr. Atwood, thoughtfully, "I knew a woman—a devoted wife—whose husband was the most scientific brute with whom I ever came in contact. After years of torture I induced her to sue for divorce for her children's protection. His party—he inevitably has one, you know—maintained that the root of all the trouble lay in the fact that she did not care for him,—and they found listeners."

"I shall go to my mother," repeated Celeste, firmly.

"And your children?"

"I shall take them with me."

"And if your husband claim them?"

"I should contest it."

"In court?"

"In court, if necessary."

"And are you sure that in after-years they will thank you — even if by so doing you rescue their property?"

"That would not be my motive," she interrupted.

Mr. Atwood went on, unheeding. "They might, perhaps, prefer their mother's and father's unspotted name to riches. Children have an odd habit of resenting these things in after-life. I have heard parents complained of as handicaps often enough to wish that children could select them for themselves."

Celeste's lip curled.

"How civilized we are!" she said,

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scornfully. "You make your little bon-mots; I smile; we walk on with my life's problem under discussion, and it strikes neither of us as odd."

"Yes, we are very civilized, but would you have us otherwise? Would it be better if I told you with brutal directness that the world draws small distinction between a woman who returns of choice to her family and a woman *returned?* Suppose I pointed out to you baldly that there are always two sides told to a story; that tongues in plenty would say that you should have given the money; and finally, that your children might live to curse the day when their mother published their father's shame — would that be better?"

He could feel that she winced.

"Exposure would not be necessary. He could trust to my silence. I am in a position to dictate terms, I think. Let him take the bulk of the property. All I ask of him is that I may be allowed to go quietly and take my children with me."

"And what has he answered?"

"Nothing as yet. When I met you I had come out from it all to breathe and think how best to speak to him."

Mr. Atwood turned so sharply that he almost faced his companion.

"Do you mean that you have not yet spoken to your husband?"

"Not yet—I shall to-night."

"Thank Heaven," said Mr. Atwood, fervently. "Thank Heaven, my dear child. Celeste, your good angel has watched over you."

She laughed mirthlessly.

"Over me! Me! If I have such an one 'peradventure he sleepeth or he is on a journey.' If an innocent woman was ever delivered into the hands of the unrighteous I have been that one."

"No, you are saved, you and your children. Celeste, your husband must never know of your discovery."

Celeste looked up in amazement. "Leave him and give him no reason! It would not be possible."

"No, that would not be possible, but this will. You must go back to your home and your husband, resolved to pick up your life in silence where you meant to lay it down. It is your only chance for happiness, and for your children's future."

As she grasped his meaning Celeste withdrew from him with a gesture almost of abhorrence.

"Do you realize what this is that you are telling me to do?" she asked. "I, who have never known what a lie was! You are telling me to live one from now until I die—to make my whole life a mask—to act a part day by day and hour by hour."

Her eyes filled with passionate tears. Her voice broke.

"It is your hard part to play," said Mr. Atwood, slowly, "but you will play it."

"Never."

"You will play it for your children and for your children's father. Where others love to remember, you must learn to forget. Where others unfold their hearts' secrets, you must wrap yours away. It will be cruelly hard at first. It will tax all your strength, all your high spirit; but you will succeed."

"Let me understand," said Celeste, in a repressed voice, "just what this is which you are mapping out for me."

"I want you to wipe yesterday and to-day out of your life, letting no one suspect—hardly admitting to yourself—that they have made a difference. Train yourself to forget, and forgiveness will follow."

Celeste shook her head.

"No, I could never forget. I can forgive, but it must be from a distance. I cannot live with him. I cannot be his wife and the mother of his children."

"Yet you are both, irreparably. You have put your hand to the plough and you may not look back. You have come out from your people and formed a household of your own. You have no moral right now to let it drop apart."

"And you think it could be bound together with a lie?"

Mr. Atwood smiled.

"There spoke your Puritan grandparents. The Truth—the Te-ruth, in two syllables—a trifle through the nose—and at any cost. Why not the Truth of Saint Francis: 'Better to withhold than to speak unkindly'? Let me ask you one question. You have assured me that your husband cares for no

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other woman — but does he still care for you?"

"Can you call this caring?"

"Perhaps. I know that yours was a love-match, to begin with. Would you have said yesterday, before this discovery, that there had been a change in your husband?"

"No-o," she answered, hesitatingly, "there had been no change on the surface."

"And you?"

He felt her arm tremble in his. There was no answer, and he repeated his question. Her voice faltered perceptibly.

"Can you wonder that my respect is dead?"

"And your affection?"

"I told you that my respect was dead. My love could never live without respect to feed it."

"And yet I have known fatally numerous cases that throve on less, and without the excuse of marriage. I am not asking if you forgive or if you respect. I ask if you still care for your husband as he is?"

The rain dropping monotonously on the umbrella was the only break in the silence. Celeste spoke wearily, at last.

"Yes, I still care. But it only makes it all harder—more impossible—more miserable."

She broke down suddenly, weeping softly.

"Oh, I have loved him—and, indeed, he loved me. I would have given him everything. How could he—ah! How could he wreck it all!"

Mr. Atwood let her weep on in silence, until her self-control again asserted itself. Then he spoke.

"There shall be no wreck, dear child. Take courage: you will come to the rescue. If I could promise you your first ideal of love and life, I would. As it is, I can only help you to a second best, and with narrower limits, perhaps. But then the worm has to be content in its chestnut, and what are we but worms?"

"How good you are, and how you understand," she whispered. "I will try—indeed, I will try. Whatever you tell me I will do," she added, humbly.

Mr. Atwood's eyelids dropped for a moment. He bent over Celeste's bowed head, and opened his lips to speak; then, with a sudden change, laid his hand on hers, drawing it further through his arm. He turned in the opposite direction to the one which they were taking. "Then our first steps in the right path will be toward home," he said, cheerfully. "We can reach it quickly from here by cross-streets, and my first orders are very practical. You are to put on dry slippers and a warm gown, and to send for a cup of hot tea."

She smiled sadly. "If that were all! And then?"

"Then the next is practical also, if not so easy. This leakage of your property must be stopped at once."

Celeste made an impatient gesture.—"That is the last point to consider."

"No, it is the first. Remember, I have known your husband as long as you have, perhaps longer, and I know him as one man knows another. He will not enter into obligations with no means of meeting them; he did not before marrying you. When he comes to you again, you must speak as lovingly and gently as you can, but with decision. Tell him you feel it is wronging his children to transfer so large sums on the judgment of one mind; that you would be more content if someone else were consulted—anyone he chooses to name, provided he have knowledge on such subjects. The objection would be too reasonable, the condition too generous, to be cavilled at. He will consent, and, if I know him at all, suggest that you name a friend of your own. In that case the person most natural for you to mention would be myself. He will not be likely to lay a reinvestment before me of which I would not approve."

There was no sarcasm in his voice, and she looked up with quick humiliation to read it in his face, but in vain. With a sudden realization that this was the initiation of her part, she uttered a broken exclamation, as of physical pain. "No, no, it is impossible—you overrate my strength."

As Mr. Atwood looked down at what had been a face formed for all that was hopeful and loving, and saw it now, twisted with emotion, his eyebrows con-

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tracted, and a curious deep cleft grew between them. He spoke with extreme gentleness.

"Celeste, if there were any other way in the world, I should never insist on one which is so repugnant to you, but there is no other. If you destroy your husband's belief in your belief in him, you rob him of anything to live up to in life. When you withdraw the copestone of his self-respect, you set that of his ruin. He could never look you in the face again. You would lose everything and gain nothing. Your strength is to sit still. And besides——"

He paused and hesitated, then smiled the kindly, half-whimsical smile peculiar to him.

"I may as well say it. Suppose, to-day, every loving wife in the world confessed to her husband the exact estimate at which she rated his characteristics in the tribunal of her secret soul, how many homes would be left standing to-morrow do you think? We demand that our women admire us, Celeste. It is an innocent vanity, but I wonder if you know how deep its roots are?"

Again Celeste smiled sadly.

"You have conquered once more," she said, sighing, "and none too soon. There are my door-steps. Yes, I will try, and if I fail, or if I succeed, I shall be ever grateful to you."

"You will not fail. Nature did not give you that prominent little chin for nothing, my child."

"No," she answered, thoughtfully, "I think that I shall not fail."

They walked up the wet marble steps in silence. Mr. Atwood rang the bell and they stood in the sheltered vestibule, with that strangeness already creeping in which must come sooner or later after hearts have been laid open.

"There is one thing more," said Mr. Atwood; "all that has been said by you to me and by me to you under this circle of gingham must be closed with its closing—and forever. I shall never refer to it again, nor must you."

"I understand," she answered, simply.

The servant's footsteps sounded within, coming down the hallway toward the door. Celeste held out her hand, and as he took it in his, with a gesture which had no touch of gallantry in it, Mr. Atwood raised it to his lips.

"You will succeed," he repeated. The door opened—the harness of conventionality was adjusted.

"You will come in?" said Celeste, with an interrogation which meant nothing.

"No," he responded in the same manner, "not now. Remember, Celeste, dry shoes and a warm gown and a cup of hot tea."

"I shall forget nothing."

He hurried her gently through the open door.

"And you are not to stand in the draught either," he added, smiling. "Farewell——"

"Farewell," she replied. Her lips opened as if she would have spoken further, but the door was closed.

Mr. Atwood stood for a moment on the door-steps outside. His lower lip was caught between his teeth, and the upper one curled slightly. The same curious cleft appeared between his brows.

"No, I shall never forgive him," he muttered as he descended the steps; "never—but you will. It was not about a woman that he lied to you."

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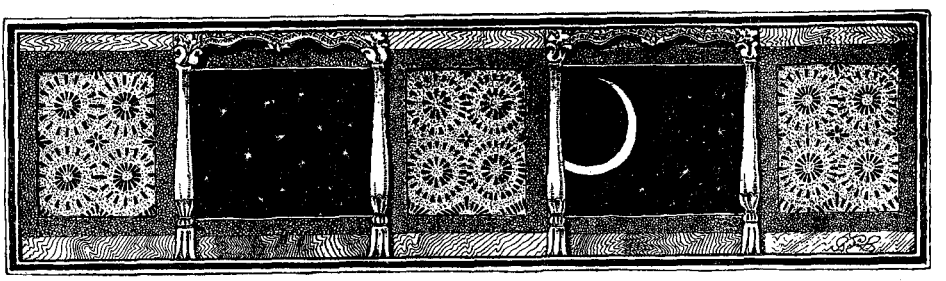

A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn
In troubled dreams I went from land to land,
Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,
Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,
Whereon I wondered, reasoning in my dream.
At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,
And somewhere by the sea-shore was a grave,
A woman's grave, new-made, and heaped with flowers;
And near it stood an ancient holy man
That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not
For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
But I, because his sacred office held
My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spoke:
"When next thou comest thou shalt find her still
In all the rare perfection that she was.
Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!
Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
To roses. What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or winged air.
If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!"
While yet he spoke, sea-shore and grave and priest
Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire
Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear.
Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
A sense of swift unutterable loss,
And through the darkness reached my hand to touch
Her cheek, soft-pillowed on one restful palm—
To be quite sure!

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STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

V.—AN ASSISTED PROVIDENCE.

IT was the Christmas turkeys that should be held responsible. Every year the Lossings give each head of a family in their employ, and each lad helping to support his mother, a turkey at Christmastide. As the business has grown, so has the number of turkeys, until it is now well up in the hundreds, and requires a special contract. Harry, one Christmas, some five years ago, bought the turkeys at so good a bargain that he felt the natural reaction in an impulse to extravagance. In the very flood-tide of the money-spending yearnings, he chanced to pass Deacon Hurst's stables and to see two Saint Bernard puppies, of elephantine size but of the tenderest age, gambolling on the sidewalk before the office. Deacon Hurst, I should explain, is no more a deacon than I am; he is a livery-stable keeper, very honest, a keen and solemn sportsman, and withal of a staid demeanor and a habitual garb of black. Now you know as well as I any reason for his nickname.

Deacon Hurst is fond of the dog as well as of that noble animal the horse (he has three copies of Black Beauty in his stable, which would do an incalculable amount of good if they were ever read!); and he usually has half a dozen dogs of his own, with pedigrees long enough for a poor gentlewoman in a New England village. He told Harry that the Saint Bernards were grandsons of Sir Bevidere, the "finest dog of his time in the world, sir;" that they were perfectly marked and very large for their age (which Harry found it easy to believe of the young giants), and that they were "ridiculous, sir, at the figger of two hundred and fifty!" (which Harry did not believe so readily); and, after Harry had admired and studied the dogs for the space of half an hour, he dropped the price, in a kind of spasm of generosity, to two hundred dollars. Harry was tempted to close the bargain on the spot, hot-headed, but he decided to wait and prepare his mother for such a large addition to the stable.

The more he dwelt on the subject the more he longed to buy the dogs.

In fact, a time comes to every healthy man when he wants a dog, just as a time comes when he wants a wife; and Harry's dog was dead. By consequence, Harry was in the state of sensitive affection and desolation to which a promising new object makes the most moving appeal. The departed dog (Bruce by name) was a Saint Bernard; and Deacon Hurst found one of the puppies to have so much the expression of countenance of the late Bruce that he named him Bruce on the spot—a little before Harry joined the group. Harry did not at first recognize this resemblance, but he grew to see it; and, combined with the dog's affectionate disposition, it softened his heart. By the time he told his mother he was come to quoting Hurst's adjectives as his own.

"Beauties, mother," says Harry, with sparkling eyes; "the markings are perfect—couldn't be better; and their heads are shaped just right! You can't get such watch-dogs in the world! And, for all their enormous strength, gentle as a lamb to women and children! And, mother, one of them looks like Bruce!"

"I suppose they would want to be house-dogs," says Mrs. Lossing, a little dubiously, but looking fondly at Harry's handsome face; "you know, somehow, all our dogs, no matter how properly they start in a kennel, end by being so hurt if we keep them there that they come into the house. And they are so large, it is like having a pet lion about."

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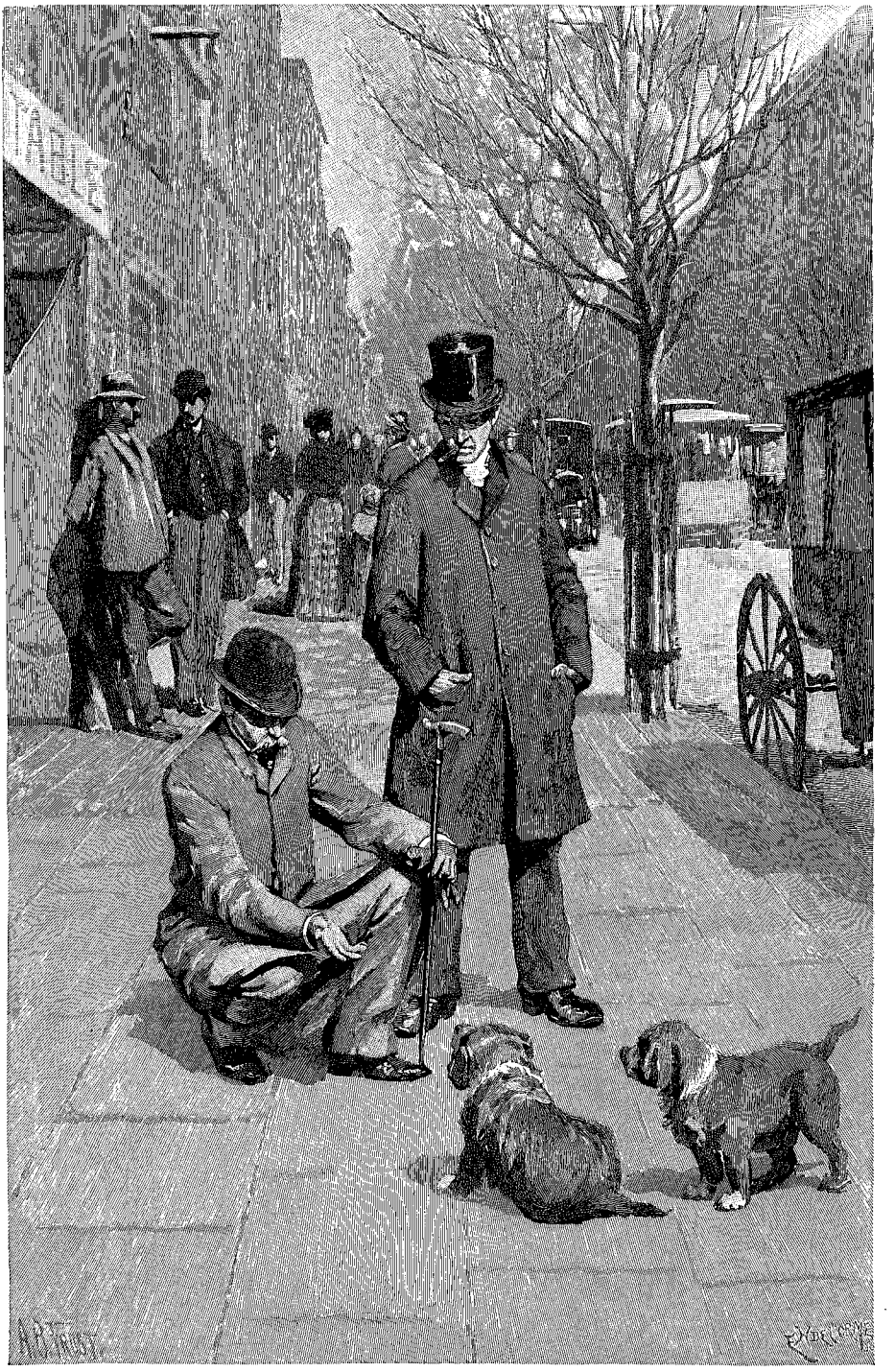

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

The Puppies—"Ridiculous, sir, at the figger of two hundred and fifty!"—Page 684.

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"These dogs, mother, shall never put a paw in the house."

"Well, I hope just as I get fond of them they will not have the distemper and die!" said Mrs. Lossing; which speech Harry rightly took for the white flag of surrender.

That evening he went to find Hurst and clinch the bargain. As it happened, Hurst was away, driving an especially important political personage to an especially important political council. The day following was a Sunday; but, by this time, Harry was so bent upon obtaining the dogs that he had it in mind to go to Hurst's house for them in the afternoon. When Harry wanted anything, from Saint Bernards to purity in politics, he wanted it with an irresistible impetus! If he did

"Beside him skipped a little man in ill-fitting black."—Page 687.

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wrong, his error was linked to its own punishment. But this is anticipating, if not presuming; I prefer to leave Harry Lossing's experience to paint its own moral without pushing. The event that happened next was Harry's pulling out his check-book and beginning to write a check, remarking, with a slight drooping of his eyelids, "Best catch the deacon's generosity on the fly, or it may make a home run!"

Then he let the pen fall on the blotter, for he had remembered the day. After an instant's hesitation he took a couple of hundred-dollar bank-notes out of a drawer (I think they were gifts for his two sisters on Christmas-day, for he was a generous brother; and most likely there would be some small domestic joke about engravings to go with them); these he placed in the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat. In his left-hand waistcoat pocket were two five-dollar notes.

Harry was now arrayed for church. He was a figure to please any woman's eye, thought his mother, as she walked beside him, and gloried silently in his six feet of health and muscle and dainty cleanliness. He was in a most amiable mood, what with the Saint Bernards and the season. As they approached the cathedral close, Harry, not for the first time, admired the pure Gothic lines of the cathedral, and the soft blending of the grays in the stone with the brown network of Virginia creeper that still fluttered, a remnant of the crimson adornings of autumn. Beyond were the bare, square outlines of the old college, with a wooden cupola perched on the roof, like a little hat on a fat man, the dull-red tints of the professors' houses, and the withered lawns and bare trees. The turrets and balconies and arched windows of the boys' school displayed a red background for a troop of gray uniforms and blazing buttons; the boys were forming to march to church. Opposite the boys' school stood the modest square brick house that had served the first bishop of the diocese during laborious years. Now it was the dean's residence. Facing it, just as you approached the cathedral, the street curved into a half-circle on either side, and in the centre the granite soldier on his shaft looked over the city that would honor him. Harry saw the tall figure of the dean come out of his gate, the long black skirts of his cassock fluttering under the wind of his big steps. Beside him skipped and ran, to keep step with him, a little man in ill-fitting black, of whose appearance, thus viewed from the rear, one could only observe stooping shoulders and iron-gray hair that curled at the ends.

"That must be the poor missionary who built his church himself," Mrs. Lossing observed; "he is not much of a preacher, the dean said, but he is a great worker and a good pastor."

"So much the better for his people, and the worse for us!" says Harry, cheerfully.

"Invented a little oven or something to steam mattresses and things."
—Page 690.

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"Why?"

"Naturally. We shall get the poor sermon and they will get the good pastoring!"

Then Harry caught sight of a woman's frock and a profile that he knew,

"I do believe it was better than the puppies."—Page 691.

and thought no more of the preacher, whoever he might be.

But he was in the chancel in plain view, after the procession of choir-boys had taken their seats. He was an elderly man with thin cheeks and a large nose. He had one of those great orotund voices that occasionally roll out of little men, and he read the service with a misjudged effort to fill the building. The building happened to have peculiarly fine acoustic properties; and the unfortunate man roared like him of Bashan. There was nothing of the customary ecclesiastical dignity and monotony about his articulation; indeed it grew plain and plainer to Harry that he must have "come over" from some more emotional and unrepressed denomination. It seemed quite out of keeping with his homely manner and crumpled surplice that this particular reader should intone. Intone, nevertheless, he did; and as badly as mortal man well could! It was not so much that his voice or his ear went wrong; he would have had a musical voice of the heavy sort, had he not bellowed; neither did his ear betray him; the trouble seemed to be that he could not decide when to begin; now he began too early, and, again, with a startled air, he began too late, as if he had forgotten.

"I hope he will not preach," thought Harry, who was absorbed in a rapt contemplation of his sweetheart's back hair. He came back from a tender reverie (by way of a little detour into the furniture business and the establishment that a man of his income could afford) to the church and the preacher and his own sins, to find the strange clergyman in the pulpit, plainly frightened, and bawling more loudly than ever under the influence of fear. He preached a sermon of wearisome platitudes; making up for lack of thought by repetition, and shouting himself red in the face to express earnestness. "Fourth-class Methodist effort," thought the listener in the Lossing pew, stroking his fair mustache, "with Episcopal decorations! That man used to be a Methodist minister, and he was brought into the fold by a high-churchman. Poor fellow, the Methodist church polity has a place for such fellows as he; but he is a stray sheep with us. He doesn't half catch on to the motions; yet I'll warrant he is proud of that sermon, and his wife thinks it one of the great efforts of the century." Here Harry took a short rest from the sermon, to contemplate the amazing moral phenomenon: how robust can be a wife's faith in a commonplace husband!

"Now, this man," said Harry, be-

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coming interested in his own fancies, "this man never can have *lived!* He doesn't know what it is to suffer, he has only vegetated! Doubtless, in a prosaic way, he loves his wife and children; but can a fellow who talks like him have any delicate sympathies or any romance about him? He looks honest; I think he is a right good fellow and works like a soldier; but to be so stupid as he ought to *hurt!*"

Harry felt a whimsical sympathy with the preacher. He wondered why he continually made gestures with the left arm, never with his right.

"It gives a one-sided effect to his eloquence," said he. But he thought that he understood when an unguarded movement revealed a rent which had been a mended place in his surplice.

"Poor fellow," said Harry. Then he recalled how, as a boy, he had gone to a fancy-dress ball in Continental small clothes, so small that he had been strictly cautioned by his mother and sisters not to bow except with the greatest care, lest he rend his magnificence and reveal that it was too tight to allow an inch of underclothing. The stockings, in particular, had been short, and his sister had providently sewed them on to the knee-breeches, and to guard against accidents still further, had pinned as well as sewed, the pins causing Harry much anguish.

"Poor fellow!" said Harry again, "I feel like giving him a lift; he is so prosy it isn't likely anyone else will feel moved to help."

Thus it came about that when the dean announced that the alms this day would be given to the parish of our friend who had just addressed us; and the plate paused before the Lossing pew, Harry slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket after those two five-dollar notes.

I should explain that Harry, being a naturally left-handed boy who had laboriously taught himself the use of his right hand, it is a family joke that he is like the inhabitants of Nineveh, who could not tell their right hand from their left. But Harry himself has always maintained that he can tell as well as the next man.

Out drifted the flock of choir-boys singing, "For thee, oh dear, dear country," and presently, following them, out drifted the congregation; among the crowd the girl that Harry loved, not so quickly that he had not time for a look and a smile (just tinged with rose), and because she was so sweet, so good, so altogether adorable, and because she had not only smiled but blushed, and, unobserved, he had touched the fur of her jacket, the young man walked on air.

He did not remember the Saint Bernards until after the early Sunday dinner, and during the after-dinner cigar. He was sitting in the library, before some blazing logs, at peace with all the world. To him, thus, came his mother and announced that the dean and "that man who preached this morning, you know," were waiting in the other room.

"They seem excited," said she, "and talk about your munificence. What *have* you been doing?"

"Appear to make a great deal of fuss over ten dollars," said Harry, lightly, as he sauntered out of the door.

The dean greeted him with something almost like confusion in his cordiality; he introduced his companion, as the Rev. Mr. Gilling.

"Mr. Gilling could not feel easy until he had——"

"Made sure about there being no mistake," interrupted Mr. Gilling; "I —the sum was so great——"

A ghastly suspicion shot like a fever-flush over Harry's mind. Could it be possible? There were the two other bills; could he have given one of them? Given that howling dervish a hundred dollars? The fear was too awful!

"It was really not enough for you to trouble yourself," he said; "I dare say you are thanking the wrong man." He felt he must say something.

To his surprise the dean colored, while the other clergyman answered, in all simplicity:

"No, sir, no, sir. I know very well. The only other bill, except dollars, on the plate, the dean here gave, and the warden remembers that you put in two notes—I—" he grew quite pale—"I can't help thinking you maybe intended to put in only *one!*" His voice

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broke, he tried to control it. "The sum is so *very* large!" quavered he.

"I have given him *both* bills, $200," thought Harry. He sat down. He was accustomed to read men's faces, and plainly as ever he had read, he could read the signs of distress and conflict on the prosaic, dull features before him.

"I *intended* to put in two bills," said he. Gilling gave a little gasp—so little, only a quick ear could have caught it; but Harry's ear is quick. The clergyman twisted one leg around the other, a further sign of deliverance of mind.

"Well, sir, well, Mr. Lossing," he remarked, clearing his throat, "I cannot express to you properly the—the appreciation I have of your—your *princely* gift!" (Harry changed a groan into a cough and tried to smile.) "I would like to ask you, however, *how* you would like it to be divided. There are a number of worthy causes: the furnishing of the church, which is in charge of the Ladies' Aid Society; they are very hard workers, the ladies of our church. And there is the Altar Guild, which has the keeping of the altar in order. They are mostly young girls, and they used to wash my things—I mean the vestments" (blushing) — "but they — they were so young they were not careful, and my wife thought she had best wash the —vestments herself, but she allowed them to laundry the other—ah, things." There was the same discursiveness in his talk as in his sermon, Harry thought; and the same uneasy restlessness of manner. "Then, we give to—various causes, and—and there is, also, my own salary——"

"That is what it was intended for," said Harry, "I hope the $200 will be of some use to you, and then, indirectly it will help your church."

Harry surprised a queer glance from the dean's brown eyes; there was both humor and a something else that was solemn enough in it. The dean had believed that there was a mistake.

"All of it! To *me!*" cried Gilling.

"All of it. To *you,*" Harry replied, dryly. He was conscious of the dean's gaze on him.

"I had a sudden impulse," said he, "and I gave it; that is all."

The tears rose to the man's eyes; he tried to wink them away, then he tried to brush them away with a quick rub of his fingers, then he sprang up and walked to the window, his back to Harry. Directly he was facing the young man again, and speaking.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Lossing; since my sickness a little thing upsets me."

"Mr. Gilling had diphtheria last spring," the dean struck in, "there was an epidemic of diphtheria in Matin's Junction; Mr. Gilling really saved the place; but his wife and he both contracted the disease, and his wife nearly died."

Harry remembered some story that he had heard at the time—his eyes began to light up as they do when he is moved.

"Why, *you* are the man that made them disinfect their houses," cried he, "and invented a little oven or something to steam mattresses and things. You are the man that nursed them and buried them when the undertaker died. You digged graves with your own hands—I say, I should like to shake hands with you!"

Gilling shook hands, submissively, but looking bewildered.

He cleared his throat. "Would you mind, Mr. Lossing, if I took up your time so far as to tell you what so overcame me?"

"I should be glad——"

"You see, sir, my wife was the daughter of the Episcopal minister—I mean the rector, at the town—well, it wasn't a town, it was two or three towns off in Shelby County where I had my circuit. You may be surprised, sir, to know that I was once a Methodist minister."

"Is it possible?" said Harry.

"Yes, sir. Her father—my wife's, I mean—was about as high a churchman as he could be, and be married. He induced me to join our communion; and very soon after I was married. I hope, Mr. Lossing, you'll come and see us some time, and see my wife. She—are you married?"

"I am not so fortunate."

"A good wife cometh from the Lord, sir, *sure!* I thought I appreciated mine, but I guess I didn't. She had

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two things she wanted, and one I did want myself; but the other—I couldn't seem to bring my mind to it, no—anyhow! We hadn't any children but one that died four years ago, a little baby. Ever since she died my wife has had a longing to have a stained-glass window, with the picture, you know, of Christ blessing little children, put into our little church. In Memoriam, you know. Seems as if, now we've lost the baby, we think all the more of the church. Maybe she was a sort of idol to us. Yes, sir, that's one thing my wife fairly longed for. We've saved our money, what we *could* save; there are so many calls; during the sickness, last winter, the sick needed so many things, and it didn't seem right for us to neglect them just for our baby's window; and—the money went. The other thing was different. My wife has got it into her head I have a fine voice. And she's higher church than I am; so she has always wanted me to *intone*. I told her I'd look like a fool intoning, and there's no mistake about it, I *do!* But she couldn't see it that way. It was 'most the only point wherein we differed; and last spring, when she was so sick, and I didn't know but I'd lose her, it was dreadful to me to think how I'd crossed her. So, Mr. Lossing, when she got well I promised her, for a thank-offering, I'd intone. And I have ever since. My people know me so well, and we've been through so much together, that they didn't make any fuss—though they are not high—fact is, I'm not high myself. But they were kind and considerate, and I got on pretty well at home; but when I came to rise up in that great edifice, before that cultured and intellectual audience, so finely dressed, it did seem to me I could *not* do it! I was sorely tempted to break my promise. I was, for a fact." He drew a long breath. "I just had to pray for grace, or I never would have pulled through. I had the sermon my wife likes best with me; but I know it lacks—it lacks—it isn't what you need! I was dreadfully scared and I felt miserable when I got up to preach it—and then to think that you were—but it is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes! I don't know what Maggie will say when I tell her we can get the window. The best she hoped was I'd bring back enough so the church could pay me eighteen dollars they owe on my salary. And now—it's wonderful! Why, Mr. Lossing, I've been thinking so much and wanting so to get that window for her, that, hearing that the dean wanted some carpentering done, I thought maybe, as I'm a fair carpenter—that was my trade once, sir—I'd ask him to let *me* do the job. I was aware there is nothing in our rules—I mean our canons—to prevent me, and nobody need know I was the rector of Matin's Junction, because I would come just in my overalls. There is a cheap place where I could lodge, and I could feed myself for almost nothing, living is so cheap. I was praying about that, too. Now, your noble generosity will enable me to donate what they owe on my salary, and get the window too!"

"Take my advice," said Harry, "donate nothing, say nothing about this gift; I will take care of the warden, and I can answer for the dean."

"Yes," said the dean, "on the whole, Gilling, you would better say nothing, I think; Mr. Lossing is more afraid of a reputation for generosity than the small-pox."

The older man looked at Harry with glistening eyes of admiration; with what Christian virtues of humility he was endowing that embarrassed young man, it is painful to imagine.

The dean's eyes twinkled above his handkerchief which hid his mouth, as he rose to make his farewells. He shook hands, warmly. "God bless you, Harry," said he. Gilling, too, wrung Harry's hands; he was seeking some parting word of gratitude, but he could only choke out, "I hope you will get *married* some time, Mr. Lossing, then you'll understand."

"Well," said Harry, as the door closed, and he flung out his arms and his chest in a huge sigh, "I do believe it was better than the puppies!"

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THE DECORATION OF THE EXPOSITION.

By F. D. Millet.

THE grand style, the perfect proportions, and the magnificent dimensions of the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition, excite a twofold sentiment in the mind of the visitor — wonder and admiration at the beauties of the edifices, and regret and disappointment that they are not to remain as monuments to the good taste, knowledge, and skill of the men who built them, and as a permanent memorial of the event which the Exposition is intended to celebrate. This complex feeling is a natural one, and is perfectly comprehensible in the presence of the noble porticos and colonnades, the graceful towers, superb domes, and imposing façades. Previous exhibitions, with the possible exception of that in Vienna in 1873, have been confessedly ephemeral in the character of their construction, and have shown a distinctly playful and festal style of architecture, with little attempt at seriousness or dignity of design. The monumental character of the group of Exposition buildings in Chicago is not the result of accident, but of deliberate forethought and wise judgment.

In the heat of the fever of construction, which has spread like a contagion from the rocks of Mount Desert to the white sands of the Pacific coast, a new race of architects has sprung up, fertile in resources and clever in execution, but with little well-grounded knowledge of the real principles of their art. Beginning with the bulbous conglomerations of material which have been forced upon a long-suffering public by the Government architects, and ending with consciously picturesque structures that hint more of the terrors of mediæval dungeons than of the comforts of domestic life, and bear the title of villa but the aspect of military strongholds, the architecture of the past two decades has, with some notable exceptions, been distinguished by increasing ingenuity in imitation rather than the development of skill in adaptation. It would be worse than foolish to demand that an architect should be thoroughly original, as it would be to ask an artist to cut loose from all the proven principles and traditions of his profession, and invent an entirely new method and a novel system. What may be reasonably asked of an architect is that he have an individual point of view, and modernize the adaptation of old principles without disturbing the real spirit of the same; that he develop and extend these principles to meet the requirements of modern life; that, in fact, he work as nearly as possible in the same direction that the masters of ancient architecture would have done if they had been dealing with modern problems of design, plan, and construction. There are certain immutable laws of harmony and proportion which have always governed and will always rule in architecture as in art, and though they are disregarded and tampered with for the sake of novelty and so-called originality, this faithlessness always meets its just punishment in the result. The majority of modern architects have, in these days of abundant photographs, models, and measurements, been led to cater to the vanity of half-educated clients, and have engrafted French châteaux on Romanesque palaces, have invented wonderfully ingenious but viciously hybrid combinations, one of which has been aptly described as "Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann in the back." The precept and example of the scholarly men in the profession have been powerless to stem this tide of ill-considered design, and nothing short of gradual

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ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

Figure Emblematic of the Textile Arts, by Robert Reid, in One of the Domes of the Manufactures Building.

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regeneration and slow revulsion of sentiment against this tendency has been hoped for until the present year.

Mr. D. H. Burnham, the Director of Works of the World's Columbian Exposition, took the first important step toward the renaissance of the true spirit of architecture in this country by ignoring all precedents of competition, and selecting as associates certain architects and firms whose records established their position as true leaders of the profession. These architects, after studious contemplation of the situation, decided on the adoption of a general classical style for the buildings, subject, of course, to such modifications as were found necessary by the requirements of each individual case. The result is a satisfactory and sufficient proof of the wisdom of Mr. Burnham's action, and there is now before the country a more extensive and instructive object-lesson in architecture than has ever been presented to any generation in any country since the most flourishing period of architectural effort. The educational importance of this feature of the great Exposition can scarcely be over-estimated, and its salutary influence on the future architecture of this country can be prophesied with absolute certainty. The scheme has not been considered complete, however, nor the lesson properly emphasized, without the necessary adjuncts of the two arts so closely allied to architecture, sculpture and painting, both of which have been drawn upon with freedom and good judgment to supplement and enrich the architectural features. Sculpture has been employed far more extensively than its sister art, for the very good reason that few of the buildings have been constructed with any intention of carrying the interiors to any high degree of finish. It would have been impracticable, under the circumstances, to bring the interiors up to the same perfection as the exteriors, even with the cheapest material, for it would have added an enormous per cent. to the cost of construction. The architects have, therefore, in most cases frankly accepted the situation and confined their efforts at embellishment to the façades, considering the buildings simply as great sketches of possible permanent structures, confessedly utilitarian as to the interior, but as sumptuous and suggestive in exterior treatment as the conditions permitted. Indeed, this was the only reasonable view to take, both because of the enormous size of the build-

"Autumn," Panel by G. W. Maynard, in the Agricultural Building.

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Allegorical Figure of "Needle-work," by J. Alden Weir, in One of the Domes of the Manufactures Building.

ings and the complex uses for which they are intended. The exhibits themselves are necessarily such prominent features of the interiors that they only need a background of more or less simple character to complete, with the elaborate installation which is being carried on, quite as agreeable a decoration scheme as might be reasonably expected on such an enormous scale.

Without going into details of construction, it is proper to call attention to one feature of the interiors, notably of the Machinery and Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings, where the architect and the engineer have joined forces and produced a result far ahead of anything before accomplished. I refer to the wonderfully beautiful iron-work of these buildings, which satisfies to an eminent degree both the utilitarian and æsthetic requirements. Mr. C. B. Atwood, Designer in Chief, co-operated with Mr. E. C. Shankland,

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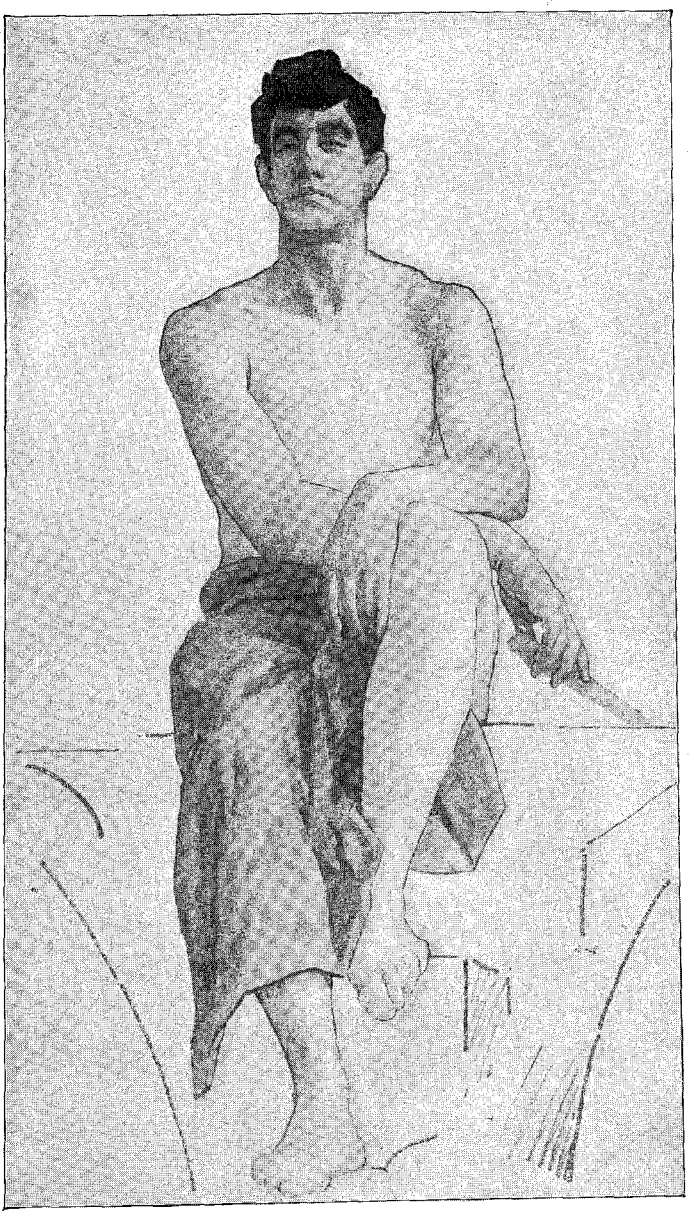

"Forging," Figure by E. E. Simmons, in the Dome of the East Portal, Manufactures Building.

Chief Engineer, in working out a plan of construction of the immense trusses with the connecting girders, purlins, and braces, which has been carried out in great perfection. The ugly forms of ordinary bridge builders' construction, which have hitherto been endured as necessary for rigidity and strength, have been largely eliminated, and graceful curves, well-balanced proportions, and harmonious lines unite to make the iron-work beautiful in itself, a distinctly ornamental feature of the interiors. Thus, without flourish of trumpets, a great advance has been made, and the great truth promulgated that the useful may be beautiful even in engineering. Painting of an artistic

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ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

"Ceramic Painting," by Kenyon Cox, in a Dome of the East Portal, Manufactures Building.
(From an unfinished sketch.)

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"Pearl," by Walter Shirlaw, in a Dome of the North Portal, Manufactures Building.

character has been confined for the most part to a few domes and panels in various pavilions, to wall spaces under colonnades and porticos, and to the two or three interiors in which there is sufficiently high finish to permit of mural decoration.

The Administration Building, by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, which was built for the uses of the World's Columbian Commission with the numerous branches of its executive force, is the real focus of the group of buildings, not only from its position in the centre of a grand plaza of enormous extent, but on account of its monumental character. The portals and the angles of this building are adorned with groups of sculpture by Mr. Carl Bitter, of New York, and spandrels and panels, both outside

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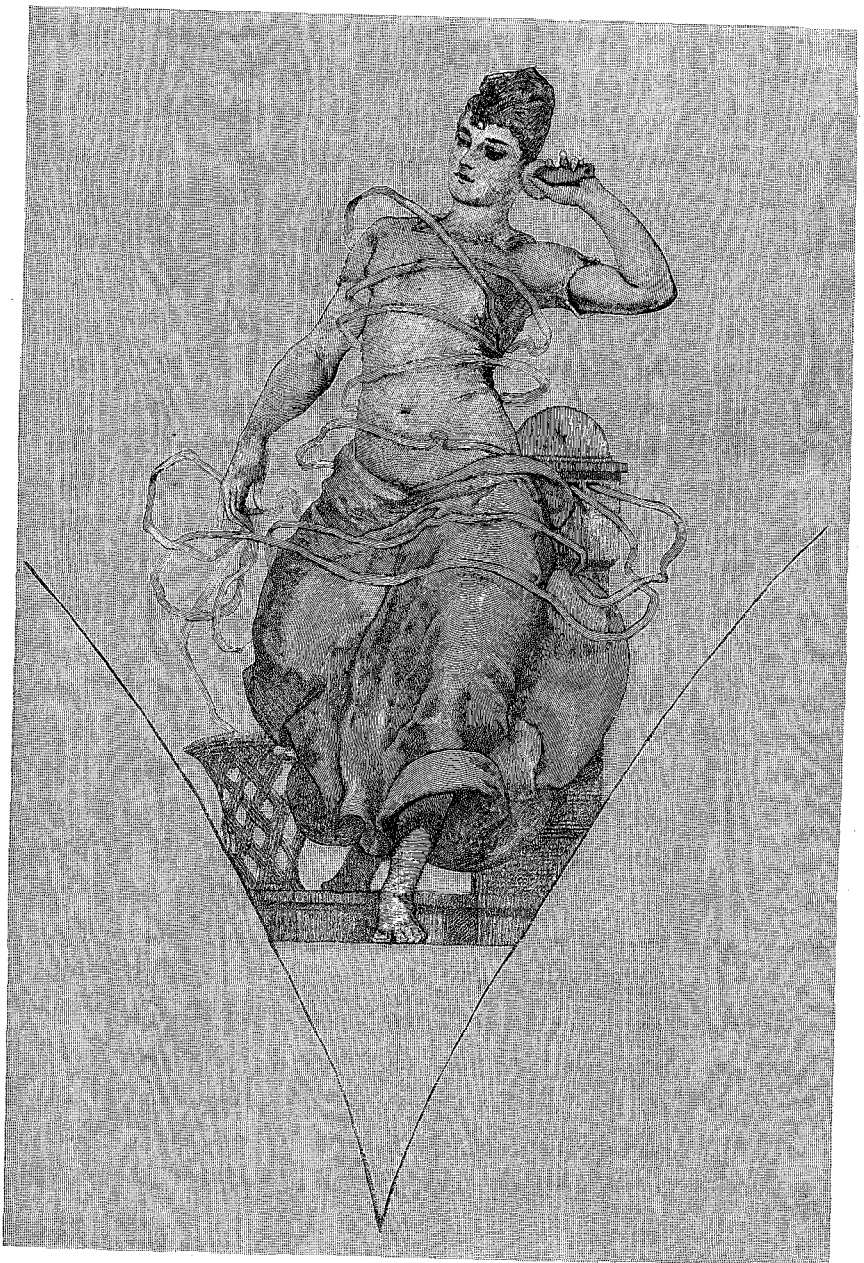

"The Telephone," by J. Carroll Beckwith, in a Dome of the North Portal, Manufactures Building.

and inside, are enriched by designs by the same sculptor. The dome, which is two hundred and sixty-five feet high, is truncated at the top and is lighted by a great eye forty feet in diameter. The interior of this dome around the great eye, a surface of the approximate dimensions of 35 × 300 feet, is to be covered with a figure composition painted by Mr. W. L. Dodge, representing in general terms the figure of a god on a high Olympian throne crowning with wreaths of laurel the representatives of the arts and sciences, and flanked by figures of Agriculture, Commerce, and Peace. A Greek canopy, supported by

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flying female figures, contrasts agreeably with the clear blue of the sky background, against which the principal groups are shown in strong relief. Three winged horses drawing a vehicle with a model of the Parthenon, troops of warriors cheering the victors in the peaceful strife of the arts, and a wealth of minor figures, make up the composition, which is bold and imposing not only in magnitude but in line [pp. 705–6–8]. The interior walls of the great Rotunda are tinted so as to give the effects of colored marbles and mosaics, and under the outside the massive white Doric columns have a background of Pompeian richness of tone. With the exception of Mr. Dodge's composition in the Administration Building, neither of the other buildings fronting on the grand plaza has any purely artistic decoration, although the hemicycle and portions of the Electricity Building, and the extensive arcades of the Machinery Building, are all treated with flat colors to supplement this architectural ornament, the former by Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the latter by Mr. E. E. Garnsey, of F. J. Sarmiento & Co. Across the south canal, however, a blaze of richly colored panels in the pavilions of the Agricultural Building, with here and there a figure of an animal half hidden by the superb Corinthian columns, shows where Mr. G. W. Maynard and his assistant, Mr. H. T. Schladermundt, have converted, by the magic of their art, the uninteresting plaster surfaces into a series of elaborate pictures. This decoration has been planned with great attention to the appropriate character of its individual features. There are two pavilions at either end of the building, with a large doorway breaking the wall into two panels, each one of which has a dado of elaborate ornament, a narrow border of conventionalized Indian corn on each side, and great garlands of fruit on top framing an oblong rectangle of rich Pompeian red with a colossal female figure of one of the seasons [p. 694]. Above the two panels, and connecting them by a band of color, is a frieze with rearing horses, bulls, oxen drawing a cart of ancient form, and other small groups of agricultural subjects. The focus of the decorative scheme is naturally at the main portico, the entrance to the Rotunda, called the Temple of Ceres, with the statue of the goddess in the mysterious twilight of the graceful and impressive interior. The portico is treated on much the same plan as the side pavilions, but as it provides a much greater area of wall surface, Mr. Maynard has been able to introduce a richer combination of colors and a greater variety of figures. "Abundance" and "Fertility," two colossal female figures, occupy, with the richly ornamented borders, great flat niches on either side of the entrance, and are flanked in turn on the side-walls by the figure of King Triptolemus, the fabled inventor of the plough, and the goddess Cybele, symbolical of the fertility of the earth, the one in a chariot drawn by dragons, the other leading a pair of lions. These figures, as well as those in the four porticos, are treated in a broad, simple manner, so that they carry perfectly to a great distance and at the same time lose nothing by close inspection.

The sumptuousness of the color decoration is balanced by the lavish abundance of sculpture work which fills the pediments and crowns the piers and pylons, and, in general terms, the main features of the façades. The main pediment is by Mr. Larkin G. Mead; and the other statues—figures of abundance with cornucopiæ, a series of graceful maidens holding signs of the Zodiac, groups of four females representing the quarters of the globe supporting a horoscope, and various colossal agricultural animals—are all by the hand of Mr. Philip Martiny, who joins Mr. Olin L. Warner in supplementing the architectural ornamentation of the Art Building with various figures and bas-reliefs. Dominating the grand outlines of the edifice, perched high on the flat dome, is the gilded figure of Diana, by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, familiar as the finial of the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, a fitting apex of the monumental structure.

The north front of the Agricultural Building, with the peristyle and the south façade of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, form a grand court of honor, so to speak, facing the

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"Decoration," Figure by C. S. Reinhart.

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Administration Building, which may be appropriately termed the Gateway of the Exhibition, for it rises directly in front of the Terminal Station, a building of vast proportions and noble aspect, designed to accommodate the thousands of visitors who reach the Fair by the numerous lines of railways concentrated at this point. Six rostral columns, surmounted by a figure of Neptune, by Mr. Johannes Gelert, accent this court at different points. Mr. Frederick MacMonnies's *fin-de-siècle* colossal fountain fills the west end of the basin with a busy group of symbolical figures and a flood of rushing water. Opposite, at the east end of the glittering sheet of water which reflects the architectural glories of the colonnades, the dignified, simple statue of the Republic, by Mr. D. C. French, towers high in air, relieved against the beautiful screen of the Peristyle, with its forest of columns showing clear cut against the blue waters of the lake. Every column and every pier of the Peristyle has its crowning figure, the work of Mr. Theodore Baur, and the great central arch, or Water-Gate supports a colossal Quadriga executed by Mr. D. C. French and Mr. Edward C. Potter, the former undertaking the figure work, and the latter the horses. Two pair of horses, led by classical female figures, draw a high chariot with a male figure symbolizing the spirit of discovery of the fifteenth century, and pages on horseback flank the chariot on either side, enriching the composition so that it presents a well-sustained mass from every possible point of view. This group is an achievement well worthy of its situation as the dominating embellishment of the great court with its wealth of sculpture and ornament.

The terraces afford another inviting field for open-air decoration. Numerous pedestals have tempted the skill of the sculptors of the Quadriga to produce distinguished types of the horse and the bull, and formal antique vases on the balustrade and reproductions of the masterpieces of ancient statuary break the long lines of parapet and greensward. The graceful bridges spanning the canals are guarded by sculptured wild animals native of the United States, part of them by Mr. Edward Kemeys, others by Mr. A. P. Proctor, in appropriate contrast to the classicality of their surroundings and suggesting future possibilities in sculpture inspired by similar motives. The eye cannot take in at a glance the sumptuous beauties of this grand court, even in its ragged state of partial finish, but roves from statue to column, portal to terrace, resting agreeably on broad masses of rich color and on the gleaming reflections in the basin. Imagination can scarcely picture the scene with the addition of the festal features of fluttering banners, rich awnings, gayly decorated craft giving life and movement to the water front, and everywhere the crowd of visitors all on recreation bent.

The casual observer might well be pardoned for failing at first to mark how the grand pavilions and porticos of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building are accented by frequent spaces covered with artistic decoration. In each of the four corner pavilions there are two tympana, those on the south side having been given to Mr. Gari Melchers and Mr. Walter MacEwen to fill with a decorative design. Both these artists have made elaborate compositions representing, in general terms, "Music" and "Manufactures" and the "The Arts of Peace," and "The Chase and the Manufacture of Weapons," respectively.

In the foreground of "Music," at the left, a group of Satyrs pipes to a dancing cluster around the Muse Euterpe, and with various other personages make up a composition of great distinction of live and skilful arrangement. The second panel, which illustrates manufactures or textiles, is equally rich in groups, and in the background of both compositions is continued a procession in the honor of Pallas Athena, who was credited by the Greeks with the invention of spinning. The general color gamut is light with an intricate harmony of delicate tones. The procession is silhouetted in bluish tones against a warm sky with the colors of early evening, the golden reflections touching the figures with beautiful lines of light. Mr. Melchers has fol-

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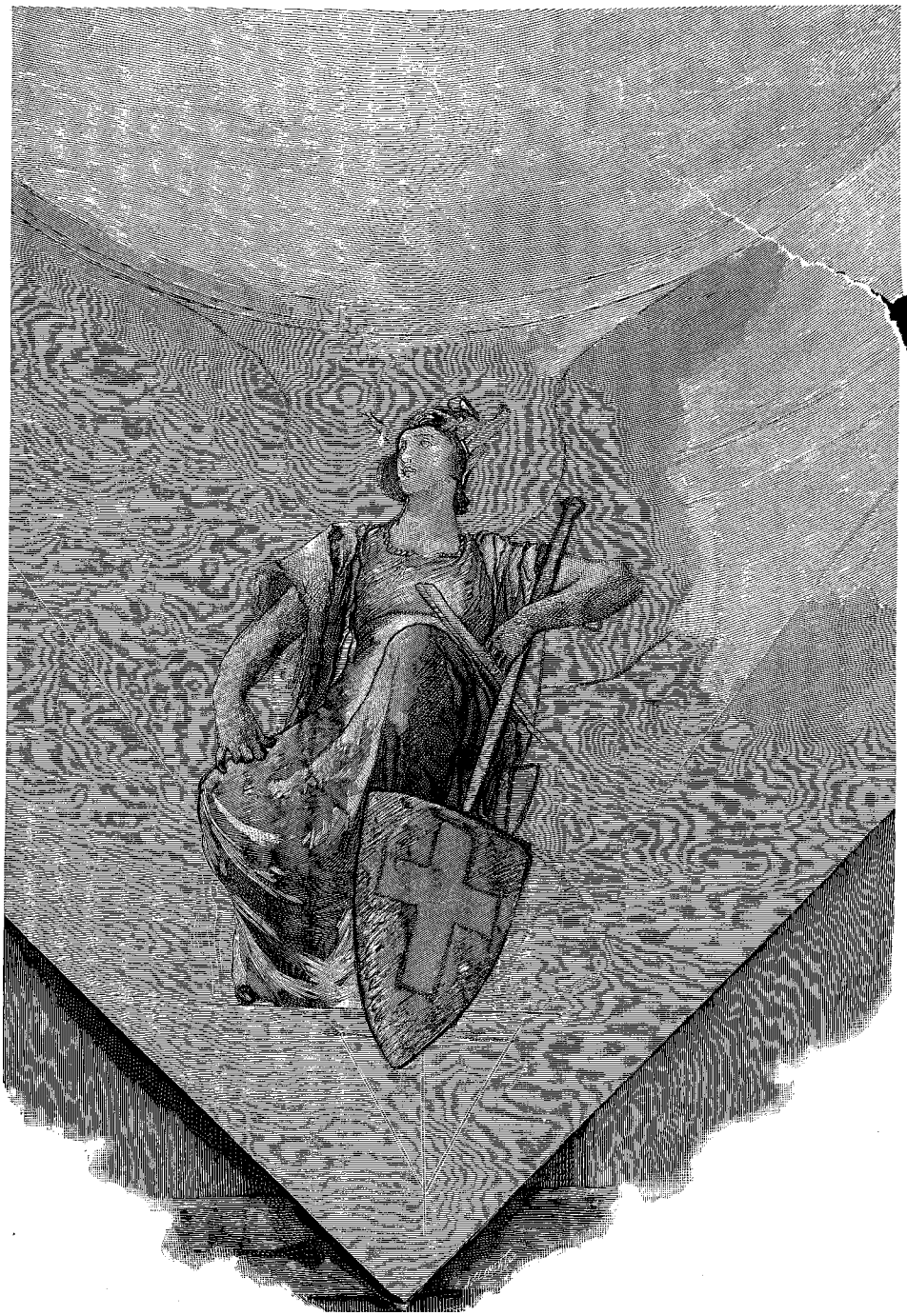

ENGRAVED BY J. CLEMENT.

"The Armorer's Craft," one of four figures by E. H. Blashfield, representing the Arts of Metal Working.

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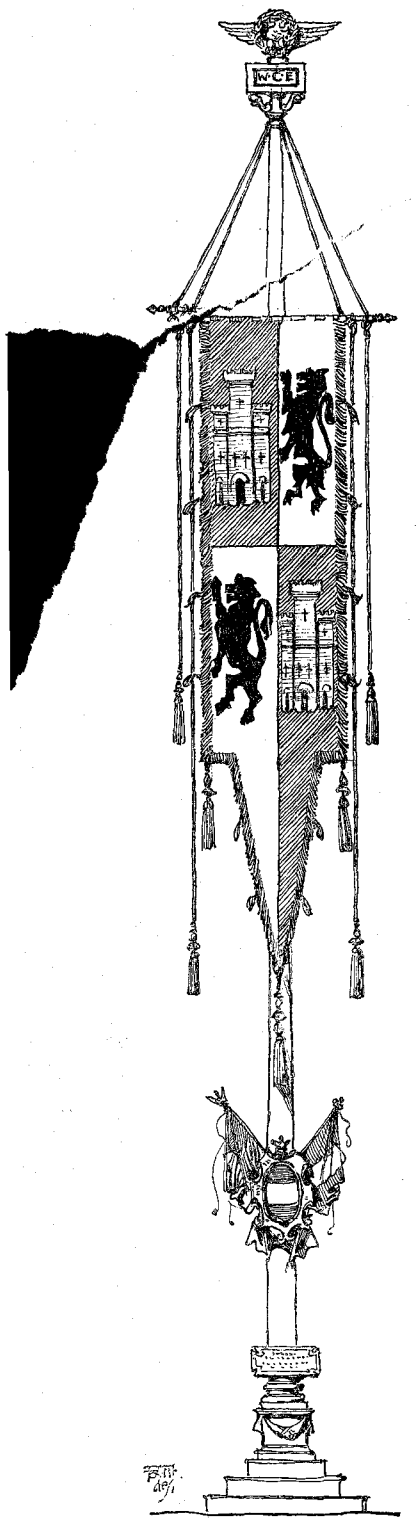

Banner adopted from the Standard of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella

lowed out much the same general plan of color in a varied but well sustained composition, so that the four tympana make, in a sense, a series of harmonious pictures.

The four grand central portals of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building recall triumphant arches of Roman times. Each of these portals has a lofty central entrance with rich bas-reliefs by Mr. Bitter and smaller side arches under pendentive domes. These eight domes have been filled with figure decorations, each by a different artist. Those on the south front of the building have been painted by Mr. J. Alden Weir and Mr. Robert Reid, who, with distinctly individual compositions, have harmonized their designs in a remarkably agreeable and skilful manner. Mr. Weir has chosen allegorical female figures of "Decorative Art" [p. 695], "The Art of Painting," "Goldsmith's Art," and the "Art of Pottery." Each of these figures is seated on a balustrade and is relieved against a sky of pale broken blue tones. Flying draperies and capitals of four orders of architecture serve to connect the lines of the composition, which is further enriched by a cupid holding a tablet inscribed with the different arts and decorated with a wreath. The figures are large and simple in line, and the general scheme of color is pale blue varied with purple and green, a combination suggested by the evanescent hues of Lake Michigan. Mr. Reid has also selected seated allegorical figures to carry out his ideas, with the addition of four youths, one on the keystone of each arch, holding high above their heads wreaths and palm branches which meet and cross so as to form a band of decorative forms around the upper part of the dome. A semi-nude figure of a man with an anvil and wrought-iron shield represents "Iron working;" a young girl in white resting one arm on a pedestal and the hand of the other arm touching a piece of carved stone, signifies "Ornament;" another in purple, finishing a drawing of a scroll, suggests the principle of "Design," as applied to mechanical arts, and the fourth figure is readily interpreted as honoring the "Textile Arts" [p. 693]. In the east portal Mr. E. E. Simmons has placed a single figure of a man in each pendentive of the dome, symbolizing "Wood Carving," "Stone Cutting," "Forging" [p. 696], and "Mechanical Appliances." The general scheme is pale gray and flesh-colored tones relieved and accentuated by the forms of the tools and accessories appropriate to each figure. The composition is bold in line, firm in outline, and original in conception. Mr. Kenyon Cox in the adjacent dome has worked so far in harmony with Mr. Simmons that he has decorated the pendentives rather than the upper part of the vault, placing a standing female figure in each against a balustrade and foliage. Above the heads, graceful banderoles, bearing the subjects illustrated, convert each pendentive into a shield-shaped space. A robust woman in buff jacket testing a sword, suggests "Steel Working." A graceful girl in blue and white drapery holding a rare

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vase needs no title to show that she represents "Ceramic Painting" [p. 697]. "Building" is symbolized by a tall and shapely damsel in golden green robes, standing near an uncompleted wall, and "Spinning" by a stately maiden of fair complexion dressed in rose-colored stuffs, with the significant accessory of a spider web. In the north portal Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith has illustrated the subject of Electricity as applied to Commerce. Four female figures occupy the pendentives. The "Telephone" and the "Indicator" are personified by a woman standing holding a telephone to her ear and surrounded by tape issuing from the ticker [p. 699]; "The Arc Light" by a figure kneeling holding aloft an arc light; "The Morse Telegraph" by a woman in flying draperies seated at a table upon which is the operating machine, while she reads from a book; and "The Dynamo" by a woman of a type of the working-class seated upon the magnet with a revolving wheel and belt at her feet. Above, in the upper dome, is placed the "Spirit of Electricity," a figure of a boy at the top of the dome from which radiate rays of lightning, to which he points. Mr. Walter Shirlaw, who has decorated the neighboring dome, shows distinct originality of conception in his four allegorical figures, "Gold" [p. 698], "Silver," "Pearl," and "Coral," symbolizing the abundance of the land and the sea. The maiden representing "Gold" steps forward freely, her mantle of yellow falling as she advances. A silver-gray cloak, fastened with silver disks, distinguishes the figure of "Silver." "Pearl" stands erect with glistening pearls around her neck and on her garments. "Coral," with raised arms, places a coral ornament in her hair. A spider's web in decorative pattern connects the figures and occupies the central surface of the dome. White, green, and gold, treated in monotones, form the color plan.

The figure on page 701 is taken from a sketch of one of Mr. C. S. Reinhart's figures in the south dome of the West Portal, and has been materially changed in the enlargement, and improved in action and accessories. The effort of the artist has been to bring all the separate tones into harmony with each other, making the design and color appropriate to the purposes of the building, the architecture, and the construction of the pendentive dome itself. A white-marble terrace describes a complete circle just above the four arches of the dome, the railing of which is a repetition of the actual one which finishes the top of the walls of the building itself; above

"Musicians," Fragment from the Procession, by W. L. Dodge, in the Dome of the Administration Building.

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a vibrating blue sky, with touches of salmon pink; in the pendentives four seated female figures, representing the Arts of Sculpture, Decoration, Embroidery, and Design. Between the figures and above the arches are urns with cactus, from which vines and flowers are trailing, thus uniting the composition. The treatment is mural—broad, flat tones within the severe contours. Above, in the sky, faint in color and harmonizing with the sky itself, four cherubs are having a merry-go-round with pale ribbons.

Female Figure from W. L. Dodge's Decoration in the Administration Building.

The pendentives of the adjacent dome, painted by Mr. E. H. Blashfield, are filled by four winged genii, representing the "Arts of Metal Working." The "Armorer's Craft" [p. 703] is personified by a helmeted figure; the "Brass Founder" and "Iron Worker" by two half-nude youths, one holding an embossed trencher, the other a hammer, while a maiden, in the closely clinging gown of the fifteenth century, with a statuette in her hand, symbolizes the "Art of the Goldsmith." The extreme points of the pendentives are filled by appropriate attributes, a pair of gauntlets, brass workers' tools, a horseshoe, and a medal. Behind the figures, and a little above their heads, is a frieze of Renaissance scroll work, and the whole composition is bound together by flying banderoles and by the sweep of the widely extended wings. The centre of the dome is occupied by two winged infants supporting a shield. The general color scheme comprises a series of peacock blues, greens, and purples, brilliant white tones in wings and frieze, and pale blue of the sky as a background to the composition.

The list of figure decorations briefly described above includes, with the exception of those in the Woman's Building, by Miss Mary Cassatt and Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies, all the work of this special artistic nature which has, at present writing, been decided upon; but there is every reason to hope that the panels in the Art Building may receive some adornment worthy of the noble structure, that the frieze around the dome of the Horticultural Building may also be artistically treated, that the Music Hall of the Peristyle may have various wall-spaces decorated with figure work, and that the scheme laid out for the Manu-

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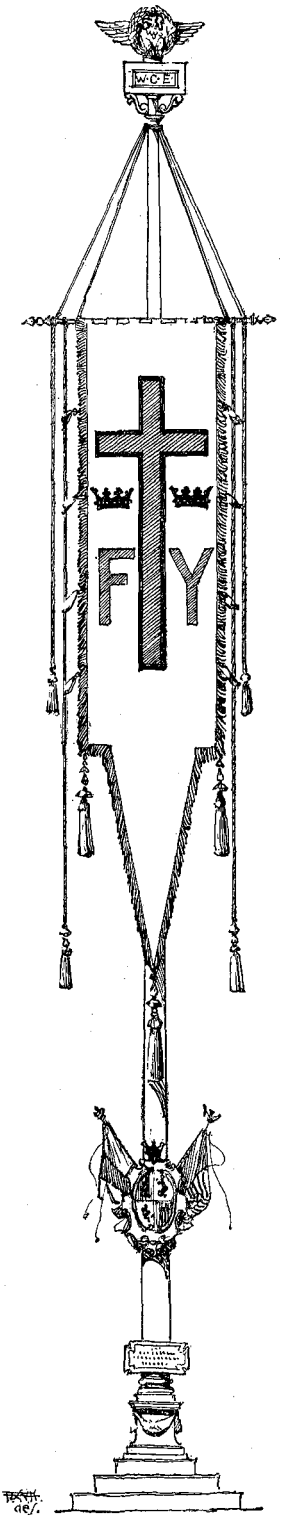
factures and Liberal Arts Building may be completed by the painting of the four remaining tympana in the corner pavilions on the north end.

The sculpture groups on the roof of the Woman's Building, and the elaborate pediments executed by Miss Alice Rideout, with the Caryatides, by Miss Enid Yandell, have already long been in place. The same is true of Lorado Taft's graceful groups and friezes which adorn the Horticultural Building, and of Mr. John J. Boyle's realistic and expressive embodiments of ideas suggested by the fertile theme of Transportation, and ranged in almost bewildering profusion around the building which bears that name. The much-desired statue of Columbus, probably to be executed under the direction of Mr. St. Gaudens, the regiment of statues on the Machinery Building, by Mr. M. A. Waagen and Mr. Robert Kraus, those on the Electricity Building, by Mr. J. A. Blankingship and Mr. Henry A. MacNeil, the statue of Franklin, by Mr. Carl Rohl-Smith, together with scores of other works of more or less importance, would, if listed, make a long catalogue of interesting objects of the sculptor's art. The immense numbers of these works, proportionate, of course, to the colossal magnitude of the Exposition, forbid even the bare mention of them in detail. In addition to this great mass of sculpture work executed for the special purpose of supplementing the architecture, it is intended to place at different places, notably in the Grand Court and on the grounds, and in the colonnades of the Art Building, selected examples of ancient sculpture, various reproductions of antique monuments, and probably also a certain number of works offered for exhibition.

An essential part of the decoration of the building is, of course, the architectural details, the models of which have been executed by various parties, notably Ellin & Kitson, of New York, and Evans, of Boston, with distinguished taste and skill. The capitals, mouldings, and ornaments of Greek and Roman buildings have been accurately copied on a scale and in a manner never before attempted. A few short months ago there was in this country but a very limited number of full-sized reproductions of any of the notable details of ancient architecture. The cast of the great Jupiter Stator capital was, it is said, found in but a single architect's office. Now the whole range of details, from the beautiful Ionic capitals of the Temple of Minerva Polias to the mouldings of the Arch of Titus, are practically at the command of any architect and student.

Much has been said and much written about the proper color to be given to the exteriors of the great edifices. Experience shows, even if reason had not already dictated the decision, that the nearer they are kept to white the better for the architecture. Every experiment which has been made to produce æsthetic effects of texture suggested by the usual treatment of



Banner adopted from the Expeditionary Flag of Columbus.

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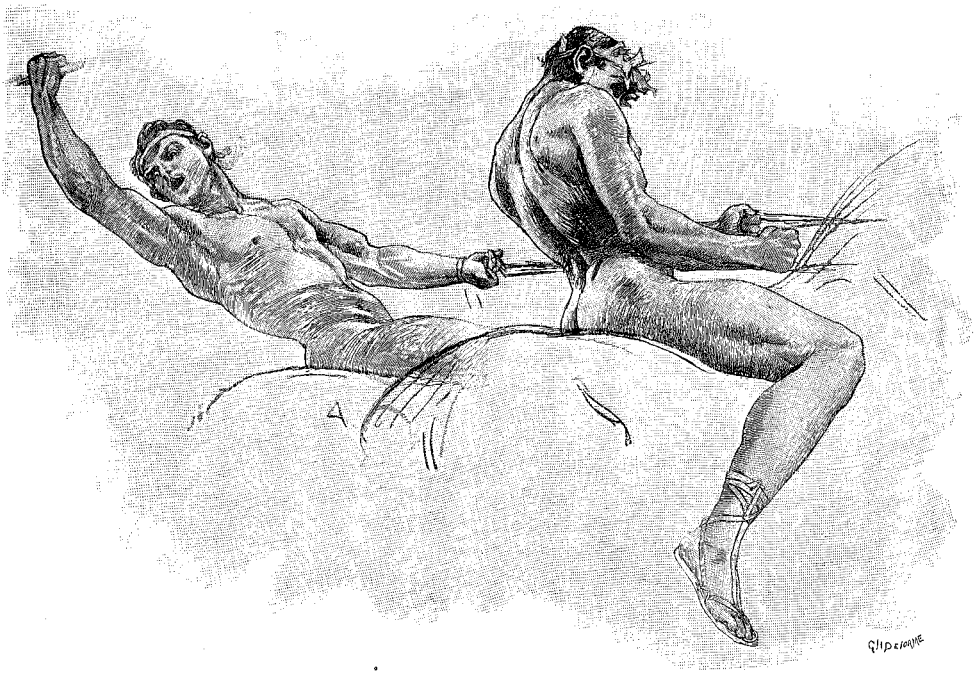

Riders of Winged Horses, from W. L. Dodge's Decoration in the Administration Building.

plaster objects has resulted in partial or in total failure, and every time the warm white of the staff has been meddled with, its glory has departed. But the conditions imposed by the climate, by the impossibility of securing a homogeneous surface, and by the exposure and consequent discoloration of a certain portion of the work have made it necessary to apply some sort of paint to all the buildings. Ordinary white-lead and oil have been found to give the best results, for the irregular absorption of the staff and the weathering rapidly produce an agreeable, not too monotonous an effect, and the surface deteriorates less rapidly after this treatment. The single notable exception to this simple scale of color is found on the Transportation Building, which has been given to Healy and Millet, of Chicago, to cover with a polychromatic decoration, carrying out the original intention of the architects, and making it unique and splendid in appearance. All the statuary of this building is to be treated with bronze and other metals, the great portal, commonly called the "Golden Door," will be exceedingly rich and gorgeous in effect, and the intricate ornamentation of the architectural relief decoration will have an echo in the flat surfaces covered with rich designs.

The decoration of the Exposition would be incomplete without careful attention to the informal and festive features, such as flags and awnings. Every building presents new conditions and demands special study and design. A large proportion of the flag-staffs will bear gonfalons or banners, but a certain number will be reserved, naturally, for the United States flag and the flags of all nations. At various points large poles will be planted in the ground, most of them for the purpose of displaying the Stars and Stripes, and a group of three poles, with ornate bases, elaborate flutings, and proper finials will be placed in front of the Administration Building. The middle pole will carry a United States flag of large dimensions, and it will be flanked on either side by a large and sumptuous banner, one adapted from the expeditionary banner of Columbus [p. 707], the other from the standard of Spain [p. 704] at the time of the discovery of America. The finishing touches of the Exposition can only be given after the

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storms of winter are over and the spring fairly sets in, and on the perfection of the finish will depend a great part of the charm of the place to the visitor and to the exhibitor. It was recorded in the first pages of this article that little could be expected of the interiors to compare with the elaboration of the façades. But the white-wash brush which converts the interior of a hovel into an attractive dwelling can also metamorphose the rough timber-work into a near semblance of finished construction and give the great naves and aisles a tidy and agreeable aspect. As far as this work has already proceeded it has surpassed the expectations of all concerned. A few simple tints, selected with care, give the best results and form a most satisfactory background for the installation of exhibits.

In the enormous perspectives ordinary means of decoration with bunting and banners fail entirely, for they are annihilated by the colossal size of the surroundings. Therefore the problem is a new one, and the future will show whether it can be satisfactorily solved.

A WEST INDIAN SLAVE INSURRECTION.

By George W. Cable.

I.—Stage and Actors.

THIS is a true story. But it is not mine; I take it all from a friend's manuscript, which I have had for years and which lies before me now. It tells of a beautiful island lying some twelve hundred miles southeastward from the southern end of Florida; the largest of the Virgin group; the island of the Holy Cross. Columbus, on his second voyage of American discovery, sailing into the marvellous waters of the Caribbean sea, found this wonderful island. Its inhabitants called it Aye-Aye; but he piously changed its title to Santa Cruz, and bore away a number of its people to Spain as slaves, to show them what Christians looked like in quantity, and how they behaved to one another and to strangers. You can hear more about Santa Cruz from anybody in the rum business.

It has had many owners. As with the woman of numerous husbands, in the Sadducee's riddle, seven political powers have had this mermaid as bride. Spain, the English, the Dutch, the Spaniards again, the French, the Knights of Malta, the French again, who sold her to the Guinea Company, who in 1734 transferred her to the Danes, from whom the English captured her in 1807, but restored her again at the close of Napoleon's wars, in 1815. Thus, at last, Denmark prevailed as the ruling power; but the English language remained the speech of the people. The two towns of the island are Christiansted on the north and Fredericksted on the south. It is about twenty-three miles long and six miles wide. Christiansted is the capital.

In 1848 there lived on Kongensgade, that is King Street, in Frekericksted, a little maiden named Dora. I have known her these many years, though I did not know her as a child or in the island. She is the author of the manuscript now lying before me, from the facts of which I shall not go aside from first to last, even though I have to end the story tamely without births, deaths, or marriages.

She dwelt with her aunts, Marion, Anna, and Marcia, and her grandmother, and was just old enough to begin taking care of her dignity. I wish the story were even more about her than it is. Whether she was Danish, British, or United Statesish, she was often puzzled to know. When her grandmother, whose husband had belonged to a family which had furnished a signer of our Declaration, told her stories of the American Revolution, Dora felt the glow of an American patriotism. But her grandmother had stories of English valor and renown as well, and when in telling these she warmed up to their heroic or momentous nature, she would remind Dora that her, the damsel's, father and mother were born on this island under British sway, and "once

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a Briton always a Briton." And yet again, Dora's playmates would say—

"But you, yourself, were born when the island was already Danish; you are a subject of King Christian VIII."

One of her playmates, much beloved of her, was invariably silent on this subject. He was a large and beautiful white cat, much more important to Dora than he is to this story, in which he appears but once, momentarily and quite parenthetically.

Kongensgade, though narrow, was one of the main streets that ran from the walls of an estate at the northeastern end of the town, to the lagoon and fort at the southwestern end. Dora's home was a long, low cottage on the street's southern side, its rear facing southward, seaward, on grounds that sloped downward to the street in front and rose and widened out extensively at the back, until they suddenly fell away in bluffs to the beach. It had been built for the grandmother, a bridal gift from her rich husband. But now in her widowhood the wealth was gone, and only refinement and inspiring traditions remained.

At her husband's death the estate left her was mainly slaves, whose sale or hire might have kept her in comfort. But a clergyman lately come from England convinced her that no Christian should hold a slave, and setting them free, she accepted a life of self-help and of no little privation. She was his only convert; his own zeal soon quieted; and there being no adequate public freedom provided either by law or custom for those whom private hands and consciences liberated, her ex-slaves merely hired their labor to less scrupulous employers, and yearly grew more worthless to themselves and the community.

Yet, to be poor on that island did not, of necessity, mean a sordid narrowing of life. The voices of nature were lofty, the beauties of land and sea were inspiring. You would have found the main room of Dora's home furnished in mahogany black with age and mounted with brass. In a corner where the breezes came in by a great window, stood a jar big enough to have held one of Ali Baba's thieves, into which trickled with a cool gurgle a thread of water from a huge dripping-stone set in a frame, while above these a shelf held native waterpots whose yellow and crimson surfaces were constantly pearled with dew evaporating through the porous clay. On a low mahogany press near by was piled the remnant of the father's library; and there were silver snuffers, candlesticks, crystal shades, and such like on the ancient sideboard.

But it was not old mahogany, brass, silver, or family traditions that gave this room its finest charm. As you entered it from the street the glory of the sea met you and filled the place. There was no need, no whereabouts, for pictures. The living portraits of nature hung framed in wide high windows through which came in the distant boom of the surf on the rocks, and its salt breath perfumed with the blossoms of the cassia. A broad door led from it by a flight of stone steps to the couch-like roots of a gigantic turpentine tree whose deep shade gave harbor to birds of every hue. It was these things that lent the room such beauty that even strangers, entering it, exclaimed aloud in admiration.

And outside, round about, there was far more. To Dora, sitting often by that equatorial sea, the island's old Carib name of Aye-Aye seemed the eternal consent of God to some seraphic spirit asking for this ocean pearl. All that poet or prophet had ever said of heaven became comprehensible in its daily transfigurations of light and color scintillated between wave, landscape, and cloud, its sea like unto crystal, and the trees bearing all manner of fruits. Fragrance, light, form, color, everywhere; fruits crimson, gold, and purple; fishes blue, orange, pink; shells of rose and pearl. Distant hills, clouds of sunset and dawn, sky and stream, leaf and flower, bird and butterfly, repeated the splendor, while round about all palpitated the wooing rhythm of the sea's mysterious tides.

The beach! Along its landward edge the plumed palms stood sentinel, mingling their faint rustle with the lipping of the waters and the curious note of the Thibet-trees that shook their long dry pods like castanets in the evening breeze. By the water's margin what treasures of the under world! Here a sponge, with

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stem bearing five cups; there a sea-fan large enough for a Titan's use, yet delicate enough to be a mermaid's. There were red-lipped shells; mystical eye-stones; shell petals heaped in rocky nooks like rose-leaves; and, walking leisurely among all these in grotesque complacency, crabs, whose brilliancy and variety might baffle the painter. What was this the rector preached, about a fallen and degraded world? It seemed but empty words when the sunset glory was too much for human vision and the young heart trembled before its ineffable suggestions.

Dora often rode a pony. If she turned his way inland his steps were on a road lined on either side with majestic cocoa-palms, or in some tangled dell where a silvery cascade leaped through the deep verdure. On one side the tall mahogany cast its woody pears to the ground; on another the sandbox and calabash trees rattled their huge fruit like savages preparing for battle; here the banyan dropped its strange ropes, and yonder the tamarind waved its feathery streamers. Here was the india-rubber tree and here the bread-fruit; now and then a clump of the manchineel weighted the air with the luscious perfume of its poisonous apples, the banana rustled, or the bamboo tossed its graceful canes. By some stream winding down to the hidden sea she might espy the black washerwomen beetling clothes with big thick paddles. Or urging the pony, she would rise in exhilarating leaps from ridge to ridge, and reaching the top of Blue Mountain, look down, eleven hundred feet, upon the vast Caribbean dotted with islands, and, nearer by, the breakers curling in the noble bays or breaking under rocky cliffs. Northward, the wilderness; eastward, green fields of sugar-cane paling and darkling under the sweep of the breeze; southward, the wide harbor of Fredericksted, the town, and the black-skinned, red-shirted boatmen pushing their graceful boats about the harbor; westward, the setting sun; and presently everywhere the swift fall of the tropical night, with lights beginning to twinkle in the town, and the boats in the roadstead to leave long trails of phosphorescent foam.

We need not say that Nature had her rudenesses as well as her graces. There were sharks in the sea and venomous things, tarantulas, serpents, scorpions, ashore; and there was the hurricane. Every window and door was armed with strong outer shutters provided with stout bars, rings, and ropes, that came swiftly into vigorous use whenever, between July and October, the dire word ran through the town, "The barometer is falling." Then candles and lamps had to be lighted indoors, and it was a time of delightful excitement to a courageous child. Dora would beg hard to have a single pair of shutters held slightly open by two persons ready to slam them shut in a second, and so snatched glimpses of the tortured, flying clouds, and writhing trees, while old Si' [Sis, sister] Myra, one of the freed slaves who had not left the family, crouched in a corner muttering, "Lo'd sabe us! Lo'd sabe us!" Once Dora saw a handsome brig, whose captain had failed to leave the harbor as promptly as he should have done, staggering in upon the rocks where it seemed, almost, the masts might fall into her grandmother's own grounds, and the grandmother told her that thus her, Dora's, father had come and met, loved and won her mother.

One bright day, suddenly and without warning, the wonder-struck Dora felt the earth flinch, throb, sink, and heave. The long pendent hooks on the shutters of the house swung outward, trees fell, the ground opened, the houses rocked and reeled, and the people ran out of them crying in terror, "Earthquake! earthquake!" But no great damage was done, and in a day or two the streets echoed the cheery morning cries of the many vendors of fruits, candies, sugar-cane, alligator-pears and "hot harapas and cassava!" Harapas were thin pancakes made of bananas beaten to a batter.

These pedlers of dainties were, of course, blacks, male and female, and generally slaves. On Saturdays the negroes were allowed to hold a petty market for their own account, on an open square of the town thickly planted with great trees. Each one chose his tree, under which, in calabashes plain or carved, he spread his produce over the ground. If it rained—and rain in the

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tropics is tremendous—you may imagine the resulting mixture of fruits, fish, flesh, flowers, and fancy articles. Hard by in a special little grove was the "maroon market," held exclusively by old negresses who could do no harder work than sell cakes and confections. Si' Myra was often of their number. She was a native of Congo, and, like all such, had horrid superstitions. She believed the Obi priests could boil water without fire, and cause in many ways the most dreadful woes. She had added Danish myths to her own, and believed in the wehr-wolf.

"Yes, me chile! Dem nights w'en de moon shine bright and de dogs a-barkin', you see twelb dogs a-talkin' togedder in a ring and one in de middle. Dah dem wait till dem yerry [hear] him; den dem take arter him, but dem nebber catch him, me chile, and he git back afo day!"

Strangest, wildest, of all the slave practices, was the hideous misuse they were allowed, by Christian masters, to make of Christmas and Christmas week. It was then they danced the bamboula, by day and night. All through the year this saturnalia was prepared for in meetings held by night in the cabins of the principal leaders. The songs to which they danced were made of white society's most current or private scandals reduced to satirical rhyme and rhythm, and to the rashest girl or most reckless man the warning was a serious one, "You will get yourself sung about at Christmas." A king, queen, and royal retinue, chosen mainly for personal beauty or special ability to make good songs, were elected yearly. The dresses of these and of all was a strange mixture of savage splendor and silliest tawdriness, that exhausted the owners' savings and pilferings of a twelvemonth. Good-natured "missies" and their daughters often helped make these outfits. They were of real velvet, silk, satin, cotton lace, false flowers, the brilliant seeds of the licorice and coquelicot, tinsel, beads, and pinchbeck. Sometimes mistresses even lent—firmly sewed to the clothing—their own jewelry. On Christmas eve, here and there throughout the town, eligible ground-floor rooms were hired and decorated with branches of the cocoa and other palms; or booths of these were built, adorned with oranges and boughs of cinnamon-berries, lighted with candles and lanterns, and furnished with seats for the king, queen, and musicians, and with buckets of rum punch. Then the "bulrush man" went his round. He was covered with capes and flounces of bulrushes from neck to heels, and crowned with a high waving fringe of them about his brows, rattled pebbles in calabashes, danced to their clatter, proclaimed the feast, and solicited of such white children as his dress did not terrify, for gifts from their store of holiday stivers.

Soon the dancers began to gather in the booths; women in gorgeous trailing gowns, the men bearing showy batons and clad in ornamented shirts or satin jackets, with a mongrel infant rabble, spawn of many races, at their heels. When the goombay—a flour-barrel with both heads out and a goatskin stretched over one end—boomed out its hoarse notes on the evening air, the town knew the bamboula dance had begun. The dancers formed in two confronting lines, the men facing the women, a leading couple improvising a song, all taking up the refrain, the goombay beating time, and the dancers with arms uplifted, rattling or tinkling in harmonious rhythm the various instruments: the woody seed-cases of the sandbox-tree set on long sticks and the lobes painted each a separate vivid color; basket-work rattles and calabashes filled with pebbles and shells; or hoops hung with bells. All these were adorned with floating ribbons. So the lines approached each other by two steps, receded, advanced again, and again receded, always in wild cadence according to the signals of voice and instrument; then bowing low till the two opposing ranks touched each other —twice—thrice; then straightening again, pirouetting and resuming the first movement, and now and then, with two or three turns or bows clashing their rattles together in perfect measure. As night darkened, the rude lights flared yellow and red upon the dusky forms bedizened with beads, bangles, and more grotesque trumpery. Faces, necks, arms reeked and shone

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in the heat, the air throbbed voluptuously with the savage music, ribbons streamed, gross odors filled the place, the boom of the goombay dominated all, and children of the master race—for even such as Dora were often permitted to witness these orgies—without comprehending stood aghast. Outside, only a few steps away, the soft West Indian night lay in matchless loveliness on hills and sea; the grateful nostrils caught the ethereal fragrance of the pink blossoms of the pont-du-pont; the eyes looked up to see the radiant majesty of the stars; every sense and impulse was soothed by the exquisite refinement of the scene, into whose space and silence the faint, deep voice of the savage drum sobbed one grief and one prayer alike for the slave and for his master.

The revel always ended with New Year's day. The next morning broke silently, and with the rising of the sun the clang of the plantation bell or the blowing of the conch called the bondman and bondwoman once more into the cane-fields. Then, alike in broadest noon and deepest night, the spectre of an anxious fear hovered about the master whenever he sat among his loved ones or wherever his pathway turned. Not often did the hand of oppression fall upon any slave with sudden illegal violence, or he or she turn to slaughter or poison the oppressor; but the slaves were in thousands, the masters were but hundreds, the laws were tyrannous, the public whipping-post stood among the town's best houses of commerce, justice, and worship, with the thumb-screws close at hand; the Danish garrison was a mere squad, the well-drilled and finely caparisoned volunteer "troopers," main stay as to armed force, were scarce a handful, the governor was mild and aged, and the two towns were the width of the island apart.

In the year of which we write, 1848, this anxiety was much increased. King Christian, induced, the planters believed, by English influence from Exeter Hall, had lately proclaimed a gradual emancipation of all slaves in his West Indian colonies. A squad of soldiers from the fort, as the custom was, had marched through the streets, halting at the principal corners, drawing a crowd by the beat of a drum—"beating the protocol," they termed it—and reading the royal edict. After twelve years all slaves were to go free; their owners were to be paid for them; and meantime every infant of a slave was to be free from its birth. No one knows better than the practical statesman that measures for a gradual righting of an evil are apt to be disastrous. They rarely satisfy any class concerned. In this case the aged slaves bemoaned a land of promise they might not live to enter; younger slave parents dreaded the superior liberty of their children; and the planters doubted that they would ever see the pay for their losses, even if emancipation did not bring fire, rapine, and death.

One day, Dora, along with all Fredericksted, or "West-En'," as the negroes called it—Christiansted was "Bass-En'"—saw two huge British East Indiamen sail into the harbor. They came for no cargo; such ships never touched at Fredericksted. What could they want?

"Water," they said, "and rest." They staid two weeks, their officers and men roaming the island, asking many questions, answering few, and becoming more and more each hour the object of feverish and irrational suspicions.

Gilbert, the young son of a neighbor who was an old friend of Dora's grandmother, used often to drop in at her house.

"Mrs. H——," he said, one afternoon, as they looked out the seaward windows at the two big ships anchored so far from shore, "these fellows are here for no good. I meet them at all hours and on every road, talking to the negroes. Mark my word, they are putting them up to some deviltry. There comes a boat-load now."

But Dora's grandmother and Aunt Marion bade him fear nothing. "All the clergy," they said, "are acting together, soothing the restlessness of the slaves, and showing them the duty and advantage of waiting patiently for their day of happiness."

Whereat Dora asked, for information only, "How are the negroes ever going to be happy if they stay black?" The conversation was too deep for her, how-

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ever, and was remembered mainly as the last one they had on that subject, in which she took any part.

Yet she understood much, and once said, when the talk ceased on her entering the room with a playmate, "We know what you are talking about; you're afraid the negroes are going to rise. But they'll never hurt us; Rachel and Tom, and Si' Myra and Lotta, and Jule and Jack, and the others won't let them."

Still the great ships did no visible evil; the month, June, wore by, and the minds of all seemed to grow more quiet. And then the event came.

II.—The Uprising.

Sunday, the second of July, was still and fair. The Sabbath was always a happy day to Dora. High-stepping horses prancing up to the church-gates brought friends from the plantations. The organ pealed, the choir chanted, the rector read, and read well; the mural tablets told the virtues of the churchyard sleepers, and out through the windows she could gaze on the clouds and the hills. After church came the Sunday-school. Its house was on a breezy height where the wind swept through the room unceasingly, giving wings to the children's voices as they sang "From Greenland's icy mountains," or "Now be the Gospel Banner." But this Sunday promised unusual pleasure; Dora was to go with her Aunt Marion to dine soon after midday with a Danish family, at a real Danish West Indian dinner.

As she went to the house of feasting, she carried with her but one fear—that her hostess, Mrs. Valberg, would provide pigeon-pea-soup. For, look you, among the guests were to be some officers from the East Indiamen, and it was a negro saying, that whosoever ate of pigeon-pea-soup would never want to leave the island. But in due time the hostess asked,

"Will you have pigeon-pea-soup, or guava-berry soup?" And Dora, hoping to be imitated, chose the soup of the guava berries.

Whichever the officers took they liked, and after soup there was an elegant king-fish, and by and by the famous callalou, and many other delicious and curious viands. For the dessert appeared "red groat" that is, sago jelly flavored with guavas, crimsoned with the juice of prickly pears, and floating in milk; also other floating islands of guava jelly beaten with eggs. Pale-green granadillas crowned the feast. These were eaten with sugar and wine, while before each draught of the wine the men would lift their glasses high, bow to right and left, and cry, "Skoal! skoal!" As the company finally rose, Mr. and Mrs. Valberg shook hands with every guest in turn, these again saluting each other, and each two saying with every salute, "Vel be komme," implying "may this feast do you good." It made the end a glad one.

Late in the afternoon, Dora and her aunt started home. On the way two friends, a Mrs. Dale and her daughter, Kate, persuaded them to turn and take a walk on the north side road at the town's western border. They went southward toward the lagoon near to where it formed a kind of moat behind the fort, and was spanned by a slight wooden bridge. While they went the sun slowly sank through a golden light toward the purple sea, among temples, towers, and altars of cloud.

As they neared this bridge two black men crossing it from opposite ways stopped and spoke to each other in low tones, yet Dora and her companions heard. Said one,

"Yes, me yerry it; dem say sich t'ing as nebber bin known befo' goin' be done in West-En' town to-night." And the other—

"Well, you look sharp, me frien'——"

At this point they saw their auditors and parted abruptly, one looking troubled, the other one pleased and brisk. Mrs. Dale and her daughter drew back, the latter asking,

"What does he mean, mother?"

"Oh, I suppose he's speaking of some meeting to make Christmas songs," said Mrs. Dale, indifferently.

"I think not," said Dora's aunt. "Let us go back; mother's alone."

Just then Gilbert came up. "I've come to find you, Mrs. Dale," he said; "my mother sent me. You had better

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come home. The negroes have planned to rise to-night. Some free negroes have betrayed them. Their signal is to sound at eight o'clock, to call them together for an attack upon the town."

Dora and her aunt and friends reached her home first. Her grandmother heard the news without open agitation.

"We're in God's hands. Gilbert, will you stop at Mr. K——'s and send Anna and Marcia home?"

When these two came Mr. K—— was with them and begged that the whole family return with him and pass the night at his house; but Dora's grandmother thought they had better stay where they were. He went away to propose to his neighbors to put all the women and children into the fort, that the men might be the freer to defend them.

"Marion," said the grandmother, "let us have supper and prayers while there's quiet."

The simple meal was scarcely touched. Dora's Aunt Marcia put bible and prayer-book by the lamp and closed all the heavy shutters on the front of the house. The wind had risen, and through the open windows on the seaward side the roll of the surf sounded in with the grandmother's voice in "God is our refuge and strength." Then all knelt; but the prayer was scarcely finished when Aunt Marion sprang to her feet crying, "The signal! Hear the signal!"

Out in the still night a high mournful note blown on a bamboo pipe was answered by the deeper tone of a conch-shell, and presently the alarm was ringing from point to point on every side, from shells, pipes, horns, and now and then in the solemn clangor of great plantation bells. It came first from the south, then from the east, swept around to the north, and echoed from the western cliffs, springing from hilltop to hilltop, long, fierce, exultant. Dora saw her four kinswomen rise, stand listening, and grow pale. But presently the grandmother sat down in her easy-chair.

"I will spend the night here," she said.

Aunt Anna brought a rocking-chair and sat beside her; Marcia reclined on the sofa, Marion spread a pallet for Dora, and lying down at her side, bade her not fear, but sleep. And Dora slept.

Suddenly she was broad awake. There was a sound of horses' feet, distant but approaching. It came from the southwestward, the direction of the fort. Aunt Marcia was unbarring the shutters and fastening the inner jalousies so as to look out unseen.

"It's nearly one o'clock," said Aunt Anna, and Dora got up wondering how the world looked at that hour of the night. All gathered at the windows, hearkening to the nearing sound.

"Ah!" spoke Aunt Marcia, gladly, "it's the troopers!"

There were only some fifty horsemen. Slowly, in the light of a half-hidden moon they came and passed, a dim mass, their horses' hoofs ringing on the narrow macadamized road, swords clanking, and dark plumes nodding over still faces, while the distant war-signal from shell, reed, and horn called before, around, and after them in wild mockery.

Still later in the night came a knock at the door, and when it was warily opened Mr. K—— entered. He explained the passing of the troopers and the slowness of their march. They had hurried about the country all the earlier part of the night, he said, bringing their families together at points where a few men could defend them, and had come to the fort for ammunition and orders; but the captain of the fort, refusing even to admit them without orders from the governor, had bade them go to their homes.

"But," Mr. K.—— himself interposed, for he was present, "a swift courier can reach the governor in an hour and a half."

"One will be sent as soon as it is light," was the only answer.

The town militia, Mr. K—— went on to tell Dora's grandmother and aunts, were without ammunition also. He was much excited, and believed the fort's officers were conniving with the revolt. Presently he went away, saying that he had met one of the household's servants, Jack, who would come soon to protect them. Jack did appear shortly before daybreak and mounted guard at the front gate.

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"Go sleep, ole mis's. Miss Mary Ann [Marion], you all go sleep. Chaw! wha' foo all you set up all night? Si' Myra, you go draw watah foo bile coffee."

The dreadful signals had ceased at last, and all lay down to rest; but Dora remained awake and saw through the great seaward windows the wonderful tropical dawn flush over the sea from a crystalline sky. But presently its heavenly silence was broken by the swift gallop of a single horse and a Danish orderly, heavily armed, passed the street-side windows. He was off at last for Christiansted.

Soon the clamor of conchs and horns began again. It was blent, now, with the sound of many feet and the harsh voices of swarming insurgents. Their long silence was explained; they had been sharpening their rude improvised weapons.

The first act of aggression was to break open a sugar storehouse. They took a barrel of sugar and another of rum, mixed them, killed a hog, poured in his blood, added gunpowder, and drank the compound. That was to make them brave. Then with barrels of rum and sugar they changed a whole cistern of water into punch, stirring it with their sharpened hoes and dipping it out with huge sugar boilers' ladles and drinking themselves half blind.

Jack dashed in from the gate: "Oh, Miss Marcia, go look! dem a-comin'! Gin'ral Buddoe at dem head on he w'ite hoss."

The women and Dora ran to the jalousies. In the street, coming southward toward the fort, were full two thousand blacks. They walked and ran, the women with their skirts tied up in fighting trim, and all armed with hatchets, hoes, sugar-cane bills and cutlasses. The bills were fitted on stout pole handles, and all their weapons had been ground and polished until they glittered horridly in the black hands and above the gaudy Madras turbans or bare woolly heads and bloodshot eyes.

"Dem goin' to de fote to ax foo freedom," exclaimed Jack.

At their head rode one large and powerful black man wearing a cocked hat with a long white plume. A big rusty sword clanked at his horse's flank. This was "Gin'ral Buddoe." Just as he came opposite Dora's window she saw a white man, alone, step out from the house across the way and lift his arms in a silent command to the multitude to halt. It was the Roman Catholic priest. In black robe and cap he mounted some steps, showed the cross, and began to warn and exhort. The crowd halted, gave attention for a moment, then howled, brandished their weapons, and pushed on. Aunt Marion dropped to her knees and in tears prayed aloud, "From battle, murder, and sudden death——"

But Dora, in a tone of expostulation, cried, "O Auntie! get up quick! Here comes Rachel! Don't let her see you praying! Better have them kill us than let them see us frightened!" But Rachel, and Tom as well, had already entered from the street.

"La! Miss Mary Ann, wha' fur you cryin'? Who's goin' tech *you?*" asked Rachel. She held by its four corners a Madras kerchief full of sugar. "Da what we done come fur, to tell Mis's Paula not be frightened." Tom staid but a moment and was off again.

"Rachel," said Dora's grandmother, "you've been stealing."

"Well, Mis's Paula! ain't I gwine hab my sheah w'en dem knock de head out dem hogsitt an' tramp de sugah under dah feet an' mix a whole cisron o' punch?"

At Dora's appeal Rachel told the events of the night. But as she talked a roar of voices without rose higher and higher, and Dora, running with Jack to the gate, beheld two smaller mobs coming round a near corner. The foremost crowd was dragging along the ground by ropes a huge object, howling, striking, and hacking at it. The other was behaving in the same way to something smaller tied to a stick of wood, and the air was full of their cries:

"To de sea! Frow it in de sea! You'll nebber hole obbe [us] no mo' foo w'ip! You'll no 'queeze obbe no mo'! You'll be drownded in de sea-watah!" Their victims were the whipping-post and the thumb-screws.

Tom returned to say, "Dem done to'e up de cote-house and de jedge's house, and now dem goin' Bay Street foo tear up de sto'es."

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Gilbert came up from the fort telling what he had seen. The blacks had tried in vain to scale the ramparts by climbing upon one another's shoulders, howling for freedom and defying the garrison to fire on them. But the officer in command had not dared to do so without orders from the governor, and his courier had not returned. Others were not so cautious. A leading merchant called out as he stood on the fort wall:

"Take the responsibility! Fire! Every white man on the island will sustain you, and you'll end the whole thing here!"

Upon that word, off again up town had gone the whole black swarm, had sacked the bold merchant's store, and seemed now, by the noises they still made, to be sacking others. "I have come," said Gilbert, "with an offer of the ship captains in port to take the white people aboard their ships if matters grow no better."

As he turned away, groups of negroes began to dash by laden with all sorts of "prog" [booty] from the wrecked stores. Dora's grandmother had lain down, her aunts were trying to make up some sort of midday repast, and Dora was standing alone behind the jalousies, when a ferocious-looking negro came and rattled the jalousies with his bill.

"Lidde gal, gimme some watah."

"Wait a minute," said Dora, and left the room. She thought of hiding, but feared he might in that case burst in enraged and murder them all. So she brought a bowl of water.

"Tankee, lidde missee," he said, handed back the drained bowl, and went away. Tom was thereupon set to guard the gate.

He did it poorly. While he was diverted by something another negro slipped into the yard and sat down on the stone steps. He looked around the pretty, quiet enclosure, gave a tired grunt, and said, "Please, missee, lemme res'; I done bruk up." He held in his hands the works of a clock, fell to studying them, and became wholly absorbed. Rachel asked him who had broken it. He replied:

"Obbe [our] Ca'lina no like de way it talkin'. She say, 'W'at mek you say, night und day, night und day?' Un' she tuk her bill un' bruk it up. Un' Georgina chop' up the pianneh 'case it wouldn' talk foo her like it talk foo buckra. Da shame!"

But now came yells and cheers in the street, the rush and trample of hundreds of feet, and the cry, "De gub'nor! de gub'nor a-comin'!"

Dora and all her kindred hastened to the windows. In an open carriage with two official attendants, and surrounded by a mounted guard, the aged governor was coming down the street. He wore the uniform of a Danish general and was, amid the dark multitude that swarmed around him, a very imposing figure. The insignia of the order of Dannebrog were on his breast. The cavalcade could scarcely push through the dense crowd, and when one of the crowd bolder than the rest seized the horses' reins the equipage stopped. The halt chanced to be before Dora's house. The governor sat still, very pale.

Suddenly he rose, lifted his cocked hat from his silvery hair, and with graceful dignity bowed. Then he unfolded a paper with large seals attached, and in a trembling but clear voice began to read. In the name and by the authority of His Majesty Christian VIII., king of Denmark, he proclaimed freedom to every slave in the Danish West Indies.

The exclamations of amazed dismay from Dora's aunts were drowned in the huzzas of the black mob.

"Free! free! God bless de Gub'nor! Obbe is free!"

The retinue, unhindered now, moved again; but the crowd, giving no heed to the command to disperse to their homes, howled and surged after the carriage in transports of rejoicing. At the fort the proclamation, with the order to disperse, was read again. But it would have been absurd to suppose that a brutish mob threatening fire and slaughter, and suddenly granted all its real demands, would so suddenly return to quiet and laborious tasks made odious by slavery. Half mad with joy and drink, the multitude broke into small companies, some content to stay in town carousing, others roaming out among the island estates to pillage and burn. At this point it was that the

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governor, in not following emancipation with simple but prompt measures of police, really for the first time proved himself weak.

At evening Dora's kinswomen and she, leaving the house in care of Jack and Tom, went to spend the night at the home of their good friend Mr. K——, where several neighbors were gathered with arms and ammunition. Their way led them by the ruined court-house, where for several squares the ground was completely covered with torn records, books, and other documents, and every step rustled amid the dead leaves of an irrevocable past.

The night wore by in fitful sleep or anxious vigils. Near by, all was quiet; but the distant sky was in many places red with the glare of incendiary fires out among the plantations. At dawn, Mr. K—— with Gilbert and others, ventured out, and returned with sad tidings brought by a courier from Christiansted. At sound of the signal on Sunday night, the negroes had swarmed into that place by thousands. The next day they attacked the fort there in the same savage but impotent way in which their fellows had attacked this one at Fredericksted. The governor had just departed for Fredericksted, leaving word to do nothing in his absence. But the officer in command at the Christiansted fort was of a sturdy temper, and when the blacks swarmed upon him he opened fire with grapeshot, killing and wounding many. But this only defended the town at the expense of the country, into which the dark thousands scattered to break, pillage, and burn. Yet even so, no whites had been killed except two or three men who had rashly opposed them single-handed, although the whole island, outside the two towns, was, the courier said, completely at the mercy of the insurgents.

However, he also bore better news. A Danish man-of-war was somewhere near by in these seas, and a schooner had been sent to look her up. Another had gone to ask aid in the island of Porto Rico, which was but seventy miles away and heavily garrisoned by Spaniards. Still it was deemed wise to accept, for the women and children of Fredericksted and its neighborhood, the offer from the ships in harbor and send them at once on board, so that the militia and volunteer troopers might be free to unite with the Danish regulars to suppress the insurrection, or at least to hold it in check until a stronger force could extinguish it.

"I've told Tom," said Mr. K—— to Dora's kinswomen, "to have a boat ready at the beach to take us off to an American schooner. Pack no trunks, the vessel will not receive them; gather your lightest valuables in small bundles; and be quick, for if a crowd gets there before you, you may be refused." They hurried home over a thick carpet of archives and title-deeds, swallowed a sort of breakfast, and began the hard task of choosing the little they could take from the much they must leave behind, in a dear home that might soon, with all its contents, be only ashes. Dora's big white cat had to be left. Dora was laying charge after charge upon Si' Myr concerning the care of him, as with a long good-by hug she laid him on her bed, when Jack came to say the boat was waiting.

"See," he said to Dora, "how easy I kin liff you troo de surf," picked her up abruptly, and set her on a low wardrobe.

"Put me down!" she cried, with shrill resentment, and before a hand could be lifted the cat flew upon Jack and fastened on his throat with teeth and claws. Aunt Marcia, who stood near, tore the creature away and stanched the wounds, while poor Jack drolly commented on the superfluity of a watch-dog for Dora's protection.

On the schooner Dora and her aunts and grandmother found a kind welcome from the Yankee skipper, amid a confused crowd of friends and strangers, and a chaos of boxes, bundles, and trunks. Children were crying to go home, or viewing with noisy delight the wide roadstead dotted with boats still bringing the fleeing people and swarming round every anchored vessel to discharge their passengers; women were calling farewells and cautions to the men in the returning boats, and friends were meeting and telling in a babel of tongues the pathetic or ludicrous adventures and distresses of the hour.

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Dora and her aunts met a friend, owner of the beautiful "North End" estate, and his wife and little daughter. They told a thrilling story. Except their housekeeper, a young English girl, they three, they said, were the only white persons on the place when on that dreadful Sunday night their slaves came to the house in force demanding "freedom papers."

"Not under compulsion," the master replied; "never!"

"Den Obbe set ebryt'ing on fiah! W'en yo' house bu'n' up we try t'ink w'at foo do wid you and de missie!" They rushed away toward the sugar works, yelling, "Git bagasse foo bu'n him out!"

The household hastily loaded all the firearms in the house, filled every available vessel with water, and piled blankets here and there for prompt use against fire. Then they made all possible show of unconcern, the wife playing her liveliest piano music until after midnight. Whether moved by this show, or some other cause, the blacks did not return, and the next day the family escaped to Fredericksted and to the schooner.

Dora's grandmother and the wife of the American consul were the oldest ladies on the vessel. To them, therefore, at nightfall, was given the only sofa on board, and the rest of the weary throng dropped asleep on their boxes and bundles, in any sheltered nook or on the open deck. The boatswain let Dora make his locker her couch, and lent her a bag of something that felt like rope ends for a pillow. For three successive mornings she was wakened with—

"Sorry to disturb you, little miss, but I must get to my locker."

Three days of heat, glare, hubbub, and anxious suspense dragged themselves away, and Thursday's gorgeous sunset brought a change. The Danish frigate, bright with flags and swarming with men, sailed into harbor, dropped anchor, and wrapped herself in the thunder and white smoke of her salute. Soon a boat was lowered at her side, an officer in glittering uniform took its tiller-ropes, its long oars flashed, and it bore away toward the fort. But evening shades closed around it, night fell, a starry silence reigned, and when a late moon rose out of the sea Dora and her kinswomen slept.

Early the next morning it was known that Captain Erminger, the frigate's commander, had assumed chief command over the whole island, declared martial law, landed his marines, and begun offensive operations against the insurgents. Soon the harbor was populous again with refugees returning home in boats. Tom came with his boat. Just as Dora and her kindred started landward a schooner came round the island bluffs, bringing the Spanish soldiers. At early twilight these landed and marched with much clatter through the empty streets to the town's various points of entrance, there to mount guard, the Danes having gone to scatter the insurgents.

The plan was for the pursuing forces, in two bodies, to move toward each other from opposite ends of the island, spanning it from sea to sea and meeting in the centre, thus entirely disintegrating the bands of aimless pillagers into which the insurrection had already, of its own motion, dispersed. This simple task of military police was accomplished in a few days. Buddoe proved so devoid even of ordinary manhood and good sense, that he was almost at once ensnared by the baldest flatteries of two Danish residents of high social rank, and finding himself in the enemy's hands without even the honor of armed capture, betrayed his confederates, to save his own neck and disappeared. Only one small band of blacks made any marked resistance. Under a certain "Moses" they occupied a hill and tried to defend it by hurling down stones upon their assailants, but were soon captured. Many leaders of the movement were condemned and shot. Their execution is said to have been characterized, in most cases, by a total absence of fortitude. The majority were utterly unable to die with courage, and were shot while imploring mercy with agonized tears and cries.

In less than a week from the day of the white women's and children's flight to the vessels in the harbor, quiet and order were restored, and a meeting of planters was adopting rules and rates

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for the employment of the freed slaves. Some estates resumed work at once; on others the ravages of the torch had first to be repaired; some negroes refused to work; and it was months before all the windmills on the hills were once more whirling before the sea breezes. The Spaniards lingered long, but were finally relieved by a Danish regiment. Captain Erminger, of the frigate, was commended by the home government. The governor, although his act of emancipation was confirmed, was recalled, superseded, tried, and censured.

The planters got no pay for their slaves. Doubtless it was easy for government to argue that if the ex-master ought to be paid for his slave, then much more should the ex-slave recover back-pay for his labor; and that, after all, a general emancipation was only a moderate raising of wages that had been unjustly low and inequitably uniform. Both kings and congresses have that slovenly trick, of doing the easiest thing instead of the fair thing, and of letting two wrongs offset each other. Make haste, rising generations! And as you truly honor your fathers, bring to their graves the garlandry of juster laws, and kinder, purer days.

To different minds, and even to similar minds under the lights and shades of varying traditions, this true story—of Dora's, not mine—will speak, no doubt, a varying counsel. To some it will seem plain that this lovely island of the Holy Cross was saved from the hideous carnage of a Haytian revolution only by the iron hand of military suppression. To others it will appear that the feeble-handed old governor's rashly timorous proclamation was, after all, the true source of deliverance. Certainly, in any fair mind the story must at least raise the question whether even the most sudden and ill-timed concession of rights, if only backed by energetic police action, is not a prompter, surer cure for public disorder than whole batteries of artillery without the concession of rights. The most blundering and imbecile effort that can be contrived for the prompt undoing of a grievous wrong is safer than the shrewdest or strongest effort for its continuance. Meanwhile, with what patience doth God, as seen in nature, wait for man to learn his lessons. Beautiful Santa Cruz still glitters on the bosom of her crystal sea as she shone before the Carib danced on her snowy sands, and as she will still shine when some new and as yet unborn Columbus brings to her the christianity of a purer day than ours.

LOVE'S LINK.

By Agnes Lee.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day.
A weeping girl along the winding summer way
Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.

Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band.
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart, and grand
With all the solemn joy of love's still wonderland.

White-garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!
Dark-robed, like night o'ercast that sees no star arise!
They met, they paused, they looked into each other's eyes.

And then, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside—
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.

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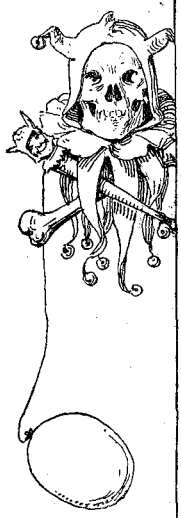
Eben Pynchot's Repentance.

by EDWARD S. MARTIN.



His lamentable predicament.

Eben Pynchot was sad, Eben Pynchot was gloomy,
While it might be a trifle too much to assume he
Was ready to vacate this vortex of strife,
There was no denying he didn't like life.
He had tried it both ways, tried it just as it came,
And gone out of his way to make of it a game
Of elaborate methods and definite plan,
With ends fit to serve as the chief ends of man.
Either way it seemed now he'd been chasing a bubble,
And the fun he had had hardly paid for the trouble.

He tryeth work,

First trying it poor, with his living to work for,
He had used as much strength as he had to exert for
That purpose and stopped there; not that he was lazy,
But going without to him always came easy,
And he greatly preferred to have less and economize,
With a mind free to meditate, read, or astronomize,
Than to hustle, with due acquisition of dross,
But with no mind for aught except profit or loss.
"In his work," said his boss, "he's a youth to be counted on
Very much as you'd trust to a clever automaton,
But for all that he cares for commercial adventure he
Would go through the same daily round for a century."

and liketh it not.

For a while once he did show some symptoms of go
That promised in time into "business" to grow;
He worked overtime, and his questions betrayed
Such a wish to discover how money was made
That his increase of zeal by his owners was noted
And he stood on the sharp edge of being promoted,
When his eagerness all of a sudden dispersed
And he lapsed into just what he had been at first.
It was never explained but it seemed to come pat
That Miss Blake married Rogers the June after that.

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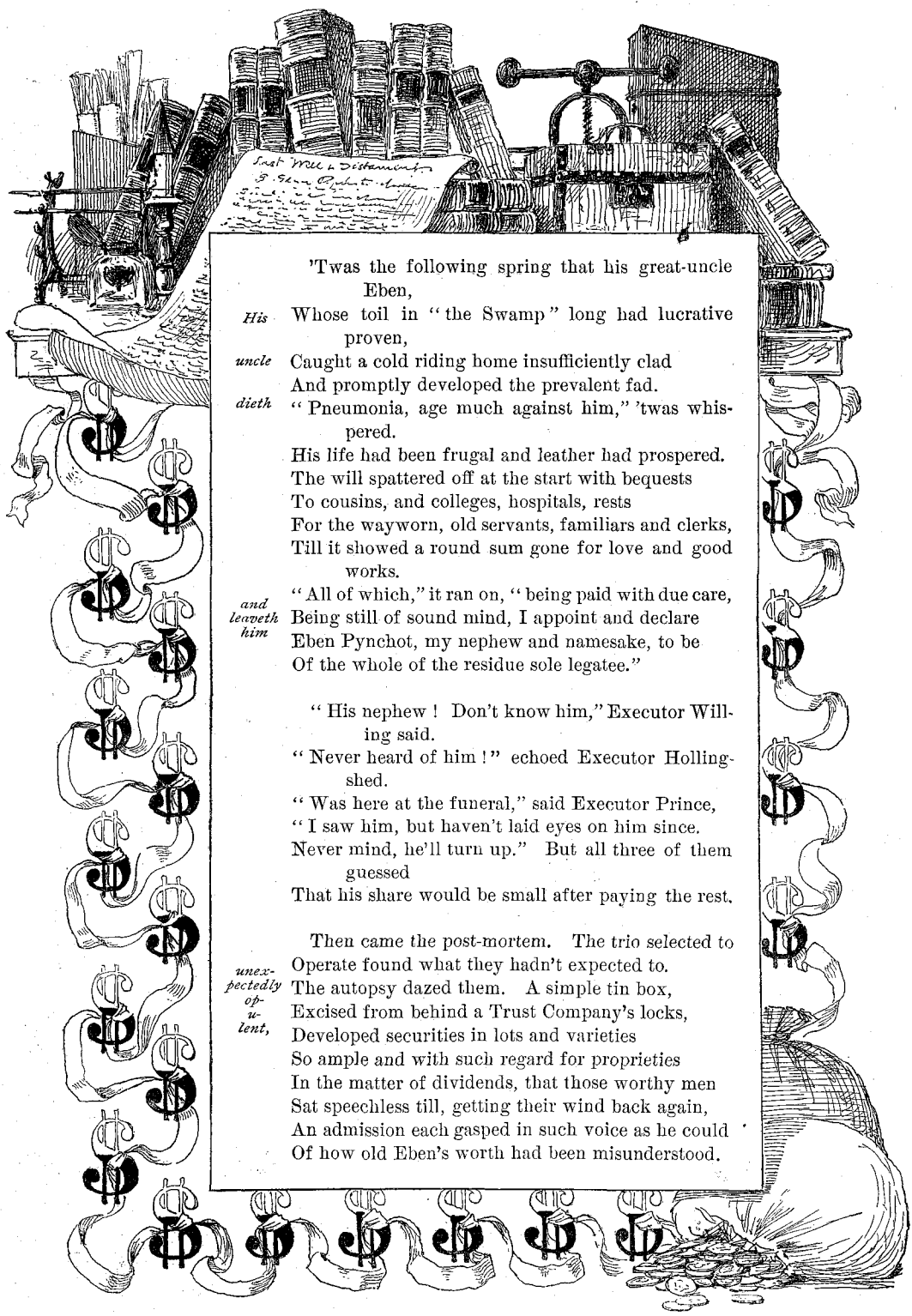

'Twas the following spring that his great-uncle Eben,
His Whose toil in "the Swamp" long had lucrative proven,
uncle Caught a cold riding home insufficiently clad
And promptly developed the prevalent fad.
dieth "Pneumonia, age much against him," 'twas whispered.
His life had been frugal and leather had prospered.
The will spattered off at the start with bequests
To cousins, and colleges, hospitals, rests
For the wayworn, old servants, familiars and clerks,
Till it showed a round sum gone for love and good works.
"All of which," it ran on, "being paid with due care,
and leaveth him Being still of sound mind, I appoint and declare
Eben Pynchot, my nephew and namesake, to be
Of the whole of the residue sole legatee."

"His nephew! Don't know him," Executor Willing said.
"Never heard of him!" echoed Executor Hollingshed.
"Was here at the funeral," said Executor Prince,
"I saw him, but haven't laid eyes on him since.
Never mind, he'll turn up." But all three of them guessed
That his share would be small after paying the rest.

Then came the post-mortem. The trio selected to
Operate found what they hadn't expected to.
unexpectedly opulent, The autopsy dazed them. A simple tin box,
Excised from behind a Trust Company's locks,
Developed securities in lots and varieties
So ample and with such regard for proprieties
In the matter of dividends, that those worthy men
Sat speechless till, getting their wind back again,
An admission each gasped in such voice as he could
Of how old Eben's worth had been misunderstood.

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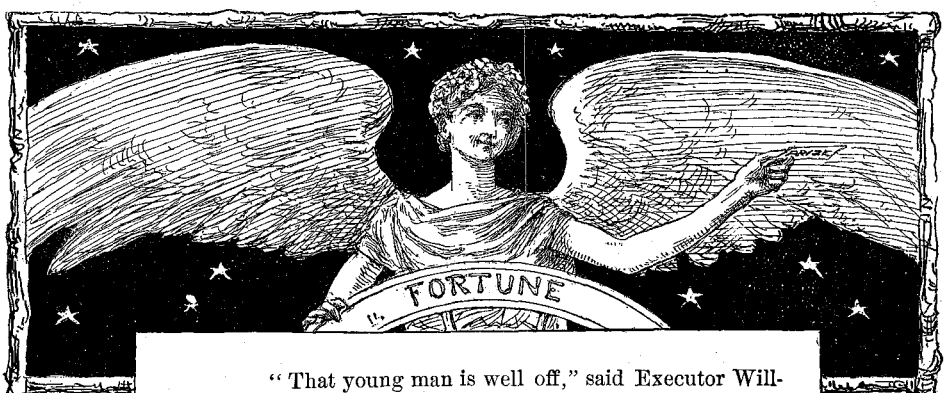

"That young man is well off," said Executor Willing;
"Eight millions in pocket as sure as a shilling."
Mused Executor Prince, "Nearer twelve, I should say,
And he'd better be sent for without more delay."

whereupon he retireth from business.

He took it all calmly, incredulous first,
Then wonder-eyed, lastly resigned to the worst.
Being quit of the need to beg, labor, or rob,
He made sure of the facts and then threw up his job,
Bought a sharp, shining shears fit his coupons to sever,
And regarding himself done with labor forever,
Set out with serene disposition to measure
What profit might lie in existence at leisure.

He refraineth from guzzling

Five years passed, they left him well on in his twenties,
But still to his new trade a willing apprentice;
Deliberate still in his manner, and spare
In his frame, fitly dressed and with not too much care.
Eating all things and drinking all freely, and yet with
The sort of instinctive discretion that's met with
In monkeys, and men who from testing it find
That less fun with the gullet means more with the mind.
For he realized young that though houses may burn
And be built again finer, and jewels return
That were lost, and a fortune misused be replaced
By a windfall in spite of inordinate waste,
And a man's very ancestors sometimes may be
Swapped off, a job lot, for a fresh pedigree,
Though his babes he may shift too, and even his wife,
The stomach he starts with stays by him through life;
And too much or too little care what he shall put in it
Is likely to leave him at last with his foot in it.

and gormandizing,

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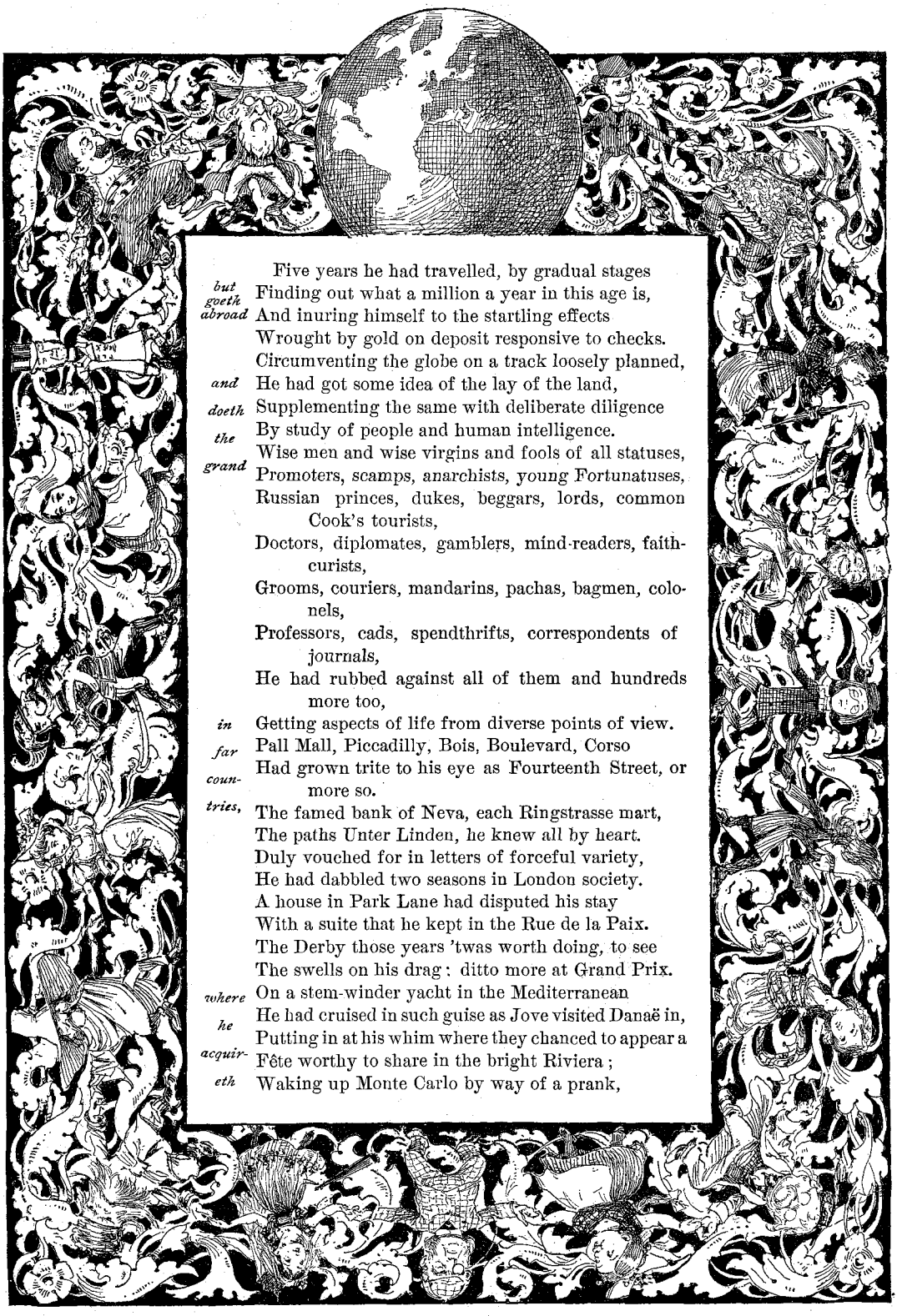

Five years he had travelled, by gradual stages
but goeth abroad Finding out what a million a year in this age is,
And inuring himself to the startling effects
Wrought by gold on deposit responsive to checks.
Circumventing the globe on a track loosely planned,
and He had got some idea of the lay of the land,
doeth Supplementing the same with deliberate diligence
the By study of people and human intelligence.
grand Wise men and wise virgins and fools of all statuses,
Promoters, scamps, anarchists, young Fortunatuses,
Russian princes, dukes, beggars, lords, common Cook's tourists,
Doctors, diplomates, gamblers, mind-readers, faith-curists,
Grooms, couriers, mandarins, pachas, bagmen, colonels,
Professors, cads, spendthrifts, correspondents of journals,
He had rubbed against all of them and hundreds more too,
in Getting aspects of life from diverse points of view.
far Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Bois, Boulevard, Corso
coun- Had grown trite to his eye as Fourteenth Street, or more so.
tries, The famed bank of Neva, each Ringstrasse mart,
The paths Unter Linden, he knew all by heart.
Duly vouched for in letters of forceful variety,
He had dabbled two seasons in London society.
A house in Park Lane had disputed his stay
With a suite that he kept in the Rue de la Paix.
The Derby those years 'twas worth doing, to see
The swells on his drag: ditto more at Grand Prix.
where On a stem-winder yacht in the Mediterranean
he He had cruised in such guise as Jove visited Danaë in,
Putting in at his whim where they chanced to appear a
acquir- Fête worthy to share in the bright Riviera;
eth Waking up Monte Carlo by way of a prank,

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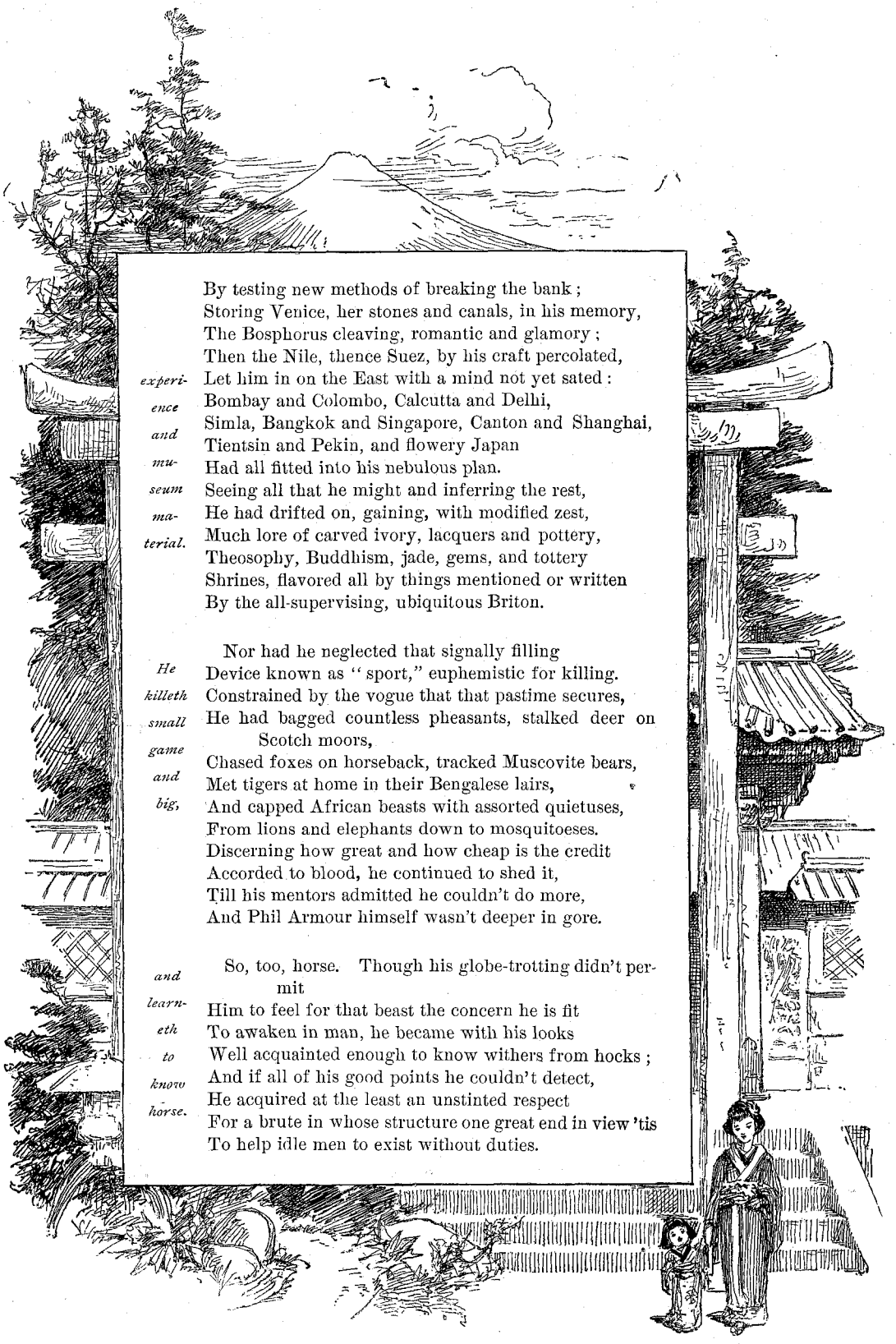

experience and museum material.

By testing new methods of breaking the bank;
Storing Venice, her stones and canals, in his memory,
The Bosphorus cleaving, romantic and glamory;
Then the Nile, thence Suez, by his craft percolated,
Let him in on the East with a mind not yet sated:
Bombay and Colombo, Calcutta and Delhi,
Simla, Bangkok and Singapore, Canton and Shanghai,
Tientsin and Pekin, and flowery Japan
Had all fitted into his nebulous plan.
Seeing all that he might and inferring the rest,
He had drifted on, gaining, with modified zest,
Much lore of carved ivory, lacquers and pottery,
Theosophy, Buddhism, jade, gems, and tottery
Shrines, flavored all by things mentioned or written
By the all-supervising, ubiquitous Briton.

He killeth small game and big,

Nor had he neglected that signally filling
Device known as "sport," euphemistic for killing.
Constrained by the vogue that that pastime secures,
He had bagged countless pheasants, stalked deer on Scotch moors,
Chased foxes on horseback, tracked Muscovite bears,
Met tigers at home in their Bengalese lairs,
And capped African beasts with assorted quietuses,
From lions and elephants down to mosquitoeses.
Discerning how great and how cheap is the credit
Accorded to blood, he continued to shed it,
Till his mentors admitted he couldn't do more,
And Phil Armour himself wasn't deeper in gore.

and learneth to know horse.

So, too, horse. Though his globe-trotting didn't permit
Him to feel for that beast the concern he is fit
To awaken in man, he became with his looks
Well acquainted enough to know withers from hocks;
And if all of his good points he couldn't detect,
He acquired at the least an unstinted respect
For a brute in whose structure one great end in view 'tis
To help idle men to exist without duties.

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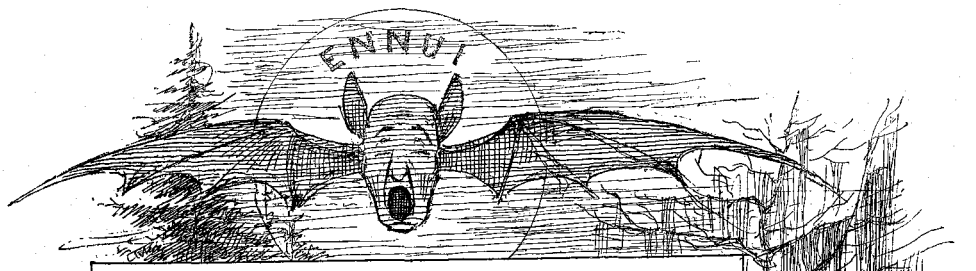

He cometh home again and maketh himself a nest.

Exhausting at last the incentives to roam,
Eben gathered his trophies and turned toward home.
Dispatching his yacht her own passage to work,
He sailed on a "liner" himself for New York,
And arrived, duly sanctioned that town to possess
By that title unchallenged, a London success.
In due time joining clubs and his birthright renewing
He got some idea what his fellows were doing,
And ventured to make his desire understood
To share their proceedings as far as he could.
Obtaining a villa not too far away
He put himself up there, not meaning to stay
By himself, but desiring some haven to fly to
When he wanted to think, or had reason to try to.
On the Hudson it stood, on whose fresh-water tide
His boat lay prepared to vex waters untried
Any moment her owner whim-prompted might happen
To step on her deck with his wishing (sea) cap on.

In a couple more years by more long-distance gadding,
Whenever one place or one crowd got too madding,
He'd conversant become with this land's superficies
And the palpable traits of American species.
Playing polo at Newport and coaching at Lenox,
Mount Desert's hazards daring unshattered, and then oc-
Cidentally threading the fresh water seas,
Thence off to the land of hot springs and big trees,
Adding big-horns and elk to the list of his slaughtered,
Back to bow to she-Patriarchs, bejewelled, bedaughtered,
Watching Congress dispute through a Washington winter,
Leading Germans the pace of a misapplied sprinter,—
It was fun, but for all it diverted and pleased
Eben Pynchot, it left in him, all unappeased,
A gnawing distrust of how long to beguile
Life by dodging its problems was really worth while.

He vieweth his native land, and prieth into her resources.

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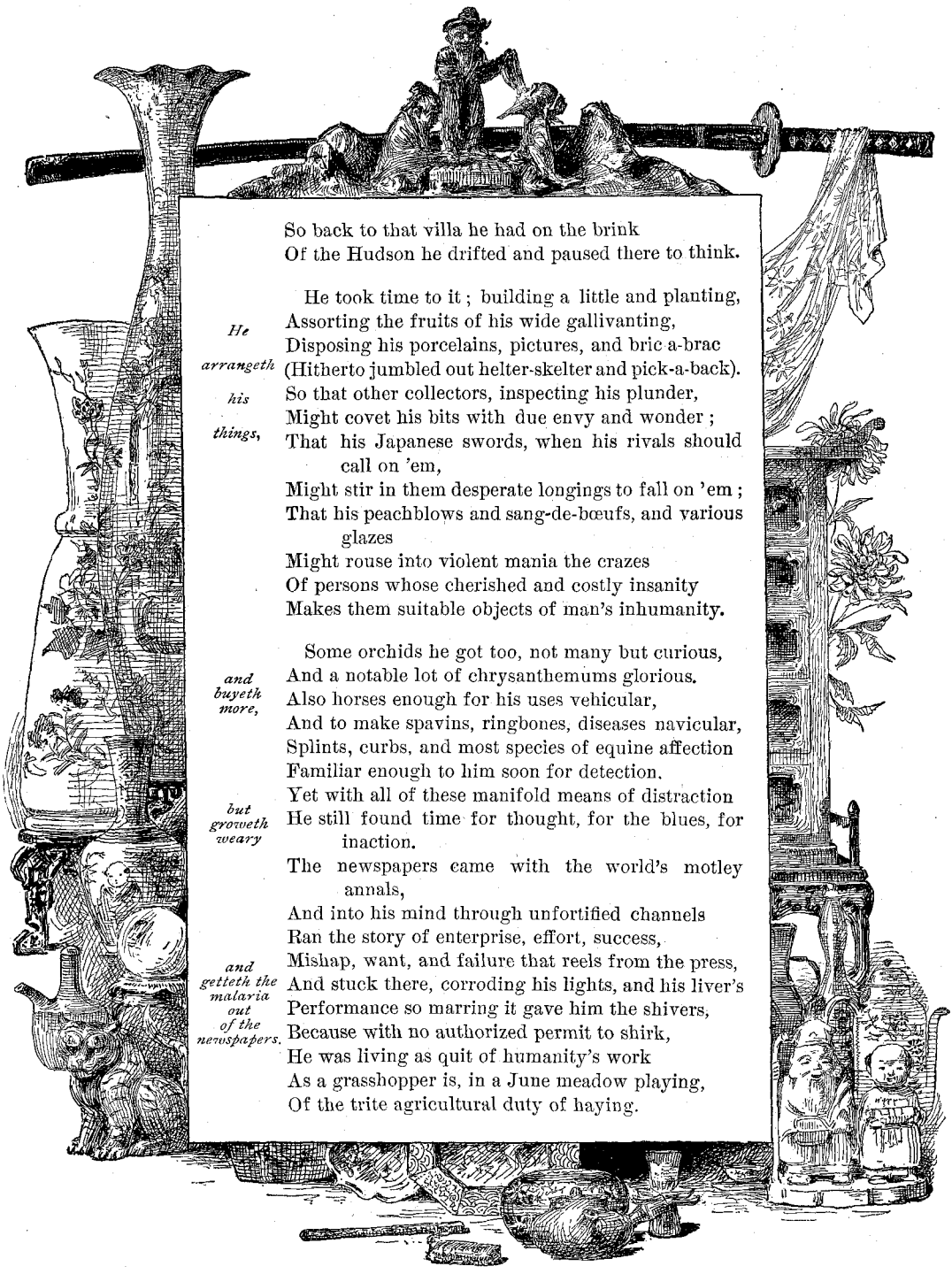

So back to that villa he had on the brink
Of the Hudson he drifted and paused there to think.

He took time to it; building a little and planting,
He arrangeth his things,
Assorting the fruits of his wide gallivanting,
Disposing his porcelains, pictures, and bric a-brac
(Hitherto jumbled out helter-skelter and pick-a-back).
So that other collectors, inspecting his plunder,
Might covet his bits with due envy and wonder;
That his Japanese swords, when his rivals should call on 'em,
Might stir in them desperate longings to fall on 'em;
That his peachblows and sang-de-bœufs, and various glazes
Might rouse into violent mania the crazes
Of persons whose cherished and costly insanity
Makes them suitable objects of man's inhumanity.

Some orchids he got too, not many but curious,
and buyeth more,
And a notable lot of chrysanthemums glorious.
Also horses enough for his uses vehicular,
And to make spavins, ringbones, diseases navicular,
Splints, curbs, and most species of equine affection
Familiar enough to him soon for detection.
Yet with all of these manifold means of distraction
but groweth weary
He still found time for thought, for the blues, for inaction.
The newspapers came with the world's motley annals,
And into his mind through unfortified channels
Ran the story of enterprise, effort, success,
and getteth the malaria out of the newspapers.
Mishap, want, and failure that reels from the press,
And stuck there, corroding his lights, and his liver's
Performance so marring it gave him the shivers,
Because with no authorized permit to shirk,
He was living as quit of humanity's work
As a grasshopper is, in a June meadow playing,
Of the trite agricultural duty of haying.

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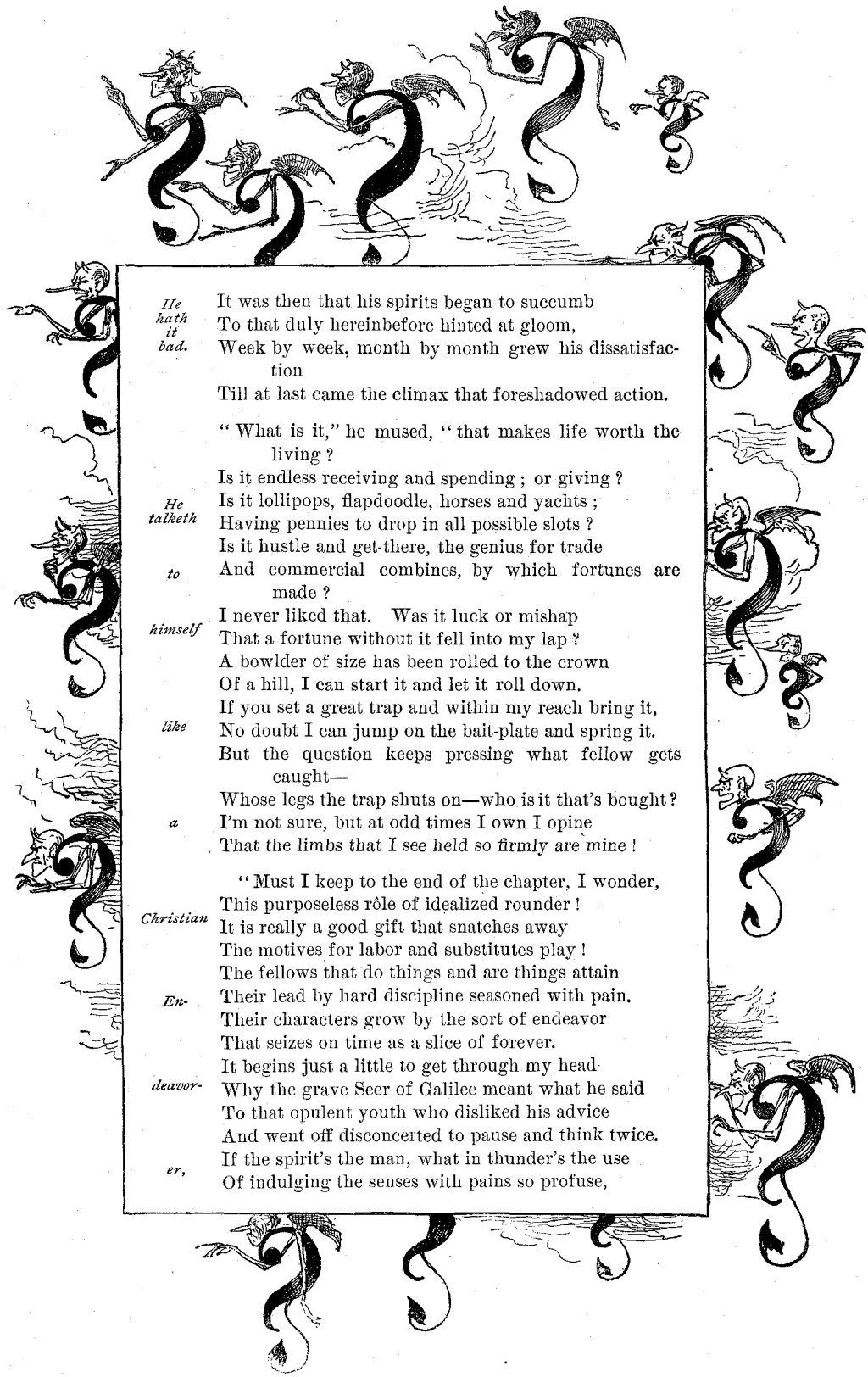

He hath it bad.

It was then that his spirits began to succumb
To that duly hereinbefore hinted at gloom,
Week by week, month by month grew his dissatisfaction
Till at last came the climax that foreshadowed action.

He talketh to himself

"What is it," he mused, "that makes life worth the living?
Is it endless receiving and spending; or giving?
Is it lollipops, flapdoodle, horses and yachts;
Having pennies to drop in all possible slots?
Is it hustle and get-there, the genius for trade
And commercial combines, by which fortunes are made?
I never liked that. Was it luck or mishap
That a fortune without it fell into my lap?
A bowlder of size has been rolled to the crown
Of a hill, I can start it and let it roll down.
If you set a great trap and within my reach bring it,
No doubt I can jump on the bait-plate and spring it.
But the question keeps pressing what fellow gets caught—
Whose legs the trap shuts on—who is it that's bought?
I'm not sure, but at odd times I own I opine
That the limbs that I see held so firmly are mine!

Christian En- deavor- er,

"Must I keep to the end of the chapter, I wonder,
This purposeless rôle of idealized rounder!
It is really a good gift that snatches away
The motives for labor and substitutes play!
The fellows that do things and are things attain
Their lead by hard discipline seasoned with pain.
Their characters grow by the sort of endeavor
That seizes on time as a slice of forever.
It begins just a little to get through my head
Why the grave Seer of Galilee meant what he said
To that opulent youth who disliked his advice
And went off disconcerted to pause and think twice.
If the spirit's the man, what in thunder's the use
Of indulging the senses with pains so profuse,

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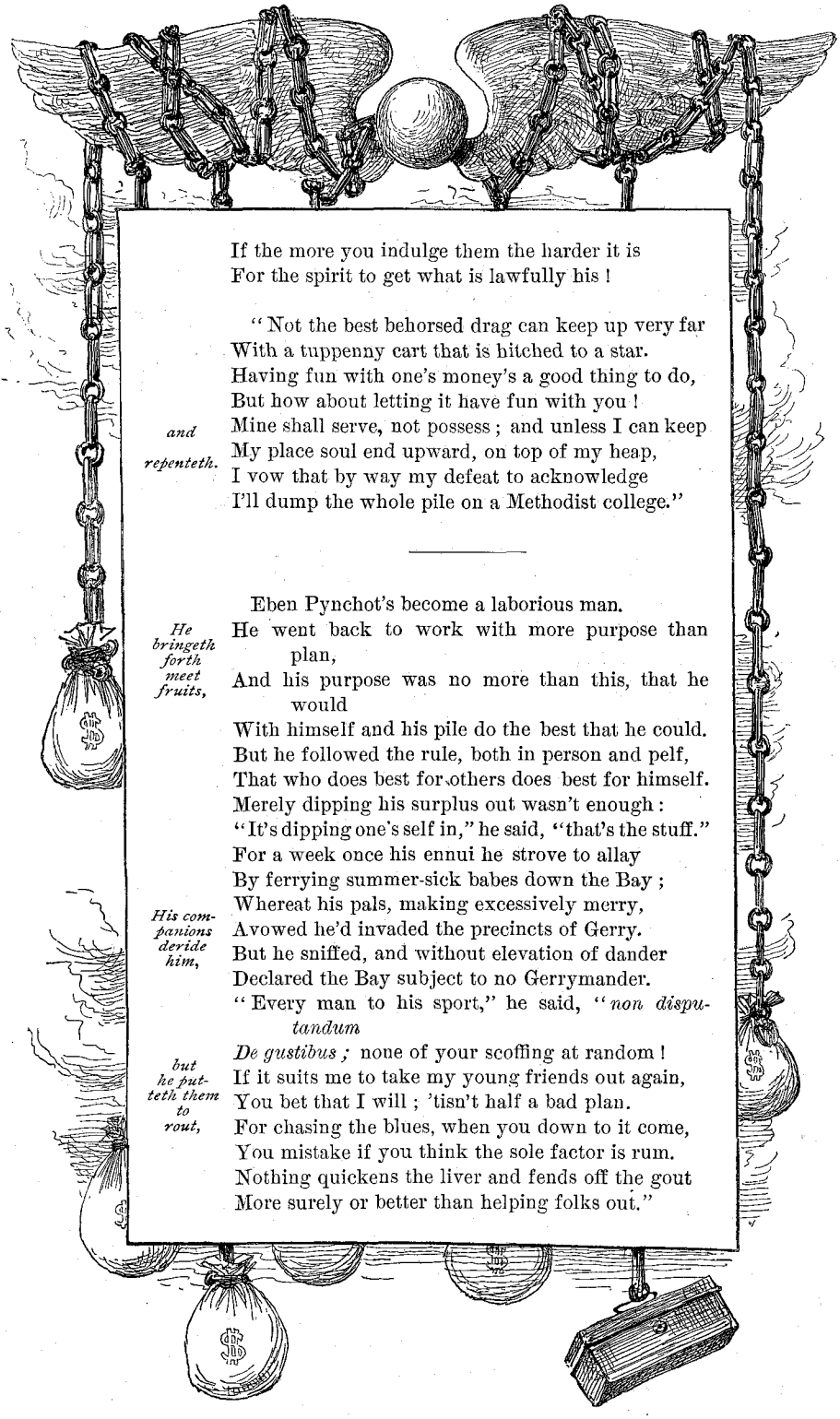

If the more you indulge them the harder it is
For the spirit to get what is lawfully his !

"Not the best behorsed drag can keep up very far
With a tuppenny cart that is hitched to a star.
Having fun with one's money's a good thing to do,
But how about letting it have fun with you !
and repenteth. Mine shall serve, not possess ; and unless I can keep
My place soul end upward, on top of my heap,
I vow that by way my defeat to acknowledge
I'll dump the whole pile on a Methodist college."

Eben Pynchot's become a laborious man.
He bringeth forth meet fruits, He went back to work with more purpose than plan,
And his purpose was no more than this, that he would
With himself and his pile do the best that he could.
But he followed the rule, both in person and pelf,
That who does best for others does best for himself.
Merely dipping his surplus out wasn't enough :
"It's dipping one's self in," he said, "that's the stuff."
For a week once his ennui he strove to allay
By ferrying summer-sick babes down the Bay ;
His companions deride him, Whereat his pals, making excessively merry,
Avowed he'd invaded the precincts of Gerry.
But he sniffed, and without elevation of dander
Declared the Bay subject to no Gerrymander.
"Every man to his sport," he said, "*non disputandum*
De gustibus ; none of your scoffing at random !
but he putteth them to rout, If it suits me to take my young friends out again,
You bet that I will ; 'tisn't half a bad plan.
For chasing the blues, when you down to it come,
You mistake if you think the sole factor is rum.
Nothing quickens the liver and fends off the gout
More surely or better than helping folks out."

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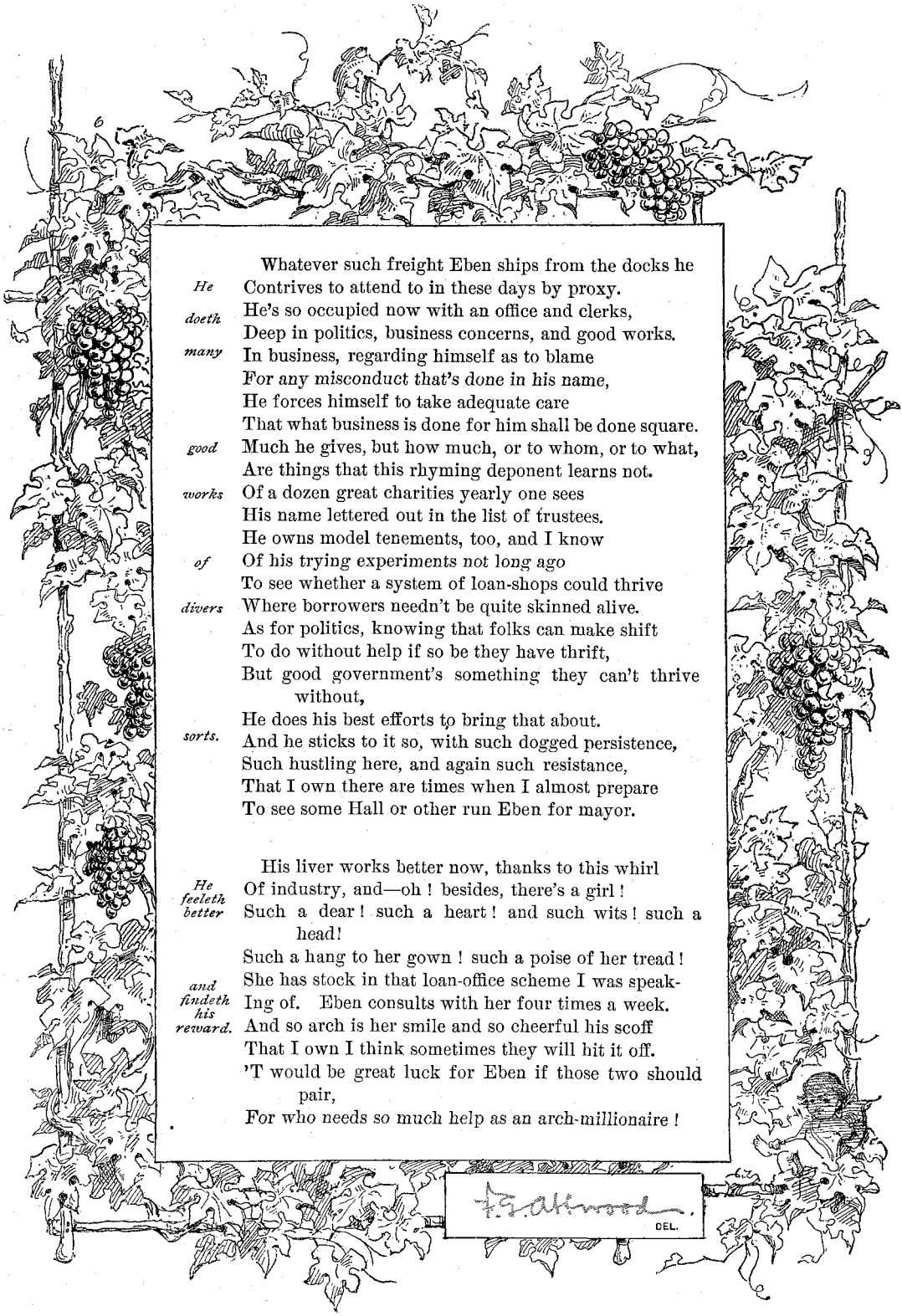

Whatever such freight Eben ships from the docks he
He Contrives to attend to in these days by proxy.
doeth He's so occupied now with an office and clerks,
Deep in politics, business concerns, and good works.
many In business, regarding himself as to blame
For any misconduct that's done in his name,
He forces himself to take adequate care
That what business is done for him shall be done square.
good Much he gives, but how much, or to whom, or to what,
Are things that this rhyming deponent learns not.
works Of a dozen great charities yearly one sees
His name lettered out in the list of trustees.
He owns model tenements, too, and I know
of Of his trying experiments not long ago
To see whether a system of loan-shops could thrive
divers Where borrowers needn't be quite skinned alive.
As for politics, knowing that folks can make shift
To do without help if so be they have thrift,
But good government's something they can't thrive without,
He does his best efforts to bring that about.
sorts. And he sticks to it so, with such dogged persistence,
Such hustling here, and again such resistance,
That I own there are times when I almost prepare
To see some Hall or other run Eben for mayor.

His liver works better now, thanks to this whirl
He feeleth better Of industry, and—oh! besides, there's a girl!
Such a dear! such a heart! and such wits! such a head!
Such a hang to her gown! such a poise of her tread!
and findeth his reward. She has stock in that loan-office scheme I was speaking of. Eben consults with her four times a week.
And so arch is her smile and so cheerful his scoff
That I own I think sometimes they will hit it off.
'T would be great luck for Eben if those two should pair,
For who needs so much help as an arch-millionaire!

F. Graham DEL.

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MISS LATYMER.

By George A. Hibbard.

"We were in my private car and went as far as Mexico — then came slowly up through southern California, stopping at Santa Barbara and Monterey. Quite a pleasant party — the Perth-Donaldsons, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hemmingsford, Miss Hermione Martyn, Miss Gosling and Reginald Mason."

"Yes," answered Miss Latymer, "Hermione wrote to me about it, and I received her letter just before I sailed."

"I only wish, Miss Latymer, that you had been here. When I proposed the party to Mrs. Hemmingsford, yours was the first name she mentioned. I know that she regretted very much that you could not go, and—ahem—I was greatly disappointed."

The President of the N. E. & S. W. Railroad settled himself more comfortably in his chair and looked admiringly at Miss Latymer, who listlessly continued to do nothing. She had seen men look at her in that way many times before, and she knew quite well what was coming. She had heard the same thing so often that even the manner of the matter that she understood so well, had almost ceased to interest her. Proposals of marriage could be quite easily divided and classed under certain well recognized heads. Instinctively she prepared herself to hear the inevitable, to assign it to its proper specific place and fittingly dispose of it. There could only be one uncertainty — would it be the "coldly practical," the "mildly fatherly," or the "intense elderly?" That it must be one of the three, she was convinced. She rather decided that it would be the "intense elderly"—the President of the N. E. & S. W. having a fewness of years and a sufficiency of hair, to make such a proceeding at least tolerably becoming.

"I assure you," he went on with a smile so comprehensively bland that it seemed to diffuse itself through the place, and wrap even the fire-irons with its genial warmth, "I assure you that the expedition was not the same to me, as—as—it might—I may say—otherwise would have been."

There could be no doubt about it, thought Miss Latymer; it was to be the "intense elderly."

"You are very kind," she answered, indulgently, "I should have liked to go very much."

"It could not, however, be expected that you would so quickly abandon your triumphs on the other side of the Atlantic."

Decidedly, concluded Miss Latymer, the President was very oppressive. She longed to escape. The carriage stood at the door—Mrs. Biggleswade's carriage, which Mrs. Biggleswade, who was making so much "social capital" out of the presence in her house of the famous beauty, had sent back for her. She wanted to get away to the Park where she could be at least for a time alone. That night she would have to go to a dinner at the Smyjth's, listen to a part of an opera in the Auchen-

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DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"There could be no doubt about it, thought Miss Latymer; it was to be the 'intense elderly.'"—Page 731.

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leck box, and then go on to the Pawlett's dance, and all with Mrs. Biggleswade, who certainly was working her very hard. Was it worth while to have accepted that enterprising lady's very comfortable but very exhaustive hospitality? It was a question; but the alternative was to have spent the month with her grandmother in a snow-clogged New England town.

"But then it is the same everywhere," continued the President, "'the celebrated Miss Latymer.'"

"The celebrated Miss Latymer," said the girl, coldly, "is not so celebrated but that it makes her very uncomfortable when anyone speaks to her of her celebrity, so please don't."

"Certainly not," said the President, "but still you must be so accustomed——"

"That's just it," Miss Latymer answered, "I suppose that if I didn't have civil things said to me, I should be dying to hear them, and now"—she made a little movement with her hand—"they tire me so."

"I can understand that such universal adulation might become wearisome."

There are those who have seen the President of a railroad unbend and become as nearly as possible an ordinary human being—who have been able to realize that such a one may find his *filet* too cold or his wine too warm, or may conceivably lose his umbrella or his temper like anyone else; but the President of a railroad in love and sighing out his soul to the object of his adoration—to but few of the sons or daughters of men has it been granted to view such a spectacle.

The head of the great N. E. & S. W. "System" paused embarrassedly a moment, and then went on.

"I really—there is a matter about which I wish to speak to you."

Miss Latymer glanced up in surprise. There was something, either in the tone or the form of the sentence, that, to her practiced ear, conveyed an intimation that, in this instance, there was to be some variance in the order of procedure. The form of the proposition was not to be quite what it usually was, or she might have been mistaken as to the sentimental intentions of the head of the N. E. & S. W.

"You must understand," he went on, "that the deep interest I feel in you and yours, the strong desire that I have to be of some assistance, leads me to speak as I do."

Miss Latymer became even attentive.

"I shall have something to say later which concerns myself alone—something for which I shall beg your earnest consideration, but first I wish to speak to you of another matter."

And so, thought Miss Latymer, it was only a postponement, and she would be obliged to go through the whole scene after all.

"I must weary you with a few facts," said the President, deliberately, "in order to have you clearly know how the affair stands."

"Yes," said Miss Latymer, indifferently.

"You are perhaps aware that, as the President of the N. E. & S. W., I am in a position of some responsibility, not to say influence, and—ahem—power."

Miss Latymer indicated that she was conscious that such were the facts.

"It often happens that I am obliged to decide very weighty matters involving large sums of money—millions, perhaps—but I am glad that no such duty rests upon me now. There are also pleasurable incidents connected with my place and office, opportunities for the exercise of authority in a manner to benefit those in whom I take an interest." The President paused impressively. "The Honorable Amos Rhodes died some three days ago."

Miss Latymer looked up questioningly, and as if the facts held little or no significance for her.

"You do not understand," said the President, patiently. "Mr. Rhodes has been for a long time the attorney and general counsellor for the N. E. & S. W."

"Yes," responded the girl, "I remember now that I have seen him—a tall, thin man, who looked always as if he was gotten up for a part in private theatricals and was just going to come on and tell the hero that his uncle had died and left him all his money."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Rhodes had the peculiarities you mention, al-

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though I never happened to have noticed them. He was a very intellectual man——"

"I remember," interrupted Miss Latymer, "he has been pointed out to me at some of the larger balls, as a person whom I ought to see."

"But," said the President, "it is the fact that Mr. Rhodes is dead, not that Mr. Rhodes was alive, that is important. His loss was quite unexpected, and, of course, his place as counsel must be filled. The duty of choosing his successor devolves on me, and I am naturally anxious to exercise such patronage as wisely and as advantageously as possible."

"Is it difficult to find people to take the place?" asked Miss Latymer, innocently.

"Difficult!" almost gasped the horrified President; "you have no idea of the numbers who are using every means to obtain it. There is not so much money in it—although the income is not inconsiderable—but the position is one that might lead to a great deal, and for a young man would be a wonderfully fine thing. I have been approached from all directions—influence of every sort has been brought to bear upon me, but I have not yet said what I would do."

Miss Latymer gazed through the openings in the iron railing of the balcony before the window, at the top of the footman's hat. She was to "pick up" Mrs. Biggleswade on her return from the Park, and feared that if she were compelled to listen to the President much longer, she would be obliged to drive directly from the house to meet her hostess.

"There have been a great many persons proposed," he said, "but there have been reasons why they have not been entirely acceptable. Finally, in rather an unusual way, a new name was brought to me, and I was asked to give the position to quite a young man. I do not know that you have ever heard of him — ah — he is called Raymond Thorold."

"Raymond Thorold!" exclaimed Miss Latymer, rising quickly and going to the bell which was in a dim and distant corner of the room.

"You—ah—know him?" said the President, in some surprise.

"Yes," answered Miss Latymer, slowly returning but not again sitting down, "I know Raymond Thorold."

"I understood that he was of good family, but I did not know that he went about a great deal. I thought that he was ambitious—a worker——"

It was very strange, thought Miss Latymer; it seemed, for the last week or two, that all and everyone had, as it were, conspired to remind her of this man. People were constantly mentioning him in the most casual fashion, and there had been hardly a dinner or a dance at which she had not met him. But that was not all. It seemed as if in some mysterious way the most unlikely subjects had the power of suggesting him and bringing him before her mind. It made no matter how remote the matter might be in time or place, she sooner or later found herself thinking about Raymond Thorold. Old Philip Toynbee's description of New York "before the war" had only evoked the reflection that she had heard that Thorold's people had been of great importance then, and young "Billy" Wenham's account of a trip among the South Sea Islands only served to remind her of the not remarkable fact that Raymond had once been on the point of going to Japan, but hadn't. All this seemed very singular to her, for she did not know or did not choose to recognize that a bruised heart has something in common with a bruised finger, and receives, or seems to receive, in the general perverseness of things, more shocks and jars than would ever fall to its share were it entirely sound.

"Yes, I know," interrupted Miss Latymer, "but latterly he has been quite gay and I have seen him everywhere. What an excellent choice! I am sure no one could be better. I have heard him spoken of so highly, as having such knowledge and ability."

Her face shone with pleasure, which the President of the N. E. & S. W. did not notice. Perhaps he was not on the lookout for such manifestations of human emotion—perhaps he did not care very much for human emotions, having found out that human interests were

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such very forcible and controlling things, and that, in most affairs, he could afford to disregard mere matters of personal sentiment.

"Judge Duffield said only the other night," she went on, "that if he ever had the chance he—Mr. Thorold—would show what was in him, and—this you say is a chance?"

"A chance," that was what they all said he wanted—was what in other language he had said himself. Miss Latymer remembered well the first evening Thorold had talked to her of himself. It was after a dinner at which she had said very little, for those who had been at it had not been, all of them, the people of whom she saw the most; and the subjects about which there had been more or less talk, had been quite strange to her. The dinner was at the house of a woman whom all society described as one who had made a love-match, for Caroline Lydekker had certainly surprised all, and disappointed many expectations, when she married young Merrick. But the world had consoled itself with the reflection that Caroline had always been "queer" although she was a Lydekker, and would probably get on well enough. Miss Latymer was, therefore, not surprised to meet beneath Mrs. Merrick's roof the people before mentioned, to whom she was not quite accustomed, and to hear matters discussed about which she dared to say but little. She had been merely curious at first, but gradually she had become really interested. Thorold had said a good deal, and from the way those present listened to him—those unaccustomed people who were all more or less celebrated for some thing or other—she felt that what he said must be very meritorious. To be sure there was a great deal of it that she did not in the least understand, but she felt, with sudden sense of humility, that it must be her own fault and she became proportionately reverential in her attention. There was a great deal even at which they laughed, out of which she could make nothing—references, glancing allusions, and sentences that to her had no connection with what was being said, but evidently were full of meaning for the rest. It was with great meekness of spirit that she had spoken to Thorold when he came to talk to her after the men had finally returned to the drawing-room. She was so afraid of making mistakes in this curious conversational region in which she found herself, and although she strove painfully to say the right thing, she saw that she made blunders, and therefore was for the most part silent. It was so different from anything to which she had been accustomed. Once or twice in replying to what had seemed to her some perfectly simple remark of his, she had seen Thorold look at her curiously and she realized that she must have failed to understand his full meaning. The memory of those few instants caused her very honest shame, and she had never been able to think of them without a strong sense of humiliation. But she had listened very eagerly, and if her comprehension was not quite complete her attention had been perfect. She knew that he thought that she was stupid, and, with complete self-abasement, she confessed to herself that he must be right. She was conscious that she was looking unusually well that night, and realized that it was under the spell of her surpassing beauty that this man who was generally so indifferent, so self-contained, was speaking so freely. She felt strangely pleased. It seemed that in all her short life of admiration and adoration, she had never received a compliment so graceful and so great. Not that what he had said was very much, but it was more personal than anything that he had ever said before, and told her something of a real self, which, she instinctively felt, he successfully concealed from the many, and which it seemed he was himself surprised to find that he revealed to her. Half hearing his words, she lost herself in the sense of their implied and delicious flattery. Perhaps he did not despise her after all as the mere conventional type of the conventional world, when he thought her worthy to be taken into his confidence—perhaps, perhaps—all sorts of things Miss Latymer thought or half thought, surprised both at their novelty and their strange delightfulness. What better part in life could there be than to strive and win

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what was worth attaining, and next to that, what better lot could a woman wish than to help and comfort one who was so striving and attaining? These were strange ideas to find place in the mind of the beautiful Miss Latymer, but they were there, as she sat with her breath quickly coming and going, and her eyes shining with a singular brightness, that night in Mrs. Merrick's little drawing-room at Ever so Much and Something West Some Street.

Miss Latymer again sat down opposite the President as the servant entered.

"You may tell Thomas to wait," she said to the servant, who came in answer to her ring, "I shall want the carriage presently."

If she could only be the first to tell him, thought Miss Latymer, how glad she should be. It might almost seem as if she had something to do with bringing it about. That he was beginning to think of her she could not doubt. He had been to see her once, twice, thrice, in the last fortnight, and one day he had met her by accident and they had walked until they came to a park, and there had sat down on a bench, and it had seemed that she had understood him more easily than she ever had done, and that he had been astonished at her quickness. She did not remember having been so proud of anything before. Yes, that he was attracted by her was certain. To be sure, he was, as she knew very well, only fascinated, as so many others had been, by her beauty. He did not approve of her in the least, or think of her other than impersonally—as he might of any other rare and beautiful object that was quite out of his reach. But latterly it had not appeared so impossible that he should care for her; and in the joy of the present, she had gone on in a blind trustfulness in a future that did not seem quite hopeless. Even her simple little efforts to interest him seemed to win his attention, and gradually she had forgotten probability, reason, herself — and even Gertrude Lorton.

"There can be no doubt," said the President—for a young woman's mind is nimble, and Miss Latymer's thoughts had flown far before the distinguished official had got together words to express his somewhat dilatory ideas—"there can be no doubt that Thorold would be a good man for the place; but—" he paused a moment. "I have thought of another plan of which I wish your approval."

"My approval!" Miss Latymer exclaimed.

"Strange," laughed the President, "but that's what I want. It's a little scheme of which I'm rather proud."

"I hardly see in what way I can have anything to do with it," commented Miss Latymer, not too cordially.

"I know you don't, but I shall try and show you," continued the magnate. "I never should have thought of Thorold for the place, unless he had been suggested to me—wouldn't have thought of him then, only it seemed there was no one else. As I said, it was curious the way he was brought to my attention. Quite a little romance."

The President of the N. E. & S. W. laughed good-humoredly, with the manner of one who expresses a large-minded toleration for something which cannot be quite overlooked, but which still is not to be treated with serious consideration.

"Yesterday," he continued, "I was told that someone wanted to see me, and going out I found a young girl, a friend of ours, waiting to speak to me. It seems that she is a small stockholder in the road, part of the property left her by her uncle, and she had learned in some way from her guardian what was going on. But you can imagine my surprise at finding myself approached on such a subject as the attorneyship of the road by Miss Gertrude Lorton."

"Gertrude Lorton!" exclaimed Miss Latymer. "It was Gertrude Lorton who came to see you?"

"Yes," chuckled the President, "and embarrassed enough she was. I don't see exactly how she managed so clearly to tell me what she wanted. But she did pretty quick."

"How strange!" said Miss Latymer, with her chin resting on her hand and her eyes looking at the floor.

"Wasn't it? I didn't think she had it in her to do anything so much out of

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the ordinary. She is always so cold and quiet. But it's easy to see that she's in love with the young man; indeed, I've always heard they were great friends, and that she cared a good bit about him. She made a good case for him, saying that he was of undoubted ability, that everyone acknowledged it, and with this opportunity that he would do great things. I had heard about Thorold, and I confess, as she talked, his appointment really seemed the best way to settle all difficulties—a sort of 'dark horse,' you see. But then an idea suddenly occurred to me, and I didn't commit myself."

Miss Latymer did not move.

Gertrude Lorton! Of course it was she who had done it. Had she not been Thorold's confidant for a long time? did she not know his impatience of present conditions and his eager desire to distinguish himself? and wasn't she herself interested in him and his advancement? Instinctively Miss Latymer had felt that Thorold had a vast respect and reverence for Gertrude—and was it not natural? She was so eminently the kind of girl that such a man ought to admire. Miss Latymer remembered her as she had appeared at the Merrick dinner. Her pale, intellectual face was strangely animated, and she had said, with quick vigor and enthusiasm, trenchant, sensible things that had made response difficult. Miss Latymer had always heard that Gertrude Lorton was "remarkable," but she had never before taken the trouble to discover of what nature such remarkableness might be. She had always thought of her as a pretty enough girl, of an unmistakably refined type, whose "pose" made her singularly simple frocks possible. They had encountered each other but rarely, and this was the first time that their interests had either crossed or clashed. Miss Latymer's subjects had not been among Miss Lorton's slaves, and hitherto they had tolerated each other with perfect indifference. But from the first appearance of Thorold, Miss Latymer's interest in the girl had increased. She knew that Gertrude and he had "always known each other," and all found it only too easy to surmise that the ambitious and hard-working man who so clearly had a "career" before him, must have more than an ordinary interest in the "conscientious" and "superior" young woman with "aims" in life, who so evidently entertained serious ideas as to its "duties" and "responsibilities."

Miss Latymer had studied this new being carefully, and even in a meek, diffident way had tried to become her friend. But their existences were too dissimilar, their points of view too unlike. Miss Latymer had retired, repulsed and abashed by the sense of her own shortcomings. Gertrude seemed to have so many "interests," while she had so few. She did her best, but it was no use, she could not understand. Everyone seemed unquestioningly to like Miss Lorton. She was, indeed, one of those persons, existing in all communities, who, for some reason or other, seem to be received as an article of faith, and before whose "superiority" each must bow or else stand self-convicted as an outside barbarian, a being incapable of high appreciation or even ordinary comprehension. Miss Latymer, who certainly was not vain of her intellectual qualifications, and only rarely jealous, did admire Gertrude immensely, in a distant, unquestioning way. When she thought of what an ignorant and useless person she herself was, she was overcome with sudden dismay, and quickly arrived at the conclusion that she deserved nothing and the other all. And in the hand of this girl had been placed the power of giving to Raymond Thorold what he wished more than anything else—an opportunity to prove to others the possession of those abilities which he felt he had—a chance to employ the accumulated and special knowledge that was the work of such a long time. Miss Latymer knew Thorold well enough to understand how he would feel about it—understood him so fully that she could realize perfectly that, with a nature in which ready and responsive gratitude met so eagerly even the slightest benefit, his thankfulness toward Gertrude would be unbounded. It was not as if he were like so many others. He would feel that he owed

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her for this great good a debt that must be paid, and which, as it was a good that was to endure for life, might require a life's acknowledgment.

Miss Latymer looked up.

"Yes," she said, "I believe that everyone has always thought that there was an understanding of some sort between them. I don't wonder," she went on bravely, "she is such a nice girl—and—and they have so much in common."

"Now, do you know," said the President for whom the subtle qualities of the intellect had but little charm, "that, although everyone praises her so much, she has always seemed to me rather stiff, frigid, and formal? But then," he laughed, "I am always frightened by her manner, and can't endure that air she always has with her of—ah—conscious rectitude."

Miss Latymer did not reply. It is doubtful if she even heard what he said. She was thinking of the dream in which she had been living so long, the dream that must now end; for of course, as soon as Thorold knew—and he certainly would know—his gratitude, taken with his previously existing liking for Gertrude, could only bring about one result.

"The girl didn't tell me not to say anything about it—seemed rather defiant, and acted as if she wasn't afraid to have what she was pleased to do known by anybody, a part of her pride, I suppose. Well, I made up my mind that if I gave him the place I should let the fellow know what the young woman had done for him."

Then the President went on, smiling with self-caressing complacency at his own acuteness:

"She might be embarrassed about saying anything herself, and it would be a pity to have it thrown away."

The President again paused.

"But," went on the ruler of the N. E. & S. W., his large florid, handsome face glowing with satisfaction, "as I told you, I have another plan, and Mr. Thorold may never know the interest the young lady has taken in his case."

Miss Latymer, whose gaze had fallen, glanced up at the stout, strong, heavy, but distinguished-looking man, who sat calmly before her.

"I told you that I'd be glad to do something that you'd like, and I think perhaps that this will please you. If your brother, Miss Latymer, wants the place, I would be very glad to give it to him."

"Jack!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; I know that he might find it for his interest to accept it, for——"

"I understand," she exclaimed, rising without apparent reason and seating herself in a tall, stiff chair on the other side of the fireplace. "We are miserably poor, and——"

"I beg, I beg—do not misunderstand me," implored the President; "I thought it might be a good opportunity for the employment of your brother's undoubted abilities."

"Jack's clever, but—he hasn't abilities," she replied, almost harshly, certainly with a strange roughness in her smooth voice; "neither of us has abilities, and I'm not even clever. But I don't think he's the man for such a position.

"Why?"

"He—he's not serious—you know he never has been serious about his profession, and—and he only cares to amuse himself."

Miss Latymer again rose, and going to the window, looked out.

"I speak to you of this, for the reason that I must give an answer about Thorold to-morrow. It seems that he has an old family place up the river."

"I have heard him speak of it," said Miss Latymer, softly; "he cares more for it than anything else."

"Well, it seems that he's had offers for it from a syndicate that wants to cut it up; and that if he can't get this he'll at once close with them. I understand it'll come hard with him to sell, but that he could not help it unless something like this happened."

Miss Latymer saw nothing of the stream of carriages pouring up the Avenue where the glittering afternoon exodus had begun. She was thinking, thinking. One word from her, and it would not be in Gertrude Lorton's power to accomplish her object—Thorold would never be under such obligations as no man would have the right to disregard. But ought she to speak

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that word? On the desk beside which she had been sitting, and from which she had moved so hastily, lay a letter in which her brother had announced to her his engagement to Miss Gedney, the heiress, and said exultantly that now he was done forever with the "shop," and that in future he could live in the idleness which alone seemed natural to him. But the man there in the room, waiting for her answer, did not know it. What more natural than that she should accept such a chance for her only brother. He would not take the place, but that would not matter. He was away. It would be several days before an answer could be received from him, and in the meantime the President would have committed himself, and what Gertrude had attempted would have gone for nothing.

"At another time there might not be such haste in reaching a decision, but now, with all this threatened litigation with the C. B. B. & Y. it is necessary to end the matter at once. However, it will give the man who holds the place of counsel for the corporation the greater opportunity, for he will be instantly brought into the largest relations, and will be able immediately to show the world whether there is anything in him."

Mrs. Biggleswade's coachman started the horses and slowly walked them down the avenue, leaving the footman standing on the walk. But Miss Latymer did not notice this or aught else; did not even hear the music of the organ that was clattering out such marvellous runs and trills near the opposite curb. As she stood there, the future of three lives dependent on her action, she was almost unconscious of time or place, so intent was she in eager thought. Surely, day by day, he was coming to care more for her—and she loved him so. Why should the other have him? Gertrude Lorton might be able to think what was for his good—might have the skill to advance his interests, but she herself only thought of him. But wasn't that enough? Miss Latymer knew nothing about "careers," and would not have minded if Thorold were always to be utterly unknown. She cared for him, and whether he was famous or powerful had nothing at all to do with it. She knew that he was poor, but she felt that she would be willing to endure even poverty with him. And yet, was it right that she should give herself this chance of a happiness that she had only so recently realized? Could she, even with the certainty that he would come to love her, take away from him that for which he had been so long working and planning? Could she force him to endure the loss of his home, the famous old Thorold homestead, of which he was so proud, for which he cared so much? To be sure he would never know—no one would ever know. And to give him what he wished, and to save him from what was threatened, would be to give this other the chance of serving him in the way he could feel the most. Miss Latymer half turned away from the window. But what unending harm would be done him, if she should prevent this thing. Miss Latymer paused. What could she give him in exchange for such loss? She was ignorant, frivolous, extravagant, utterly unfitted, as she said to herself, to be the wife of such a man—the last one in the world to understand and sympathize with him. But yet she loved him, and would not that make up for everything? It was hard, very hard, and she wished she had greater ability, and could see more clearly. Should she sacrifice herself for what must be for his good—give up forever that hope which was becoming more and more precious to her, in order that he might have what would be the best for him? These thoughts crowded themselves upon her, bearing her down until she almost felt as if she must cry out. But she clasped her hands tightly and tried fairly to face the situation. Now it seemed as if she suddenly understood it all more clearly. If she really loved him, she must surely wish for his happiness rather than her own, and that such a chance to distinguish himself would be the highest happiness for him, she did not doubt. It was cruel, cruel. If she had only to give him up, to give him what he wanted—but, to give him to another—and she returned again to the same point—to give that other the glory of what in reality she

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herself was doing, to let her reap the advantages of her own act, that must forever remain unrecognized.

The President of the N. E. & S. W. stirred uneasily, and apparently seemed to think that Miss Latymer was taking an undue time to accept such an offer as he had made.

She must answer him, and at once. Only a few words—and again the sense of the hardness of it all came over her, and again she paused. She could not do it. She could not take from herself what she dimly felt was the best and most unselfish feeling she had ever known—could not put away from herself that hope of love, with the certainty that what she was giving up would be given to another woman. And yet she loved him so that she could not bear that he should not have all that he wished, and—was it certain that he wished for her? No, no, no, she might be miserable, but he would be proud, successful; and as for Gertrude Lorton, if her happiness was to come from this relinquishment, what did it matter? Raymond should have his desire, and should be great and famous, and as for herself—she could always know, although neither he nor anyone else ever should, that it was what she had done that had made him what he was.

For one final moment of indecision she stood looking out upon the avenue, and though it seemed that she saw nothing before her, its every aspect came back to her afterward with hard exactness—stood for one moment in which desire and despair struggled dimly, then she suddenly turned.

"Jack," she said, in a strange, even voice, "is engaged to Miss Gedney."

"Oh," exclaimed the President, comprehendingly. "Miss Gedney, of Cincinnati?"

"He is in Cincinnati now," Miss Latymer continued, "but I received a letter from him this morning, and though no one knows it, they are to be married in a month, and then—and then—are going to England for the hunting."

"If that is so," said the President, "of course what I proposed won't do. He'll hardly care to bother about anything of this sort. Well, I'll give it to Thorold, and I shouldn't be surprised if he and Gertrude Lorton were married immediately."

With deliberate firmness Miss Latymer returned to the chair in which she had been at first seated.

"I have no doubt of it," she answered.

For a moment neither spoke.

"I am sorry that what I suggested," the President went on, "is of no use, but at least it shows how anxious I am to serve you;" he paused, irresolutely. If such a thing were possible with him, it might almost seem that he was embarrassed. "Miss Latymer," he said, at length, "I told you that there was something about which I wished to speak to you, that was—ahem—quite personal to myself."

He did not continue. With a quick movement Miss Latymer had twisted herself around, and her head lay on her outstretched arms while her whole body was shaken with quick sobs.

"Miss Latymer," cried the startled President, jumping up in his amazement, "I beg you, what is it, what—why——"

"Don't mind me," cried the girl, "I am very foolish—I——"

"But I do mind, I can't see you unhappy. I care too much for you. I love you. I—it is what I wanted to say." The President was speaking eagerly, expressing a very real anxiety. "I have wished to tell you for a long time. I have thought that perhaps your life might not be easy. I have wished to make it different. All that I have, and all that I am is yours——"

"Leave me now!" commanded Miss Latymer, with her head still bent. "Go!"

"But——" he began.

"Go, do not say anything—now."

"And I may come back?" he asked, raising the hand she held out to him and kissing it.

"To-morrow, at—five."

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THE NUDE IN ART.

By Will H. Low and Kenyon Cox.

I.—By Will H. Low.

IN the schools of painting, in artist clubs, in the cafés abroad, and the restaurants at home, where artists congregate, it is of common occurrence that a lull in the conversation is broken, by some temerarious spirit only, with the simple query, What is art, anyway? The obloquy lavished on any such propounder of the unanswerable may serve as a warning to the writer, who has no intention of asking or answering this riddle of the sphinx. It may be permitted, however, that he should endeavor to explain some of the reasons why it seems fitting that, at the end of the nineteenth century, some painters should be occupied in sedulously stemming the current of popular direction in art; and this endeavor, in the brief space possible in these pages, will be made.

To be of one's time is of the first importance if we entertain the legitimate ambition of doing work that shall live. There are men of talent who, judged by their works, have appeared to be of a time anterior to their own, and modern art has known in the Baron Leys a second Jan van Eyck; while, among the living, Burne Jones voluntarily remains a contemporary of Mantegna. At first this would seem to be an effect of their choice of subject, but if we imagine the modern discoveries in the direction of light and atmosphere applied to the works of these men, we should have in them painters as distinctively modern as Paul Baudry or Puvis de Chavannes. Hence it would appear to be obvious that subject has little or nothing to do with the contemporaneous quality of work; and in sentiment, as applied to subject, the modern may throw aside archæological truth, and, as we have seen lately in von Uhde and his followers, make, in costume and surrounding, biblical characters in the dress of to-day; while on the other hand, every fact of biblical research carefully noted and in a manner reproduced, fails to bring the work of Holman Hunt within the pale of modern painting. Therefore it is evident that the artist may choose his subject or find it where he will. The essential of his claim to modernity being that he must in manner of painting and vision be technically abreast of the latest discoveries of his time. Unfortunately, the leading spirits in the search after truth in painting have in a great measure left behind, along with much luggage of tradition of a useless nature, the power of conceiving a work of art of a purely imaginative character. It was perhaps natural that the revolution which consigned the heavy brown studio-born shadows, and the rhythmic, conventional, hackneyed composition to merited oblivion, should have at the same time confounded in its iconoclastic sweep the old, yet ever new, stories of Greece and Judea which had formed the subject-matter of all painters from the time of the birth of art. "Go to," cried the modern, "we have had enough of schools, enough of the spirit of cookery applied to our art; let it be ours to promulgate the new gospel that the painter is an observer; that he sees and, seeing, records." This was natural enough, and possibly useful, in the evolution of modern art, but the traditions which had been born so long ago had through all time been colored and adopted by the people who had inherited them, and were then and are to-day as new as when Homer sang or St. Paul preached in the market-place. The mythology of Greece, the stories of Rudyard Kipling are filled with very much the same men and women, and between and through their lines are interwoven the threads of the history of the men of Galilee or of Nazareth. The story of Mary—it may be said in no irreverential spirit—the simple, innocent maiden who, half trembling and afraid,

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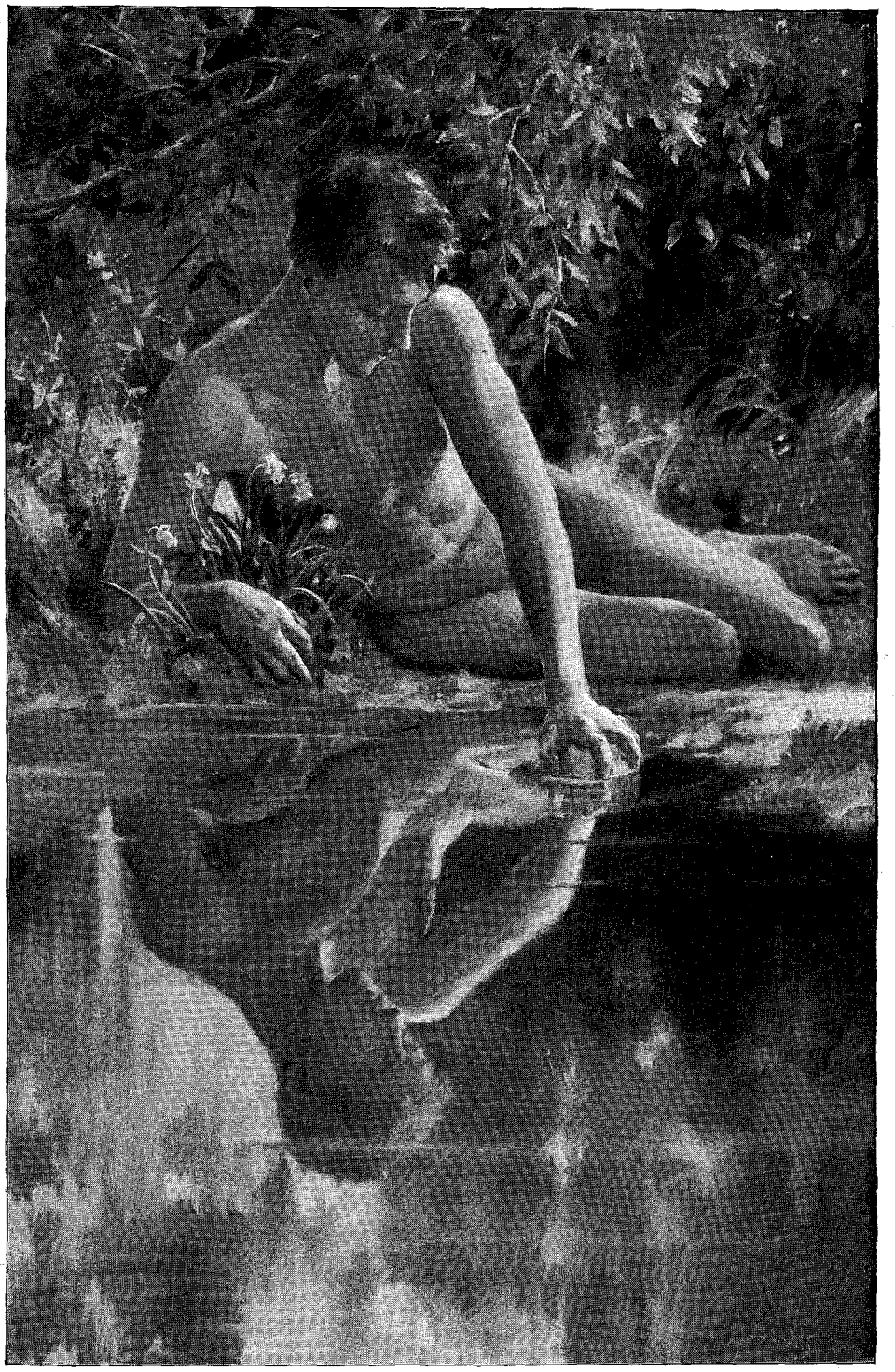

FROM A PAINTING BY WILL H. LOW.

Narcissus.

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gallery in which it was exhibited in New York there were other examples of the same painter's work, which in many ways were technically superior to it. But considered from the critical view of the painter even, one thing was observable, and that was the simple sobriety of the presentation of the subfect in line and effect. The simplicity was somewhat lost and the greatness of the work lessened by an over-prettiness of color and, though this was in no sense the fault of the picture or the painter, the whole triumphal procession of this really great work of art from France and through the United States, was marred by the ill-advised methods of the picture dealers, the publicans who have yet to learn that "good wine needs no bush." Aside from all this, however, we have here a work of art which has moved to genuine emotion vast numbers of people, albeit one which violates many of the new-found canons of art.

All this seems a far call to the promised reasons for painting the ideal, and using the nude as a medium for its expression; but if this familiar picture is recalled, the stern suppression of all the details of drapery, the absolute dependence on the construction of the solid nude figure which marked it, as it marks all of Millet's work, will serve as a transition. The study of the nude in our schools, which is an accepted fact as necessary to a sufficient knowledge of the human figure, has very often the same effect that a classical education had on our grandfathers. It is, I believe, rather the exception now, in these material days, for a university-bred man to take his classical studies with sufficient seriousness to exercise his acquirement, once out of college, in writing Greek or Latin verse. It was, however, common enough among the men of a past generation, and the first picture of the young painter fresh from school is very apt to be a "nude." These pictures are generally little more than a larger life study, somewhat more thoughtfully posed, and given a title answering somewhat to the work which, in the old guilds of workmen, the past apprentice made to prove his right to the title of master; but unless the vocation of a painter of the nude is strongly upon him, our young painter seeks at once paths more congenial and, important fact, more encouraged. It may be said, parenthetically, if the criticism be worth notice, that one of the commonplace insults thrown at the painter of the nude is that he is basely influenced by the commercial value of his product, that he purveys for those of evil mind; to which the possession by their originators of nearly all their works of this character is sufficient answer. There yet remains, however, a certain number, of whom the writer is one, who believe that they have a right to paint the nude and to be heard in its behalf.

If this long preamble has conveyed the idea that painting is at its best a simple language that sets forth ideas of beauty and truth, using as its means of expression a few carefully chosen and cunningly expressed facts of nature, it is obvious that if we would go to the source of all emotion, we must either get back in point of time to when (to quote an expression dear to every painter of the nude) "men were naked and not ashamed," or choose simple themes which were of the time of Adam as they are of our own. To present such subjects with knowledge of

NOTE.—Mr. Kenyon Cox's drawing illustrates these stanzas from Rossetti's poem "Eden Bower":

It was Lilith the wife of Adam:
(*Sing Eden Bower!*)
Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.

"Am I sweet, O sweet snake of Eden?
(*Alas the hour!*)
Then ope thine ear to my warm mouth's cooing,
And learn what deed remains for our doing.

"Oh, my love, come nearer to Lilith!
(*Sing Eden Bower!*)
In thy sweet folds bind me and bend me,
And let me feel the shape thou shalt lend me.

"In thy shape I'll go back to Eden;
(*Alas the hour!*)
In these coils that Tree will I grapple,
And stretch this crowned head forth by the apple.

"Then Eve shall eat and give unto Adam;
(*Alas the hour!*)
And then they both shall know they are naked
And their hearts ache as my heart hath ached.

"O proud Eve, cling close to thine Adam,
(*Alas the hour!*)
Driven forth as the beasts of his naming
By the sword that for ever is flaming."

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the art that has gone before, which has suppressed this detail and brought this other, and more typical, into prominence; with consciousness that the means of expression limited to pigment and plane surface for the painter, to marble and the chisel for the sculptor, does not permit more than the eye can carry to the brain, demands a strong nature carefully trained. When, however, as in the case of the man who cares for painting *per se*, we must add a desire to be equal to the task of presenting your nymph with all the realism possible, difficulties multiply. She must be such a woman as never existed in perfection of form; at the same time the sunshine must fleck her firm flesh, perhaps, and preferably, studied out of doors. The landscape surrounding her must be painted with the knowledge of a reality of representation which keeps its due relation to the figure; the relations of light and dark studied in the studios of the older masters of the craft gives way to the ever-changing lights and reflections of a fickle sky; and the modern picture, in a word, is, in each of its examples, a new creation in effect of light and color in place of the brown, warm shadows and cooler lights, with marked divisions between, which came from the brushes of the old masters. Admirable as they are, unattainable in many respects as they remain, their makers were confronted with but a small part of the problems which assail the modern painter. These latter-day qualities we owe, as was said at the beginning, almost entirely to the revolt against the feeble conservation of last century methods, and their merits and defects are more or less the common property of the modern trained painter, given him that he may choose or add to them. A certain knowledge of them he must have or be passed by; the more that he can have, the better; the more that he can progress, discover for himself, wrest new secrets from nature and apply them to his work, the better; but if all this knowledge and effort tends to diminish his imaginative faculty, then he may be applauded to-day, but the future is for him who paints with full knowledge of chromatic vibration (if that is the term for the quality which is admirable in Claude Monet and some of his followers)—

"the light that never was on sea or land."

With this reformation full underway, form, as understood by many sculptors and by a few painters, has been strangely neglected, and the next step of progress is most certainly in that direction. We have had, as recently as in the last decade, men in France who have almost rivalled Holbein in *exactness* of form, accompanied with greater truth of color and effect. Baudry, who was a master of style and form, was, during the greater part of his life, encased in a scholastic envelope which sent him more to the galleries than to nature for his inspiration in color qualities; but in the last few years of his life he realized what was being done about him, and, taking the knowledge for his own, produced some few works which have all the beauty of form of his earlier period with the added charm of truthful effect and color. Diana no longer emerges from a bituminous pool, but chaste and pearl-like in color; and the sky draws the contours of her figure, which on the shadow side the greensward fills with reflections hardly darker than the light. This is the dawn of a new art—realism used as a means, not as an end; and this has as much right to exist among us as music or poetry. With the grosser manifestations of the study of the nude, which are as necessary to the painter as the dissecting-table is to the physician, the public has nothing to do; and the exhibition outside of a school of an avowed study from the nude is a mistake. The matter of the relations to the public of a painter of the nude is, however, a matter which regulates itself. The exhibitions of any large city here or elsewhere, are arranged by juries of painters, and it is safe to say that what they admit to their walls is beyond cavil or dispraise from any point of view of morality. Exceptions which have not been in accordance with this view have occurred in cities where the measure of art intelligence was unequally decided; a

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fault which as time goes on will tend to correct itself. For the rest, like all the higher productions of the muse of poetry or painting, the world has little encouragement to give to the painter of the nude, who, as a rule, rides his Pegasus gently and uses the knowledge which this stern school of form gives him, in the production of other and more popular forms of art, reserving as a reward to his own merit the right of expressing his higher fancy in the most untrammelled guise. The existence of such men is as necessary to a school of art as the preservation of the classics and their frequent consultation is necessary to the continued existence of literature.

II.—By Kenyon Cox.

Ever since art existed artists have been in the habit of assigning a very high rank, if not the highest rank, to the sculptors and painters of the nude, and almost ever since the sculpture and painting of the nude existed the public has failed to understand it. Even in Greece Phidias got into trouble from his employment of female models. It is a common belief that clothing and Christianity came in together, and that the Greeks were great in the representation of the nude human figure because they saw it constantly about them in real life; but the belief has little foundation. The Greeks, like every other people of a sufficiently high civilization to have a fully developed art, were habitually a clothed people. It is true that in certain solemn ceremonies, and in athletic games, the male figure was often seen naked, but in the latter instance that is practically true to-day, while a naked woman must have been as rare a sight in ancient Athens as in New York. Nudity was then, as it was in the time of the Renaissance and as it is now, an artistic convention adopted by artists for purely artistic reasons, and only better understood by the people then than it is to-day because the people were more artistic than those of to-day, and better understood all matters of art. What I am to try to do here is to give as clear an account as I am able of what these reasons are which have induced some artists, in all ages, to devote themselves to the study of the nude, and have caused almost all artists to praise and applaud them for any success in that study.

The first of these reasons is that the study of the nude is the necessary foundation for all good representation of the human figure. It is not nearly so well known as it should be that the practice is almost universal among sculptors, and among the more serious painters of the figure, of first modelling or drawing the figure entirely naked and putting the drapery upon it afterward. In sculpture this is done even when the figure is finally to be in modern costume. In painting it is often dispensed with in modern genre subjects, but is common in proportion as the drapery is more simplified and shows more of the natural lines of the figure, and in proportion, also, as the painter cares for form and structure more than for color and effect. When a master of form does *not* make this preliminary drawing, as is often necessarily the case in portraiture, for instance, he dispenses with it only in virtue of the knowledge gained from long and profound study of the naked figure, which enables him to see and seize upon the slightest indication in the outer clothing of the natural form underneath. Good drawing and solid construction have always decayed with the decay of the study of the nude, and it is as well to understand clearly that if that study should ever be abolished, from any sense of fancied impropriety, all art but pure decoration and pure landscape would be abolished with it.

This, however, may be considered as a reason for the use of the nude model in preliminary study, but not as a reason for the depiction of the naked figure as a subject of completed art. To this one may answer that, unless some artists occupied themselves almost entirely with the nude, the standard of construction and draughtsmanship would soon be lowered for all. The serious students of the nude figure have, in all ages, been those who have set and preserved the standard of form for the rest of the profession, and it is

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only when the painting and modelling of the nude figure have been recognized and encouraged as one of the highest forms of art, that tolerable drawing of even the draped figure has been practised and understood.

There is, however, a much stronger reason why artists have devoted themselves to the nude. Ideas, if they are to be expressed in graphic or plastic art, must be incarnated, and the human figure is the one great medium of expression for abstract ideas in the arts. That the figure should be nude if it is to express great and simple ideas, seems also natural. As Adam and Eve "were naked and were not ashamed," so the gods and heroes of all peoples have been the glorified natural man—clothes were an impertinence to Jupiter or Apollo. If one figures a human incarnation of some great idea, Force or Love or Glory or Beauty, it seems natural that the artificial trappings of civilization should be discarded, and one does not see what costume could have to do with Michael Angelo's Night and Morning. Truth is always "naked," and the Golden Age had no need of clothes. In this sort of work drapery may indeed be used, but for ornament, not for covering. In ideal art the functions of drapery are to give mass and dignity to what might otherwise be divided, to contrast multiplicity and intricacy of small folds with the broader forms of the naked body, to give variety of color to a composition that would otherwise be monotonous. Michael Angelo was, above all, a master of the nude, but in his earlier work he uses drapery magnificently for these ends. It was only in his old age that he attempted, in the Last Judgment, to suppress it altogether, and the result is not encouraging. But the use of drapery in ideal art is as purely for artistic reasons as is its absence, and has nothing to do with the propriety of clothing.

The third great reason why artists devote themselves to the nude is their pure delight in the beauty of the human figure. With the Greeks and the Florentines, it was a delight in the beauty of form, in which the human figure exceeds all other beautiful things. The Venetians added a delight in the exquisite color and texture of flesh. They first perceived that not only was the human body the noblest in form and line of all existing objects, but that in color and softness and exquisiteness of light and shade, the flesh of a woman was more lovely than pearls or flowers. So a new art of the nude came into existence, in which the figure no longer stood for the expression of abstract idea, but was painted for its own beauty, as men paint flowers or landscapes. It is hard to say why color is less noble than form, but it is this last art that has been most misunderstood. There are those who admire heartily a Greek Venus in marble, but dislike a Venetian Venus in paint, though the one is as exquisite an expression of the beauty of color as the other is of the beauty of form. Surely, if art be the expression of man's delight in the beauty of nature, its highest and purest form is the expression of his delight in what is highest and most beautiful in nature, the human figure.

These are, as I see them, the reasons why artists paint the nude. How should they paint it? Should their treatment of it be "realistic" or "idealistic?" My answer is—both. There has been much critical juggling with these two words, and little understanding of them. If by "realism" is meant the literal and photographic copying of a given bit of nature, without any alteration or arrangement, it means the suppression of art, and no artist worthy the name has ever attempted it. Pure "idealism" without some element of realism is inconceivable, except in a Turkey rug. Every artist takes from nature all he can get, and adds to it all of art he can give, and the greatest artists are those who possess at once the greatest imaginative or "ideal" power, and the greatest power of realization; so that before the Ilissus from the Parthenon one does not know whether one is most impressed by the powerful artistic idealization, which is the glory of all artists, or the superb realism, which is their despair. There are not many such artists, and the others must strike the best balance they can. One will lean more to the expression of his idea, another more to

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the rendering of fact. Nay, an artist will vary in different pictures, putting more of art in one and more of nature in another, and may never be able to strike a true balance at all. In any case it is his business to represent as well as he can what seems beautiful to *him*, and to beware of that false "idealization" which consists in preferring the ready-made formulas of others to the natural beauty before him. If he would produce any art that is to live, let him see that it is not "refined away into something that is falsely deemed more pure because less vital than reality.* Let him conceive a goddess if he is able, but let him realize to the extent of his power that which he has conceived, and make her a goddess in real flesh and bodily presence, or he fails. In all art, whatever the subject, the rule is the same, and it has been so admirably stated by Jules Breton, in his "Autobiography," that I can do no better than quote him. "For how, in truth, does the painter succeed in expressing the beautiful? Is it by deliberately correcting the faults of the model who is posing for him? No; he could only make this correction by virtue of a system, and experience demonstrates that every system in art irrevocably leads to coldness, to death.

"Nature, then, is not to be corrected by making it conform to a conventional type. The artist must have the intention of *rendering what he sees and conceives as he sees and conceives it.*

"His exaltation of feeling will make him discern the line of expression, of beauty, which he will follow; and *unconsciously* he will diminish or eliminate the insignificant or useless details which interfere with it."

If he is an artist, that is. If he is not, no following of rules derived from the practice of the ancients will make him one. We have been delivered from "the rules" in poetry and in the drama; it is time that we were delivered from them in painting and in sculpture. Let every artist express himself freely and fully. Let him strive to render "what he sees and conceives as he sees and conceives it." If he has the stuff of a great artist in him his work will be great, and we shall all be thankful for it. If he has not, he may at least say, with Touchstone, "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

*M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

By H. C. Bunner.

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he.
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer;*
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her, with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

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FOR THE CROSS.

By George I. Putnam.

I SUPPOSE soldiers in the ranks have no business to think. It does not come in the line of our duty; it is not what we are paid for doing. Armstrong, of our company, who always had a pat way of putting the case, used to say we had but to

> Fill up on soldier pie,
> Fight when no foe is nigh,
> March to parade, and die.

And a man with no head at all could do that. But, indeed, when a man applies for enlistment, the recruiting officers do not go very deep into his mental development. They find out if he can walk, ride, fight, and run, but they never say to him: "Can you think?" If they did, the commissioned side might have a higher opinion of us.

But the ranks do think. Sometimes the thoughts are pleasant enough; that is, when a good man is detailed as cook—and you sit on the clear side of the fire—and camp is snugly pitched, and you are just tired enough with the day's march to enjoy resting. And again, we think pretty hard things of the world and our superior officers; that's when cookee is under guard, and the captain has detailed the first man on the roster in his place; or the wind blows all ways at once; and the smoke gets in your eyes; and the whirling alkali dust down your throat; and the coffee is thick with ashes; or a mean piece of work is cut out for us and we can't see what for. That was the case when we got orders to march to Howard's Spring and there take camp. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles, and for two-thirds of the way there was not a canteen of water to be had. And Christmas was drawing near, and the Captain had given orders that the company would dine at his expense. We old soldiers knew what that meant—oysters, turkey, cranberry sauce, bakers' pies, cigars. But nothing would do save that we get right out of garrison and pound the road to Howard's Spring—the most inaccessible of places, the forlornest locality, the jumping-off place of Christendom; civilization stopped short hundreds of miles east of there.

Armstrong looked out of window and saw the Captain crossing the parade. "Hi! here comes old Twobars!" said he and shoved the layout under a bunk, for we were playing Mexican monte, which was against orders. The Captain believed in both military and moral discipline, so he gave us books and papers to read and forbid gaming. But there were so many of us who didn't know the alphabet and did know the spots on the cards, that his order was virtually a dead letter. However, we thought a deal of him, both as soldier and man—he tried to do the square thing by us, and we didn't want to hurt his feelings by letting him catch us in the act. So somebody dropped a blanket over the edge of the bunk, careless-like, and we picked up books and lounged about ready to spring to attention. But he went past the barrack door to the first sergeant's room; and the first sergeant was there.

"Sergeant," said he, short and snappy, and looking in the humor to kill a dozen Greasers. "Sergeant, detail ten men and a non-commissioned officer to take camp at Howard's Spring. Ration 'em for a month and start 'em out to-morrow. Forty rounds per man."

He turned to go, but came back and added:

"If any of the men want to go, let them. I hate to send them out whether or no, for it's a dirty piece of business, and why that measly old water-hole should be guarded this time of year——"

He slammed the door on his sentence, cutting it short off, and stalked back across the parade. The first sergeant came in and told us.

Then we knew there had been a row

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between the Colonel and Twobars about the matter. His black look and his cranky gait were explained. Ours was admittedly the crack company of the garrison, and it was so in the teeth of the Colonel; for Captain Twobars had ideas about soldiers and soldiery that the Colonel scoffed at. One of these was, that because a man wore a blouse and carried a gun he was not, therefore, the less a man and entitled to man's consideration and respect. Twobars carried out his idea as far as the Colonel would let him; and there was generally an open misunderstanding between them as to how far that should be. The Colonel was an aggressive martinet, and would not hesitate to pull his rank on a subordinate when that would strengthen his position. And the Captain was one of those quiet men who fight never from choice but always from a sense of duty. He never yielded an inch, and in time came out winner or even.

We were satisfied that this was the Colonel's work. Our company was not next on the roster for field service, and this was an extra slice of work anyway. We thought it an imposition, and grew as black over it as Twobars himself. Hakkerson, after swearing a while to clear his throat, said it was done to break up our Christmas dinner, and it did look that way. The Colonel did not approve of extras: the regular ration was good enough for enlisted men. But how should he know anything about it? That was what puzzled us all, till Armstrong, who had been studying Gutter's face, pitched a cartridge-box at him and shouted:

"Own up, Dutchy. You did it!"

Gutter was a recruit; that is, he had not completed his first year of service, and he was one who had slipped into the army because no examination of the head was prescribed. He was a boyish, smooth-cheeked German, and was in love with the Colonel's kitchen-girl. So when Armstrong shouted at him he blushed guiltily, and said he had told her of it because it was something that seemed pleasant to him.

"There's the grapevine telegraph again, boys," said Armstrong. "It runs from the barracks to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlor, and then to the Colonel's private ear. He gets official messages over it. Take warning, Gutter," he continued, "and don't tell all you know, not even to the girl you love. You'll rue it if you do."

"Who's to go, Sergeant?" said Hakkerson.

"Anybody that wants to. I haven't made the detail yet; but it's volunteers or victims. Who'll go now?"

Armstrong got up and yawned. "I'll go, for one," said he. "I don't care much for Christmas, anyway, and would as soon have it in one place as another." He looked meaningly at Gutter, and the little German said he would go. This was a severe penance, for Gutter did love a good dinner. Armstrong warned him not to speak of the volunteering, for that would start the Colonel on the warpath again. Hakkerson swore some more in a preliminary way, and also volunteered. He believed that a man could not be a good soldier without grumbling and cursing at duty; but he performed all the duty that came to him, and some that he went out of his way to find. And the rest of the squad was regularly detailed.

I should not want to say at length how we made that march—it might get into print, and the popular, heroic idea of the army might be partly shattered thereby. It will be enough to say that we made it as comfortably as we could. There was no commissioned officer to enforce rigid discipline. We hunted some along the road, for deer and antelope were plenty, and wild turkeys roosted in the tall pecan trees by the river, and quail and rabbits were all about. We had a wagon with water-kegs, so we got over the dry stage without difficulty. We were in the wild plains country, but we looked for no Indians and saw none; if we had we would have been the intruders, not they. Every dusty brown mile took us farther from men's habitations, farther from wagon roads, farther from beaten trails—oh, it was a wild goose chase we were on, so far as any material benefit appeared. But I suppose it was good discipline, and hope we expiated many sins, vicarious and otherwise.

We suited the length of the marches to our convenience, passing rapidly over

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the dry, bleak places, and lingering in sheltered, grassy intervals — so that it was Christmas-day when we came through the last narrows of the cañon down which we were bound, and saw the pool a mile ahead of us. It shone in the sun so deceptively that Gutter was confident it was the slated roof of a house, and that the comfortable building itself would be found behind a rise of ground. In his tender inexperience Gutter had made many absurd mistakes during the march, but none that appeared to us older soldiers so laughable as this—a slated roof, a civilized house, when we were the only men within a large circle. Then we marched up to the spring, and there stood a man holding a rifle across his arm, and watching us, and by his side a little boy.

By "man" I mean a white man, an American. If I had meant an Indian or a Greaser I would have said so. But here was a white man, and apparently not overjoyed to see us, which was strange. Plains people are generally glad to see a human face, even a soldier's. It is some one to talk to, some one to listen to, some one to get tobacco from. But this man was forbidding. He would have dried up the spring if he could. And when our sergeant went forward to shake hands and said:

"Well, what are you doing here?" he replied, gruffly:

"That's none of your business."

This was a double surprise—to find a man at the spring and to find him so surly. He had a small hut which was nothing but a hole dug in the hillside, with a little level place in front shaded by growing cactus. This showed he had been there some time, a settled inhabitant of a country that is shunned. And the wondering little boy was with him.

As the sergeant stood talking with this man we drove past with the wagon to a good bit of camping-ground. And as the men on foot strode past singly, Armstrong looked at the boy, smiled, and said:

"Hello, kid! Merry Christmas!" and he drew from his pocket a couple of defective cartridges and tossed them to the boy as a sort of Christmas gift.

The man quickly came between the pair, and taking the cartridges from the boy, forced them back upon Armstrong.

"Don't give him them," said he. "Do you want to kill him?"

"They're no good," said Armstrong. "They wouldn't hurt him." Then he and the man stood looking at each other for a little, till it seemed that they might have cried out "I know you!" For the look on Armstrong's face passed from anger at the interference into doubting surprise, and then into a depth of tenderness, as it did sometimes when he sat alone on the barrack porch looking back beyond the horizon, and the evening sun shone on him. And he said, softly:

"Where is his mother?"

"That's none of your——"

The man stopped by an effort, and visibly trembled. Then, hoarsely: "Don't, for God's sake, talk to him about church nonsense! He don't know Christmas, nor Sunday; he only knows night and day, and he's happy!"

Then they talked together a little time, the sergeant and all the rest having gone on to establish the camp. Armstrong put questions and the man replied, sometimes with a gesture like denial. Finally the man said:

"Well, you see what I've come to."

"Yes, and look at me," said Armstrong. For some moments the two faced each other in silence. Then Armstrong put out his hand, saying:

"It's been hard enough on both of us; and now we've come to this!" He seemed to choke in his utterance as he recognized and admitted the fact that, whatever it was fate had denied him for the sake of this other, the gift had not brought happiness with it. The other grasped his hand, and for a moment they stood thus; then Armstrong came over toward the camping-spot, as nonchalant, as carelessly active as ever, whistling a gay air as he came. It was but an assumption of indifference, but it was well done. It prevented our questioning him. Though a good comrade, he had definite limits to his intimacies.

Armstrong was strangely different from the run of enlisted men. He had

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education; he thought. But he did not make a parade of his learning before the poor devils who could only put a finger to the pen while some one else made the mark. Armstrong wrote a good hand and might have been headquarters clerk if he would. We didn't know anything about him; he never talked of his past, as men ordinarily do. When he first came among us he picked up the drill so fast that it was rumored he was a deserter from some other regiment; but when the first sergeant hinted as much to Twobars he was snubbed for his pains.

Another thing: it was pretty well understood that "Armstrong" was but an assumed name — half the time he seemed not to recognize the name when spoken to. But that was nothing against him in a community where the majority of men had had so many names that they answered to any at random. And he chummed in with all, was pleasant, self-reliant, never did a mean trick, and we all liked him. He gambled and drank — too much, probably; but he seemed to do so not for the money's sake or for the liquor, but from restlessness of spirit. He wanted a constant change.

"Oh, Armstrong!" called one of the men, pointing toward the pool. Armstrong looked around quickly, and saw the boy following him. Laughing aloud, he caught the boy up in his arms and then put him down carefully. He sat down on the ground and began to talk to the youngster.

"How old are you?" said he.

The boy made no reply, but looked at him with an untaught child's fearless interest in a new face.

"How long have you been here?" said Armstrong.

"Six times," said the boy.

"Times what?"

"It's come hot weather six times," said the boy, explaining.

"And what have you done in all that time?"

"Nothing. Dad hunts. Sometimes I go with him. I had a fawn, but it ran away."

The boy had absolutely no fear of his new acquaintance. We all noticed it, and Hakkerson grunted out gently:

"Did you ever see anything like the way children and dogs take to him?" When in garrison, Armstrong was usually followed by a troop of abandoned curs who found in him their only friend.

But Armstrong's gentle eye fell upon the boy with a pitying glance.

"You stay here alone! You go hunting! Why, you are not much over six years old at the best!"

Then he sat silent, not seeing anything, with his hand on the boy's head, till the little fellow stirred uneasily. Then he recovered and said, as though hungry for a familiar word:

"Tell me, what is your name?"

But the boy replied:

"What did you call me?"

Armstrong gathered himself from his dreamy state. "I called you—what? Why, 'kid,' wasn't it?"

"After that. The next you said?"

"I don't remember—nothing, I guess. Only, I said, 'Merry Christmas.'"

"That's it. It ain't my name, you know. It sounded queer. What is it?"

Then it was that Armstrong perceived a duty, not of a military nature, devolving upon him. But he was not the man to shrink from any duty. We all knew that, and we all knew our unworthiness to hear what he would say. Perhaps Hakkerson felt this the most keenly of any, for he started first, and, with commendable thoughtfulness, pulled Gutter, who was staring round-eyed and omitted to swear at all. Armstrong, left alone with the boy, put his arm about him and looked into his eyes.

"My boy," said he, "don't you know what Merry Christmas means?"

The boy shook his head.

"Did you never hear of Christ?"

The boy nodded. "I hear dad say it when he's mad."

Armstrong got up quickly and walked a few paces back and forth. "I'm not the worst of men, but I'm a bad sample. I never knew much of this, and what I did know I've tried to forget. And now that this should come to me to be done—her child—but I'll do what I can and God help me!" He had raised his hand as though taking an oath.

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Then he sat down again, and we saw that he took off his battered old hat. And he spoke, but in a voice so low, so tender, that none but the boy could hear. And the sight softened all our hearts—for it was Christmas-day, and Christmas recollections were crowding upon each of us — and we ceased to dwell grumblingly upon the comforts we had left behind at the post. We became good comrades again and warmed toward each other, so that Gutter took a needle and thread to Hakkerson's torn blouse, and Hakkerson showed Gutter how to heal a blistered foot overnight, and the sergeant's commands were more like requests, and the cook put extra coffee in the pot, and the teamster did not kick his mules to make them stand around. And from time to time glances were shot at the place where a common soldier, as rough as any, sat, telling in a feeble way a love-story as old as Christianity to a little child. It was upon this scene that the sinking sun cast its level rays. And the father of the child, coming up from the west, threw his long, black shadow across the camp. It fell short of that absorbed pair.

Once he looked at them and made a step as though to tear away the child. But he would not have done that. Hakkerson noted his movement, divined his thought, and carelessly interposed himself, a strong defender of the Church. Then the recluse seemed to become suddenly aware of the hour, the day. The Christian sentiment that pervaded the camp enveloped him with its influence. He hesitated, and a milder look came upon his stern features.

The sergeant came out of the tent and spoke to him cordially. "Stay and have supper with us. Change your bill of fare. We've got bacon, and potatoes, and onions"—he named things that people long on the plains are sure to be out of and that are inducements to any of them. But I can't think they weighed much with this man. Again he glanced earnestly over at the boy and Armstrong. They had not moved, except that the boy nodded his head in answer to something Armstrong said. But while he looked, Armstrong arose and came toward the camp, leading the boy by the hand. And his face lighted up in the sun's last rays with a look that made us think of the little prayer the chaplain makes at the end—"The peace that passeth all understanding"—you know how it goes. Some made an involuntary motion to remove their hats.

The man turned then and put his rifle on the stack we had made.

"I'll stay," said he.

Armstrong looked none the less peacefully happy when he found that the man's repellent humor had given way. He smiled as gently as a woman might, with both eyes and lips; and yet he was a man whom one would say had nothing of the woman about him. And as I looked at him, so tender toward the boy, so winningly pleasant to the man, I wondered at the mingling of discordant elements in his nature; for my mind went back to the night he broke the bank of Mexico Charley — a most dangerous thing to do. . . . How he played a winning game out of pure luck at cards and recklessness of spirit, in a room full of envious, malignant Greasers and desperate Southwestern human drift, all of whom hated Armstrong primarily for the soldier's blouse he wore so gayly defiant. . . . And how afterward, unharmed, he bore his clinking treasure out to the street, though every man who looked at him that night with evil eyes would have committed murder for a less stake—had done so, many of them. . . . And how, once outside, he had flung the whole, by handfuls, broadly into the air, and as it rattled down among the crowd had shouted: "Scramble for it! I've had the fun! You can have the money!" Then walked to the post, alone, unscathed.

None of us saw that affair. The little negro barber told of it the next day when he came to the post to shave the officers. He asserted that he tried to slip a razor into Armstrong's hand as he left the gaming-table, so that he might not be entirely defenceless, but that Armstrong would not have it. By his fearlessness he daunted the mob. And the contrast forced itself upon me —his present, softened manner. . . . And if there were not tears in his eyes the firelight was very deceptive. Beyond question, he was, or had been, a

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gentleman. Such do sometimes drop into the ranks of the blue.

Long after we had turned in for the night—it was warm and clear, and we slept with the tent-wall raised—I awoke, and looking out saw Armstrong walking in the starlight. It was a night to remember. . . . Not a breath of wind—the air like a clear crystal, and the earth lighted by the rays refracted through it from those infinite, brilliant points set in a sky of unclouded blue. The Eastern Shepherds might have journeyed to the Manger under such a canopy. Then another shape came out from shadow—that of the man, the strange recluse, and joined Armstrong. Together they walked back and forth, talking. And before they separated Armstrong had walked with him to the cave in the hillside, and gone within—I knew it was to look upon the boy sleeping. Then he came back and slipped under his blanket, quietly, so as to disturb no one; and I breathed as heavily as any sleeper.

We, marching out along alkali roads, over wind-swept plains, had been unwilling instruments; but the work we did was such as soldiers seldom have a chance to do. It was Christmas work—something for the Cross. For the man and the boy came back with us from the wilderness, and an old trouble was healed on Christmas-day; and life was made more worth the living, and living well, to two men.

NORWEGIAN PAINTERS.

By H. H. Boyesen.

I BELIEVE it was Mr. Henry James who was seized with an æsthetic shudder at the thought of what art would have become if its development had been left exclusively in Northern hands. "The early German painters," he says in "Transatlantic Sketches," "do not seem to have suspected that such a thing [as beauty] existed; the painter's mission, in their eyes, is simply to appropriate, ready-made, the infinite variations of grotesqueness which they regard as the necessary environment of the human lot."

I regard this as a tribute to the honesty of the German painters rather than a reflection on their sense of beauty. It would have been easy for Albrecht Dürer, for instance, who visited Italy twice and was intoxicated with the splendor of the Italian Renaissance, to subordinate his own vision of life to that of Mantegna and Bellini, and imitate the classical grace and the blooming color of their canvases. If he or Holbein had succumbed to such a temptation (which a less sturdy genius would have been sure to do), there would, in all probability, have been no such thing as a German national art, but merely an imported Italian art applied to German conditions. To me the pathetic Teutonic ugliness of Lucas Cranach's "Eve" was a happier augury for the future of German art than the charming distinction of Tintoretto, the joyous nobility and ease of Titian, or the rich academic beauty of Raphael would have been, as long as they were not indigenous, but would have had to be borrowed.

As Germany received its first artistic impulse from Italy, so Norway received it from Germany; but, unhappily, with the difference that Norway received something more than an impulse. Norwegian art is, generally speaking, German art applied to, and modified by, Norwegian environment. The subjects are Norse, but the manner of treatment is German. The first Norwegian painters of eminence, Adolf Tidemand and Hans Gude, went to Düsseldorf, and accepted the traditions of the Düsseldorf school, as I fancy, without much

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questioning. In fact, it is difficult to comprehend how they could have done anything else. The Norse national evolution in art (if it ever existed) had been broken and could not be resumed. Of pictorial art, in any strict sense, there never had been anything of consequence in Norway; but a distinctly national temperament and imagination had found expression in certain accepted forms of decorative work, in wood-carving and church architecture. The so-called *stave kirker*, of which the Borgund Church in Laerdal is a good specimen, show a type capable of development, and as distinct in their way as the Tartar-Byzantine churches in Russia. In silver filigree work, and wood-carving, too (as cultivated by the peasantry), forms and figures appear which date back into the hoariest antiquity, and, as far as can be ascertained, have sprung from the national soil. I cite this merely to prove that, under favoring circumstances, there might have been a Norwegian national school of art. But when Tidemand and Gude appeared upon the scene, toward the middle of the present century, it was altogether too late (and would, moreover, have been a waste of energy) to begin to grope for an opportunity which had been irretrievably lost. It would be foolish to return to rudiments, and evolve art by the slow process of experience, when you have a near neighbor who can teach you in ten years what it would have taken you a century to learn by clumsy empiricism.

Adolf Tidemand (1814–1876) shows plainly enough in his early historical canvases the influence of the Düsseldorf masters, Schadow and Hildebrand. His "Gustavus Adolphus Addressing the Dalecarlians" (1841) is empiric and tentative, and lacks the charm of a plenary inspiration. It is the sort of thing that young and gifted artists are apt to do before they have discovered that limitation of their powers within which lies the promise of mastery. But Tidemand was not long in making this discovery. It was not primarily because Norwegian peasant life was a *terra incognita*, unexplored as yet by art, that he resolved to devote himself to its study and pictorial presentation; but rather, I fancy, because he felt in himself the conditions for a deep comprehension and sympathy. He certainly achieved a triumph of noble and felicitous expression in "The Pietists" (1848), which gained him the golden medal of the Berlin Academy, and made him a European celebrity. In 1850 he was engaged by King Oscar I. to paint a series of ten pictures (for the royal villa, Oscar's Hall), illustrating the typical scenes of the Norse peasant's life. There we have "The Boy and the Girl at the Saeter," he blowing his Alpine horn, and she sitting on the greensward, listening; the "Mother's Instruction," the "Father's Instruction," the "Wedding Procession," "Death of the Child," etc.; in fact a series of canvases bearing about the same relation to Norwegian life as Kaulbach's illustrations to Schiller's "Song of the Bell" bear to that of Germany. Only, to my mind, Tidemand is truer, stronger, less sentimental than Kaulbach. He represents in pictorial art the same conception of "the people," the same idyllic optimism that Björnson represents in literature. In fact, so completely did Björnson find himself in accord with Tidemand's tempered and somewhat gilded realism, that he wrote one of his novels, "The Bridal March," as text to three of Tidemand's canvases. One of these was the deservedly popular "Grandmother's Bridal Crown."

The bridal crown is among the Norse peasantry an heirloom, which is handed down from mother to daughter through many generations. It is most carefully guarded and held in high esteem. The grandmother in Tidemand's picture, at the touch of it, is reminded of the triumphs of her youth, when the lads thronged about her on the dancing-floor, and often fought fiercely for the privilege of leading her through the whirling mazes of the Spring Dance, or the Halling.* The whole romance of her girlhood, which ended with the bridal crown, the old woman is relating to her granddaughter in such guarded language as one employs to a child, as she displays her treasures, all redolent of memories, to the little girl's wondering eyes.

* A Norwegian national dance.

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This tender delicacy of sentiment which detects in the common the subtlest hints of beauty, then flourished in the atmosphere of the Düsseldorf masters, who were all more or less given to the sweet conventionalities of the domestic idyl. Tidemand was fortunate, however, in having an entirely new field in which to vary, if not to disguise, the old themes. The costume was so new that it had all the effect of a discovery. There is an intensity of meaning (though never unduly asserted) in this beautiful series of Tidemand's peasant idyls. He has much of the exquisite modulation, much of the happy appreciation of intangible values which constitute half the excellence of that greatest of German genre painters, Ludwig Knaus. I don't know whether I shall be suspected of talking nonsense if I say that Tidemand (like Knaus) understands how to give a certain poetic afflatus to his realism which does not make it less true, but doubly true. No painter represents life with an absolute completeness. All art consists largely in selection and rejection, and Tidemand sees and represents only that which to him is pictorially valuable, and ignores the rest; and it was a peculiarity of his mind that nothing appeared pictorially valuable unless it possessed some degree of beauty. Take the picture called "The Emigrant's Farewell," in the National Gallery in Christiania, and note with what gentle emphasis it tells its pathetic story, how poetically significant every detail is, how admirably the balance is maintained between sentiment and sentimentality. There is nothing mawkish, nothing hysterical in the pathos of this parting for life. The young man, with his wife and children, is about to embark for the United States, leaving his parents, who are too decrepit to follow, on the old homestead. The bedridden father, according to the good patriarchal custom, is pronouncing his blessing upon his son; and the mother is weeping on the pudgy hand of her youngest grandchild, who crows and laughs while the old woman's heart is breaking. Very pretty, too, is the little boy's eagerness to cut short the scene. His brain is tingling with anticipation of the steamboat and the wonders of the New World; and he tugs at his mother's skirt in his impatience at the sorrow which he cannot comprehend.

"The Last Sacrament" is another scene (and the last one) in the homely epic of the Norse peasant's life. It breathes a mild resignation (not untinged by a vague relief) at the thought that now the hard battle of existence is at an end, and the long final rest is at hand. Tourguéneff has written much about "how the Russian dies." An equally interesting chapter might be written on the theme "how the Norseman dies." For I believe it could be demonstrated that there is nationality even in death. The grim, almost sullen, stoicism with which (according to Tourguéneff) the Russian embarks for the Stygian shore—or it may be the Elysian—is probably accounted for by the fact that life in that great Tartaric empire, only under very exceptional circumstances, can be worth having. In Norway, the desperate struggle for survival seems to imply that survival must be a great privilege. There is, at any rate, much more joy in Norway than there is in Russia—much more zest in living, much more spontaneous activity, industry, and intelligence. For all that, it is the fashion, among the peasantry at least, to greet death as a friend in disguise, as a release from the heavy bonds of mortality. The calm, beautiful resignation of the dying man in Tidemand's picture, the gentle, tearless sorrow of his wife, are admirably characteristic. The clergyman, who sits at the bedside in his robes of office, has obviously (judging by his features) sprung from the peasantry, and after becoming a school-teacher or seminarist, has trudged with infinite patience, by way of the university, along the toilsome path which, in the end, leads to a country parsonage. The fishing-net, which depends in festoons from the rafters, hints at the hardships which have undermined the old man's strength and exhausted his vitality.

A certain sombreness of tone and narrowness of vision are the inevitable conditions of life in a small and poor country, where there is but little wealth and no leisure class, and where the mere struggle for existence absorbs so large

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a share of man's thoughts and interests. The spectacle of life itself suffers from a depressing scantiness, contractedness, and poverty of form and color. Apart from the scenery, which in northern and northwestern Norway is indeed sublime, there is nothing to feed the pictorial fancy; nothing to kindle the soul with the glow and thrill of joyous observation. There has, to be sure, been no lack of pictorial genius, but it has, as a rule, been cramped, and often crippled, by lack of early opportunity. The state has, indeed, exhibited a laudable interest in the arts, and has encouraged artistic merit by public stipends, which have afforded the recipients the much-needed opportunity for foreign study and travel. Nearly all the distinguished painters of Norway have benefited by this wise liberality, the majority of them having received their training at the academies of Düsseldorf and Munich, and a few in Berlin and Paris. But the ability of the state to give them orders, when they have won distinction abroad, has been extremely limited. The art unions of Christiania, Bergen, and a few other cities (which are private institutions), have in part indemnified them for the public parsimoniousness; but even with the aid derived from such sources art would have languished, nay, perhaps perished, from inanition, if foreign nations had not recognized the power and originality of Norwegian painters, and extended to them their patronage. The canvases of Tidemand and Gude are to be seen in most of the great galleries of Europe devoted to modern art, and many of them have even made their way to the United States. The pleasing and popular Hans Dahl has found a powerful patron in the Emperor of Germany, who, as is well known, has a great predilection for things Norwegian; and Fridthjof Smith-Hald, who lived for many years in Paris, has his *clientèle* distributed on both sides of the Atlantic.

Of the few Norse painters who have, spiritually at least, no affiliations with Düsseldorf and its idyllic domesticities, the most eminent is Nils Arbo. He is, as far as I know, the only living history painter in Norway, unless we include Knud Bergslien, who cultivates what is called the historical *genre*. Arbo, if he had been a citizen of a greater state, would probably have had a reputation commensurate with his ability; nay, he would have had acres of wall at his disposal in public museums and palaces, and he would have swum on the crest of the wave of prosperity, like Wilhelm von Kaulbach and Piloty. But a man who paints, however admirably, scenes from a history which nobody knows except a few thousand cultivated people, in his own country, is, by that very fact, compelled to rely upon this limited number for his patronage. For, interest in an historical scene presupposes knowledge of it. I should fancy that a dreary fatigue of spirit would in the end take possession of an artist whose noblest efforts have been crowned with so scant a reward. And yet there is no hint of lagging energy or blunted vision in any of Arbo's canvases. In his long series of drawings illustrating the history of Norway, a certain trite fertility of invention and the fatal facility of mere craftsmanship are sometimes visible, in the recurrence of stereotyped heroic types, and the lack of that strenuousness of commanding personality which we had the right to expect in such mighty figures as those of Sverre, Harold the Fair-haired, and the two Olafs. But it should not be forgotten that Arbo is largely the creator of the pictorial guise of this long gallery of Norse heroes; and a certain sameness was perhaps scarcely to be avoided. How purely he feels the Norse type of womanhood, is shown in his beautiful "Ingeborg the Fair," in the National Gallery. This is the heroine of "Frithjof's Saga," the type *par excellence* of the faithful, loving, long-suffering woman of the North, with trustful blue eyes, blond hair, and a heart full of warm and tender sentiment. There is something in this face so touchingly Norwegian that it brought tears into the eyes of a Norse-American exile to whom I showed it.

"Why are there not such women in this country?" he cried, enthusiastically; "then there would be some joy in living; but America spoils our

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women in a very short time. It gives them a hundred rights and pretensions which they never dreamed of before, which they don't know how to use, and which they are far happier without."

There is something richly salubrious in this "Ingeborg;" a sweet acceptance of life as it is, and submission to the common lot; and a noble patience and inexhaustible fortitude of loyal devotion. She is the ancestral type of that adorable English girl whom George Eliot describes as having "large maternal hands," and being possessed of "a certain sweet matronliness even in youth."

"The Wild Chase," the second canvas by which Arbo is represented in the National Gallery, is of very large dimensions, and difficult to reproduce adequately in a small space. It is the artist's chief work, and the one upon which his fame will rest; I spent an hour and a half studying it, and the longer I stayed the more interesting it grew, and the more difficult it became to tear myself away. The most impressive thing about it is the tremendous impulse with which it rushes upon the sight of the beholder.

It was a superstition of the Middle Ages, which survived far into the present century, that the old pagan gods who had been conquered by the White Christ broke loose from their hell once a year, at Christmas-time, and swept like a devastating tempest over the earth. Woe to him who was then abroad! Suddenly he would feel himself grabbed by ghostly arms and snatched up from the ground, to be hurled miles and miles through the air, or to be carried along with the Wild Chase back to their dread dwelling-place. The old thunder-god, Thor, rides in the middle, with his hammer uplifted, and the one-eyed Odin, preceded by his ravens, has mounted again his steed Sleipner, and with drawn sword leads the awful phantasmal host. After him come all the other gods and goddesses, valkyrs, and an innumerable horde of phantom warriors who died in the old and bloody faith. With a terrifying, ear-splitting, soul-rending tumult they tear away over the tops of houses, mountains, forests, as if to protest against the peaceful sway of Christ the White, who dethroned them from the dominion of the world. You see them in Arbo's picture sweep along with the roar and the terror of a black, destroying storm—a dreadful, fiendish rout, carrying in front of them on their horses the victims whom they have caught up in their furious progress. Far below lies the earth, with its forests bending, creaking, and writhing in agony under the hellish blast.

The sombre and often grotesque luxuriance of the Germanic fancy, which revels in conceptions of gloom and terror, has found a powerful expression in Arbo's "Wild Chase." It may be questioned, however, whether he had any authority for painting the valkyrs nude, when the elder Edda always represents them as clad in glittering armor:

> "Helmeted maidens
> Rode high through the heavens;
> With gore begrimed
> Their coats of mail;
> But their flashing spears
> Shot beams in the sun."

That verse is to me unrivalled in its bold and grandiose picturesqueness, and I doubt if any painter could call up a conception more largely and simply pictorial than is suggested in these rugged lines.

I suppose a nation whose traditions in the arts are too recent to have gathered any embellishing embroidery of mosses and lichens, can scarcely hope to escape a certain bareness, hardness, and meagreness which are inherent in its social conditions. The situation of Norway is in that respect not unlike that of the United States. Each artist yields what it is in him to yield, under unpropitious circumstances. The spiritual climate which he needs for blossoming into a rich and perfect bloom is lacking; and he contents himself therefore (as he must) with a paler and scantier bloom; and tries, perhaps, to persuade himself that this is his noblest, his best florescence. I have been astonished, in the case of many Norwegian artists, to observe how wofully the performance of their manhood mocked the promise of their youth.

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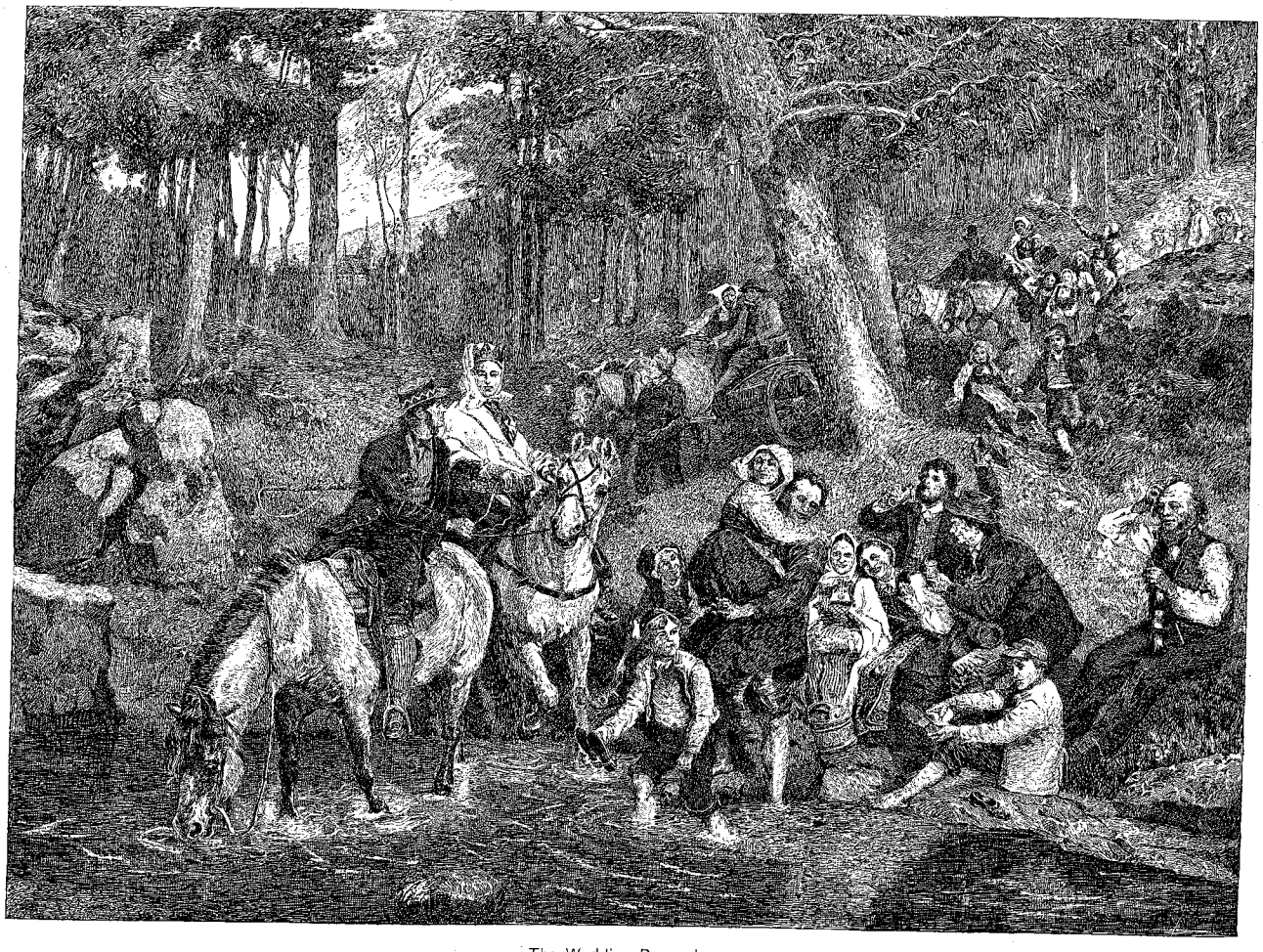

The Wedding Procession.
(From a painting by Adolf Tidemand.)

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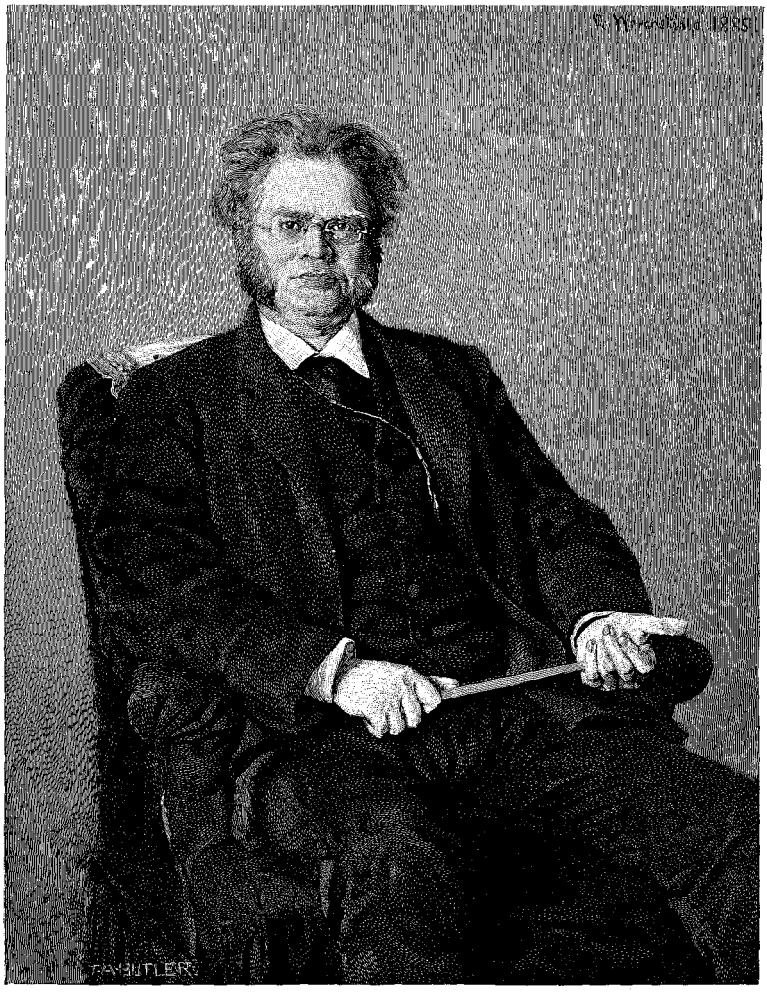
I remember, twenty-five years ago, sitting by the hour in delighted wonder at the easel of a splendid young genius while he painted, marvelling at the rich eloquence, the brilliancy, the de-



Bjornstjerne Björnson.
(From a portrait by Werenskjold.)

lightful illusion of his art. And now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, this "hyacinthine youth" has lapsed into a mechanical little rut, has become a contented dauber, in whose facile and insignificant performances no hint remains of the fine intuitions which made his beginnings glorious. And his is no exceptional lot. Where there is (outside of a few rare individuals) scarcely any artistic intelligence, the artists can hardly be blamed for degenerating. A radiant exception here and there (such as Werenskjold, and in a lesser degree Sinding and Eilif Peter-sen) is faithful to his highest conception of excellence, and refuses to take advantage of the inability of his public to discriminate between his best and his worst. Werenskjold's "Portrait of Björnstjerne Björnson" is in many respects a most notable piece of work, though it emphasizes one dominant phase of Björnson's individuality to the exclusion of all others. This is Björn-

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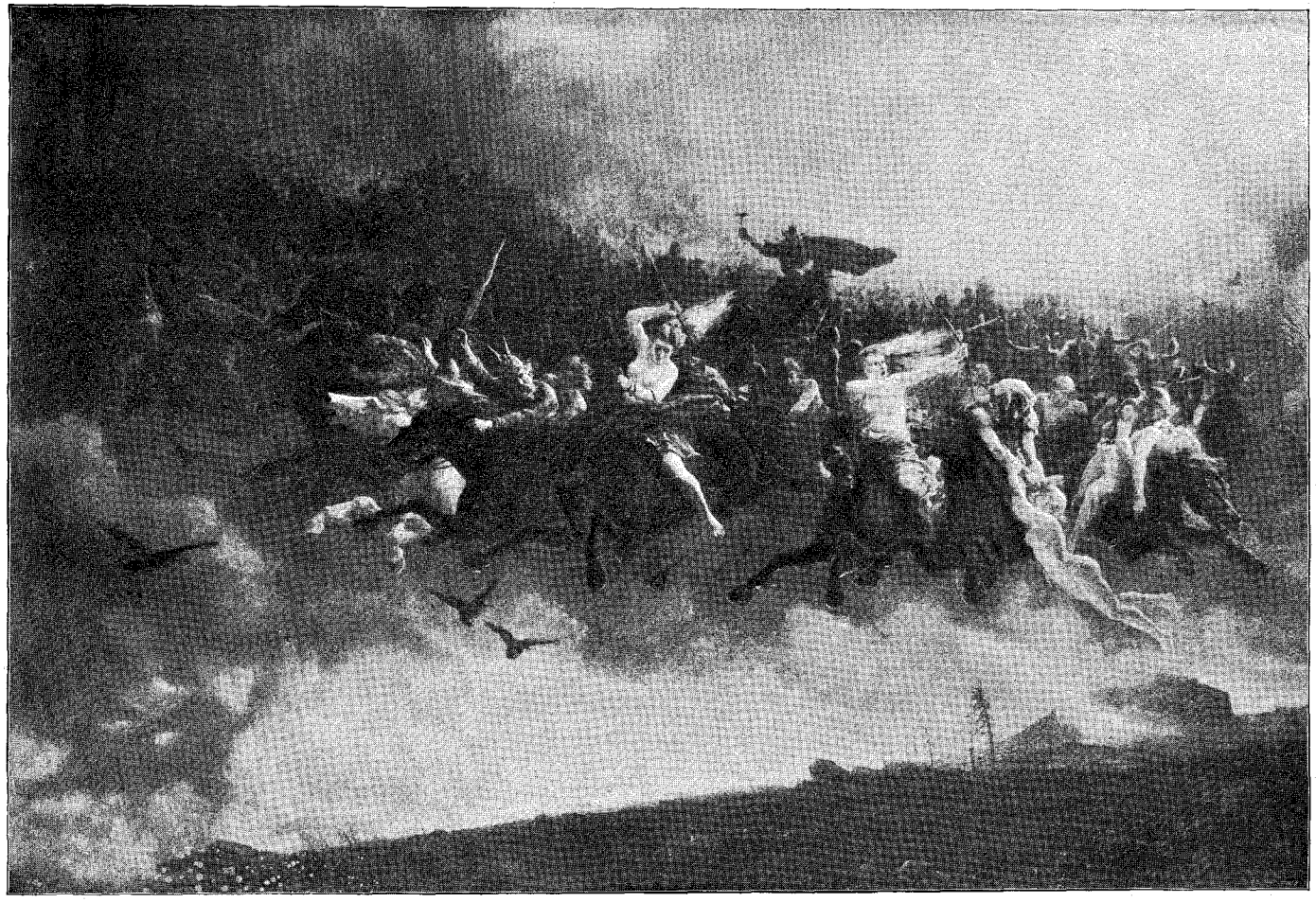

The Wild Chase.
(From a painting by Nils Arbo.)

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son, the great masterful chieftain, the leader of men, the mention of whose name (to quote Brandes) is like running up the national colors of Norway. You feel the strength of the man, his mighty presence, his distinct and vital personality. But I can find no glimpse in those hard eyes, those set, determined lips, and that fierce concentration of energy, of the gentle, the lovable, Björnson, the tender and sensitive poet, the generous, warm-hearted friend. It may be objected perhaps that these two phases of Björnson's personality would require two portraits ; that they are incapable of being simultaneously presented. But the impression of the man as he appears in daily intercourse unites both ; does not only suggest them by turns, but they are the constituent parts of his great and strenuous self, the very elements of his greatness. But though to my mind inadequate, Werenskjold's portrait is a most vivid presentment, and instinct with vitality.

Among the Norwegian artists of whom great things were expected, but who have somehow failed to justify those expectations, is Knud Bergslien. Not that he has proved a failure, for his achievement is never commonplace, sometimes notable, and occasionally distinguished. To me he is always interesting, because he is simple, direct, and forcible. He (as well as the sculptor of the same name) is of peasant birth, and without any other guidance than the prompting of his own genius began a primitive practice of his art. Such men, "sons of the mountain," or the valley, as the case may be, naturally arouse great enthusiasm and extravagant expectations. Having risen from the people itself, they are supposed to contain a mysterious fund of the national virtue and vigor, and it is confidently predicted that they will smash all musty traditions, and become the founders of a new national art. They are certainly not to be blamed for failing to accomplish this impossibility. What happens is usually this: Some benevolent government official hears of the precocious genius of the young peasant, volunteers to collect among his friends the funds requisite for his artistic education, sends him abroad for a couple of years, to Munich, or Paris, or Düsseldorf ; and sits down in delightful anticipation of the glory which he is to reap as the discoverer of this prospective conqueror of a world-wide fame. In the meanwhile the young peasant, whose intellectual culture is apt to be of the scantiest sort, comes into contact with the brilliant young foreigners who have gathered at the Academy. He feels himself completely overshadowed ; and his skill, which was the admiration of his valley, seems poor and clumsy, and scarcely worthy of the name of art. His awkward manners make him shy and ill at ease ; and so far from dreaming of playing the iconoclast, he sits at the feet of his German or French master, and is only anxious to acquire all the latter is willing to impart. He subordinates himself, as every learner must, and is content, in the course of time, to take his place with the rest of the members of the school, who

> "practise with the strictest care
> The art bequeathed to their possession."

I fancy this must have been Bergslien's career, as it is approximately that of every peasant genius who has been sent abroad by public or private benevolence with the hope that he would be the founder of a distinctly Norwegian school of art. We have a Norwegian school of music, forsooth, and a distinctly national one ; why should we not also have a national school of painting? It is difficult to answer that query. But the fact remains that, as yet, we have none.

Bergslien's picture, "The Birchlegs Carrying Hakon Hakonson Across the Mountains," deals with a well-known episode of Norwegian history. The Birchlegs were the partisans of King Sverre (1182–1202), whose grandson, Hakon, being the last direct scion of the royal house, was rescued by two skeerunners, when his life was in jeopardy. Mr. Bergslien is not addicted to subtleties ; he tells his story with a plain and rational directness which is perfectly adequate to his purpose. He says with a beautiful Norse simplicity

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The Arrival at Church. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

(From the photograph of a painting by Hans Dahl, by permission of the New York branch of Franz Hanfstaengl's Fine Art Publishing House.)

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all that he has to say; and says it even impressively. Those of his canvases which I have seen (and I have seen about half a dozen) are all illustrative of the life of the Norwegian people in the present or in the past. Both in spirit and in the manner of expression, they are as national as anything that Norse art has to show. They are blunter in tone, more frankly virile, and less idyllic than Tidemand's. They yield no elusive hints or deeper spiritual meaning to a long and sympathetic contemplation. But they emphasize, with engaging candor and without exaggeration, certain notable facts which are never lacking in interest.

A successor of Tidemand (though scarcely his equal either in genius or popularity) is Hans Dahl (born 1849), whose laughing peasant girls have become familiar, of late years, to all frequenters of German exhibitions. When I call him Tidemand's successor I mean thereby that he works the same vein as his great predecessor—the rural idyl—and works it with more success than any of his Norwegian contemporaries. There is a frank and hearty optimism (which in relation to modern life seems almost an anachronism) in this painter's temperament; and an irresistible, sunny geniality appears to distil through his fingers into his paints, and invest his figures, as his landscapes, with a radiant good humor. A legitimate objection which has been urged against this pervasive idyllic light-heartedness is that it is not at all characteristic of Norway nor of the Norwegian people, who are a grave, rather taciturn race, and not in the least given to the airy jollity and fun which they exhibit in Hans Dahl's pictures. The time appears to be past (in Scandinavia as elsewhere) when "the people" were credited with an innocence, simplicity, and poetic susceptibility which put the "cultured classes" to shame. If Hans Dahl had come upon the scene thirty

The Birchlegs Carrying Hakon Hakonson Across the Mountains.
(From a painting by Knud Bergslien.)

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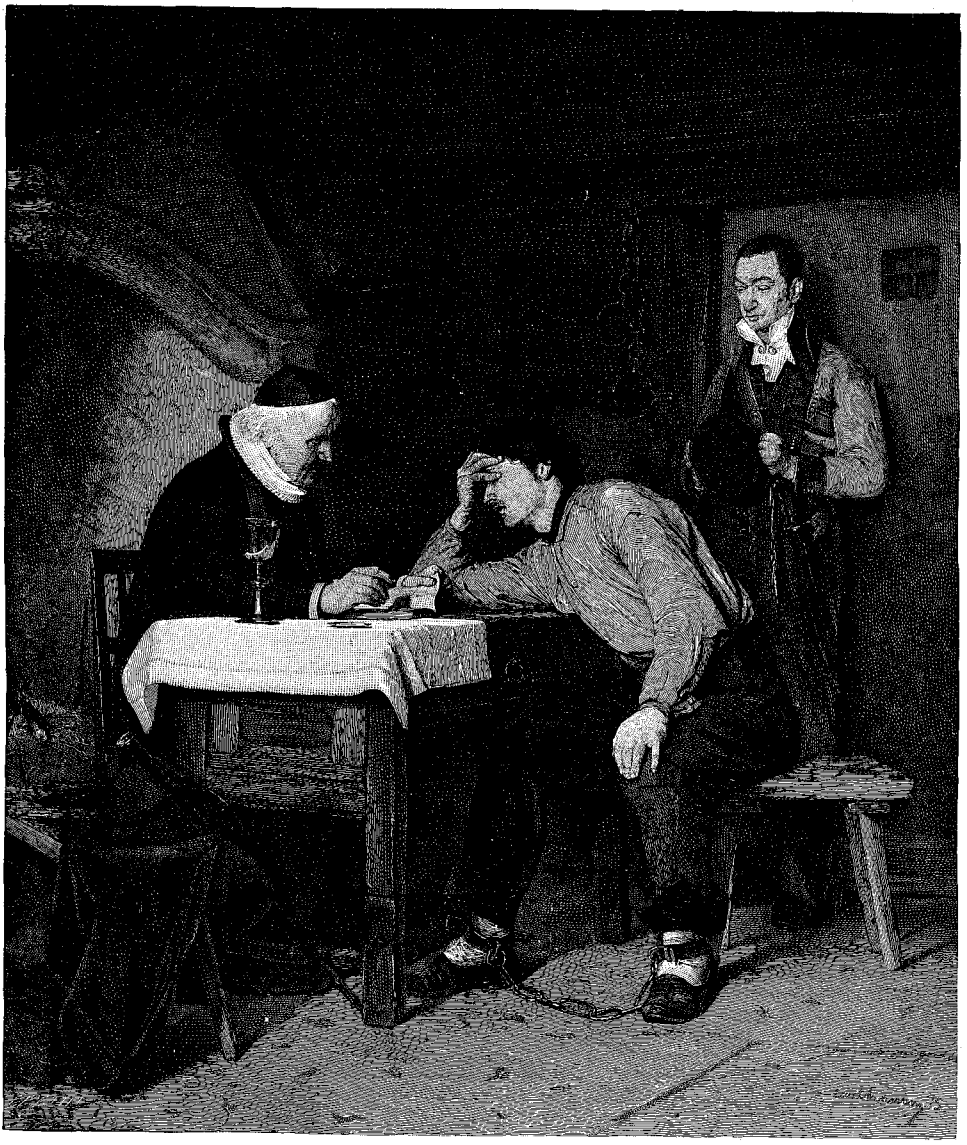

Sentenced to Death.

(From a painting by Carl Hansen.)

or forty years ago, when the peasant idyl was in full bloom, both in literature and art, he would have been praised to the skies for the very qualities which the critics now condemn in him. No one would then have found anything anomalous in peasant girls who flirt with paradisaical sweetness, who carry themselves with the light-footed grace of a lady to the manner born, and whose fresh, dimpled faces bear no record of the hardships, penury, and toil which have been their companions from the cradle. Meyerheim painted in this spirit in Germany, at the same time as Auerbach, in his "Black Forest Village Tales," demonstrated that, amid the decay of virtue in civilized conditions, the peasant remained not only nature's nobleman, but also her philosopher. But somehow this is now regarded as an exploded

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The Struggle for Existence.
(From a painting by Christian Krog.)

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theory; and though many German painters yet persevere in the old romantic strain, unconscious of its anachronism, and reap popular applause, the Norwegian critics resent it as imaginative mendacity and as a flagrant violation of the verisimilitude, from which no artist has a right to emancipate himself.

To this formidable indictment Hans Dahl would probably reply — or I may as well admit that he did so reply *in propriâ personâ* — that life is sad enough without our trying to make it sadder. The mission of art was primarily to please, not to preach or to record life in all its naked, and often repulsive, reality. If his temperament impelled him to deal, by preference, with the sunny phases of existence, why should he be denied that privilege and be forced, willy nilly, into the gloomy charnel-house of the melancholy and disillusioned realists? Was a cheerful painter, who found life beautiful, to be denied the right to express his delight in it, simply because it was the fashion to emphasize and exaggerate the ugly, to prefer foul weather to sunshine, and nettles and weeds to roses and lilies?

It is always a little risky to classify contemporaries, and the critic must, of course, be prepared to see his classification challenged and repudiated. Every artist, in his own day, is so bristling with individuality that it seems to him an impertinence to bracket him with anybody else, who necessarily appears inferior. It is only when he is dead that he submits to such treatment without a protest. And yet, with the risk of offending both, I cannot disguise the opinion that there is, superficially speaking, a kinship and a family likeness between Hans Dahl and Axel Ender. They are both popular favorites; both sunny-tempered optimists of idyllic proclivities; both facile, various, bountiful, with a supreme, truly pictorial delight in the outward pageant of life, but (I say it without malice) untroubled about its deeper meanings.

The altar-piece by Axel Ender, in the Church of Molde, shows him at his best. The women at the tomb are picturesquely, but not sordidly, oriental (like those of Verestchagin), and piquantly, but not unpleasantly, Jewish. They make just enough of a concession to historical criticism to preserve a pleasing fiction of *vraisemblance*. The tomb is cut into the rock as it ought to be, but it is a large, spacious, monumental tomb, from which the resurrection could have taken place without the fearful suggestion of Verestchagin's picture, where the Saviour crawls out like some subterranean animal from its hole. Mr. Ender's angel is to me one of the noblest and most convincing angels I have ever beheld. I venture to say some fair Norse maiden furnished the model; for, in the first place, the type is so charmingly Scandinavian; and secondly, this face has an exquisite touch of earth (angelic though it be), and it is the kind of face which no one invents. The "Girl from Dalecarlia" would be far easier to invent, though she, too, has, no doubt, her counterpart on earth. But she is less radiantly individual, and her nationality is more easily distinguishable by her costume than by her countenance.

The man *de son temps* who has imported into Norway the hard and uncompromising realism of modern France—the realism of Bastien-Lepage and Dagnan-Bouveret — is Christian Krog. He undertook, some years ago, to explode a pictorial bomb in the peaceful Norwegian capital, in the shape of a big canvas called "Albertine," exhibiting a phase of human degradation which the arts (in Norway, at least) had hitherto shrunk from representing. As a manifesto of the new school it was pitched in as harsh and jarring a key as possible; and it had a literary echo (which, however, in part preceded it) that made a no less loud and ear-splitting noise. Christian Krog is, in fact, a novelist as well as a painter; and makes proselytes to his æsthetic creed with his pen as well as with his brushes. He utterly flouts and despises the tempered realism of his more popular *confrères*, and demands the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I fancy, however, that his experience, both as author and painter, must by this time have convinced him that this

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demand involves a physical impossibility. How he himself interprets it is shown to perfection in his interesting picture, "The Struggle for Existence." The subject is the distribution of bread and soup to the poor by some charitable association. These are, indeed, the children of want and toil as we know them and have seen them in the haunts of poverty in our great city. Hunger and cold have stricken these child-faces with a premature age, and emaciated the most different types into a dreary and squalid uniformity. The awful democracy of misery has here found a vivid and forceful presentation. It is but one step removed from the still more perfect democracy of death.

If Zola's definition of art, as being "nature seen through the medium of a temperament," be true, then it is obvious that the temperamental key-note in Christian Krog's art is closely akin to Zola's own. It is pictorial Zolaism. It exhibits a consistent preference for the ugly, under the strange delusion that the ugly is a more essential part of life than the beautiful. If the idyllic school had been insincere in ignoring the evil and repulsive, this latest phase of realism is no less insincere in ignoring the good, the noble, the attractive. In either case there is a suppression of facts which has the effect of mendacity. It is easier to paint exaggerations and extremes than gently to modulate a noble theme along the middle octaves of human sentiment or experience. "We may exaggerate," says Hamerton, "because we feel strongly; but we far oftener exaggerate because we do *not* feel delicately;" which admirable aphorism applies to the school in question.

I have confined myself in the present paper to the painters of the human figure. Of landscape painters Norway has, as might have been expected, a very large number, some of whom are justly eminent. Gude is easily the foremost; but Morten Müller, Fredrick Ekersberg, Fritz Thaulow, E. Skramstad, and Smith-Hald (who also paints the figure) likewise rejoice in an international reputation. Their importance, however, is such as to demand a separate article.

FANTASY.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Gold roses, climbing, clasp a casement round,
Down on the gray stone sill their sweet heads laying;
Below there stands a pale nymph ivy-crowned,
A strange air playing.

Her frail form trembles with the viol's strain,
Her shoulder leans against a fluted column,
Her eyes now shine, now plead, and now again
Watch, soft and solemn.

The fallen petals lie about her feet,
Their loose curled gold the marble terrace flecking,
Sunset and moonrise round about her meet,
Her bright hair decking.

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And one within looks upward from his scroll,
Doubtful, reluctantly his clear eyes lifting,
Wherein there leaps a sudden, eager soul,
Their cold veil shifting.

"Ah, listen," thus the quivering viol pleads,
"Still are the olive-slopes where gray moths hover;
The ripples murmur to the misty reeds;
Maid meeteth lover.

"Yon river wandering goes to seek the sea,
Warm with the memory of day's red glory;
Come forth and hear in magic groves with me
My wondrous story."

Smiling he stands, young laurels on his hair,
Dim dreams of joys foregone his pale brow flushing;
Half-tearful smiles, with pitying lips one fair
Dead rose-bud brushing.

Sighing he stoops and leans upon the sill:
"Sweet, but a little while this low light lingers,
Thou canst not hinder night nor day-dawn chill
With those lithe fingers.

"Fain would I wander in the sun-stained gloom
With thee, might this charmed hour forsake us never,
Might but my steps retraced this quiet room
Re-enter ever!"

Still sob the viol-strings their slow refrain,
Her eyes, uplifted, through a tear-film glisten—
"In years far hence I'll come to thee again,
And thou wilt listen.

"Ah, then my spells shall compass thee around,
With wild airs whispering and fair lost faces;
And thou shall hearken or my viol's sound
In shady places."

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UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

By Sophie Radford de Meissner.

In an upper room of a hotel facing the Moscow station, in St. Petersburg, a young man was striding, with knitted brows, impatiently to and fro. In one hand he held a crumpled bit of blue paper, which was evidently the cause of his discomfiture. Now pausing beside a small table, he smoothed the disquieting missive carefully out, and as he did so one could see that it was a telegram.

"Unavoidably delayed," he reads aloud, "impossible to reach St. Petersburg before Saturday." Then, with a deepening of the lines about the forehead he raises his head, and gazing through the window out upon the great snow-covered space before him, mutters savagely: "It is most unpardonable! It is but Wednesday now, and he will not be here until Saturday, while I dare not leave my room because of this great sum they have entrusted me with. It is no laughing matter to be held responsible for one hundred thousand roubles, and find both members of the committee to whom I was told to deliver it out of town!" And with another impatient glance at the busy out-door scene — in which he should so have liked to join — Serge Georgeovitch Pallen resumed his restless walk.

But ere he had taken a half dozen steps in the large, comfortless room, a sharp, commanding knock caused the door to tremble upon its hinges, and while he still stood staring toward it — too amazed to answer the unlooked-for summons — it was flung open, and a tall, powerfully built man, with hair and mustache of an iron-gray color, entered the room, closing the door rapidly behind him upon a galaxy of curious faces.

Serge was still wondering where and when he could have seen this newcomer, whose face and general bearing struck our young tchinovnik * as being strangely familiar, when, in a voice that harmonized perfectly with the unwonted air of strength that pervaded the man, the latter said: "I am General G——! You know me, I presume, though it is hardly probable you can have seen me before."

Of course! How could he ever have entertained any doubt upon the matter? General G——! the great chief of the Russian police! whose photographs he had seen over and over again in the shop windows of his native town of H——.

Bowing courteously, Serge advanced a chair, saying, with some surprise in his tone:

"Will you not be seated? To what am I to attribute the honor——"

* Employee.

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"Oh!" interrupted the officer, somewhat shortly, "there is little that passes here without my knowledge; and, being aware of the fact that you have with you a sum of one hundred thousand roubles—sent by your fellow-townsmen to the 'Famine Relief Committee'—and that, owing to the absence of these gentlemen from town, you are unable to deliver it for the moment; and have, so far, neither deposited it in any bank, nor given it in trust to the owner of the hotel, I have come to speak to you about the matter. You are young, I see, and can hardly understand the risk you run in a great city like St. Petersburg in keeping so large a sum about you"—this to Serge, who felt that his hair must positively have whitened with the anxiety of the past forty-eight hours—"and the proprietor of the hotel could not, of course, be held responsible should any loss befall you, inasmuch as he has not been intrusted with the keeping of the money. There is just now a very dangerous band of thieves in town, who have given us an endless amount of trouble; so, as you have still some time to wait before being able to hand this money over to the persons to whom it is sent, I would advise you to give it in keeping to some bank; or, if you prefer requesting the police to take charge of it for you, I will order them to do so, otherwise we cannot answer for its safety."

What relief this speech contained for the young tchinovnik he alone could have told; for had he not passed two mortal days and nights, scarcely daring to close his eyes, and all because of one innocent-looking package that lay snugly tucked in one side of his capacious travelling-bag. And yet this was such an important matter, one on which, it might be, his whole future career would depend; for had he not been honored greatly—at his age, scarce twenty-one—by the trust reposed in him. So it was very slowly and cautiously he now spoke, saying:

"I had thought of taking it to some place of safety, but you see I am a stranger here, and having absolutely no acquaintances did not like to go to a bank where I was unknown with such a sum. Perhaps you will give me some advice upon the subject, or a letter of introduction, which may simplify matters for me."

The heavy gray brows were drawn together as though the General were deep in thought; then, speaking in his turn, in a slow and deliberate manner, he said: "There is the Crédit Lyonnais, or Younker's; but there might be some difficulty about depositing it for so short a time; or stay, it would be in perfect security with our police, and, after all, why should you go through all the worry and formality necessary in order to place it in a bank? Take it to one of our police-stations, and give it, with my card; or, stop a bit, there might be some mistake, and I can perhaps be of more service to you by taking it with me. In that case you will be assured of its safety, and when the time comes to deliver it, will only have to call for it at my house. How will that do?"

How would it do! Why, never had he felt so deeply grateful to anyone in his life. And unlocking a closet door he drew forth a travelling-bag, and opening it, handed the parcel—that had rested like so much molten lead upon his mind for the past eight-and-forty hours—to the General, saying:

"Your Excellency is conferring the greatest favor upon me. But, I trust, General, before leaving, you will accept a glass of wine—or——"

"Nothing, nothing whatever," interrupted the other, hastily; "I never touch anything between my meals, and my time is too precious to be wasted. Remember, then, you have but to come to me as soon as the gentlemen of the committee are in town. I wish you a very good-morning."

And with quick military precision, as he had come, the General moved toward the door, opened it, and closing it sharply behind him, Serge heard the spurred heels tramp noisily down the long corridor, and a moment later, standing at the window, beheld his visitor seated in a handsome sleigh drawn by two spirited dark gray horses, turn to the left, and disappear up the Névsky Prospékt.

Giving a sigh of relief as he realized

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that he was now free to come and go as he pleased, and might visit this great capital, which, so far, he had never beheld but in his dreams, Serge stepped before the mirror that divided the two windows, and glanced anxiously at his reflection, as though dreading to note something in his appearance that might betray the provincial.

It was a thoroughly refined and honest face he saw, but one denoting great powers of endurance and self-concentration rather than any very brilliant intellectual capacity; and as he still stood gazing a subdued cough and discreet knock at the door made him turn sharply about.

"Who is there? Come in!" he called out impatiently; and then, to his surprise, saw the proprietor of the hotel—a wiry little Frenchman, whose keen black eyes appeared to include each separate object in the room in that first rapid glance he cast about him—before him, and heard him say, with a hesitating bow:

"Monsieur has had a visit from General G——."

"Why, yes," assented the young man; adding, somewhat hastily, "you know him, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course! Who does not know our great Chief of Police? But—" here stammering slightly and growing rather red, "I hope Monsieur is in no trouble; that is, in no difficult position, which would make him—make him—liable to——"

A sudden flash of light burst upon Pallen's mind, and perceiving how that episode might be interpreted by those unacquainted with the facts of the case, he said, smilingly: "Do not be alarmed, my friend. General G—— had heard, though in what manner is a mystery to me, of my having brought a sum of one hundred thousand roubles to St. Petersburg, for future distribution among the famine-stricken sufferers. Now it happens that the gentlemen to whom I was to deliver this are both out of town, and considering it unsafe for me to keep so large a sum about me, the General came to advise me to transfer it to some place of safety, either to a bank or to the police, for safe keeping."

The sharp black eyes were observing Serge narrowly as their owner ejaculated: "And you?"

"I! Well, you see as he kindly offered to take charge of it for me until it should be needed, I begged him to do so. Of course it could be safer nowhere than with General G——!"

But there was an uneasy look in the little Frenchman's eyes as he said, half doubtingly: "You have a receipt for the money, of course."

"A receipt!" And Serge drew his somewhat slight figure up indignantly. "You do not imagine I insulted his Excellency by asking for such a thing; or that I have any doubt of the money's being perfectly safe in his keeping?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not!" interposed the other, hurriedly, though the look upon his face denoted clearly enough his disapproval of the course the younger man had followed. For a moment more he stood rubbing his nose reflectively with one stumpy forefinger, then, with slow insistance, recommenced: "All the same, it would be decidedly safer to have a receipt." And seeing the startled look—half doubt, half amazement—that flashed into the other's eyes, he added, rapidly: "But that, of course, can be very easily obtained, for if you were to go to the General's house I am very sure he would give you one immediately. You see, as you are responsible for that money, it is best for you to put yourself entirely upon the safe side."

But Serge, now thoroughly aroused, needed no further urging; and though he would still have scouted the idea of there really being any danger, had donned his fur pelisse, and scarcely heeding the little Frenchman's last words, was hurrying from the room. Upon reaching the hall below he drew out his watch. Eleven o'clock! An hour, then, had already elapsed since his visitor had taken his departure. Well, he should probably find him at home, as he had appeared so pressed for time. And calling an izvoschik, whose horse was in better condition than the generality, he said: "To General G——'s! Go quickly, and you shall have a good *natchaï*." *

* Pourboire.

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What a great city St. Petersburg was, to be sure; and how interminable the Névsky Prospékt seemed, despite the excellent speed made by the sturdy little Finland pony. At last the Admiralty (or Navy Department) was reached, and turning to the left they were soon at the General's door.

Hearing from the Schvetzar that His Excellency was at home, Serge hurried up the broad stairway, and was ushered by an orderly into a room whose principal furniture was a vast writing-table, covered with papers of every description. Over the mantel hung a fine picture of Karazin's. A troïka, standing in a blinding snow-storm before a little country inn, the horses waiting with that patience of which Russian cattle alone are capable, while the snow whips in blinding fury about them; and just as Pallen had all but forgotten his errand in his contemplation of this, a deep voice close beside him said:

"You asked to see me, I believe!"

Confused at having allowed himself to become so unconscious of his surroundings, Serge said, somewhat hurriedly—noting absently the while that this same tall, gray-haired man had made no change in his attire since his return—"Yes, General, I did! You may perhaps think it rather curious, and I beg you will not be offended; but after you left the idea struck me that, as that money is not mine, I should not have given it up to anyone without taking a receipt. A mere formality, of course, but——"

"Stop a moment," interrupted the General, "I do not understand. Of what money are you speaking?"

A sudden faintness came over Serge, and the walls appeared to be whirling with lightning rapidity about him as he answered, falteringly:

"Why, the one hundred thousand roubles I gave you not two hours since! Surely Your Excellency cannot have forgotten it."

For the space of several seconds the General stood looking fixedly at Serge, then inquired:

"*Where* did you give me the money?"

Almost desperately, Pallen answered: "In my room at the Northern Hotel. You came yourself to tell me it would be safer with the police, and offered to keep it for me until I could deliver it to the 'Famine Relief Committee,' for whom it is destined. Why"—and tears were now actually standing in the young fellow's eyes—"you knew all about it, even to the exact time at which I had arrived, bringing it with me."

A curious gleam in the General's eyes belied the calm of his voice as he remarked:

"You say I was in your room at the Northern Hotel this morning?"

"Certainly! And not two hours since!"

Rising deliberately from the chair in which he had seated himself, His Excellency touched an electric bell, and as a servant stood in the doorway, he said, quietly:

"Have I been out this morning, Vasili?"

"No, Your Excellency! You have but this moment finished your toilet."

Without a word the General looked toward Serge, who felt now as though he were moving in some hideous dream, and who could not possibly have articulated a word, so persistently did his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth.

Then—always with the same deliberateness—the General continued, still addressing his servant:

"Tell Ivan to bring the sleigh at once, and give me my pelisse."

Then turning, he bowed slightly to Serge, saying: "May I beg you to accompany me?"

Still moving as in a dream, Pallen preceded General G—— into the anteroom, where stood another servant in readiness to assist Vasili in giving the coats.

Passing ahead, so that there could have been no possibility of the men holding converse together, His Excellency again inquired: "Have I been out this morning, Nicolaï?"

Short and prompt came the answer: "No, Your Excellency."

On down the stairs they went, and to the Schvetzar who opened the wide door with a deeply respectful bow, the General again repeated his question, which was met by the identical answer that had been given twice before.

Ivan, whose horses had been stand-

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ing ready harnessed, now drew up before the door, and Serge soon found himself seated beside this mysterious, uniformed figure; behind the self-same dark-gray thoroughbreds he had admired from the hotel window so short a time before; and listening in blank bewilderment to the coachman's very positive affirmation, that "His Excellency had not left the house that morning."

Pallen's mind was now in such a state of confusion that he failed to hear what order was given, but after a swift and silent drive—that appeared to him incalculably short after the time it had taken to cover the same distance with an izvoschik—he found himself once again at the entrance of the hotel.

Ere he had completely realized his whereabouts, the proprietor was bowing obsequiously beside the carriage, and inquiring "What he could do for His Excellency's service?"

But there had now come a change in the formula, and in reply to the General's brief demand: "Have I already been here this morning?" the little Frenchman protested with many engaging grimaces that "it was scarce two hours since His Excellency had gone to Mr. Pallen's room; and if he desired to visit it again, why, Monsieur was himself there to show the way."

Stepping rapidly from the carriage, the General passed into the house, and motioning Serge—who was still speechless—to lead the way to his room, followed him, making the same inquiry of each person he met, and meeting invariably with the answer: "Your Excellency left here not two hours since."

Once in Pallen's room he looked sharply about, examined the solitary closet, asked where he had been seated, what he had said, and upon taking his place once more in his sleigh, called a policeman, who was standing respectfully by, and upon learning that the man had also seen him so short a time before, demanded briefly:

"In which direction did I go?"

"Up the Névsky, toward the St. Alexandre Monastery," was the reply.

"*Haracho!** And now, Mr. Pallen, will you kindly be seated?"

*It is well.

Again they are off, almost flying over the frozen snow, drawing rein only as they pass each policeman, and receiving invariably the reply: "Your Excellency passed here two hours since, going toward the Monastery." When the convent gates are well-nigh reached the direction is suddenly changed, and as they follow this strange chase up one street and down another, now to the right and now to the left, Pallen asks himself whether he is indeed in his right mind, or whether this is not rather the effect of some weird hallucination that has possessed him. And at every turn the question is repeated—so rapidly indeed that the horses scarcely come to a stand—until, of a sudden, the General hears: "Your Excellency stopped about two hours ago, at yonder large gray stone house, the third on the right." At these words His Excellency's eyes lose their look of stony calm, and—like a hunter who scents his prey close at hand—the nostrils dilate, while a tense expression tells that the interest is becoming very keen.

The policeman, who is watching his chief's face closely, notes the difference; and though he feels that some exciting scene is shortly to be enacted, is very far from suspecting what its character may be.

"I entered the third house on the right," pursued the General, leaning forward and gazing straight into his subordinate's eyes; "did I come out again?"

The man's face is a positive study as he answers: "Not that I saw, my General. Yet it is very evident——"

"No matter about what is evident!" interrupted His Excellency, shortly; "answer only the questions you are asked. What became of my equipage?"

"It went on immediately, and turned the corner, so your Excellency may have left by another——"

But the man turned an ashen hue as the General interrupted, sternly: "No suppositions, do you hear! And now——" Here followed some swiftly spoken, low-voiced instructions, that were inaudible to Serge, and as the policeman turned and hurried away, the General stepped from the sleigh, beckoning Pallen also to alight, while

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the coachman drove rapidly into the adjoining cross-street where he was soon lost to view.

As Serge followed the General into the house that had been pointed out to them by the policeman, he noticed the look of bewilderment upon the Schvetzar's face, and in reply to the General's query: "Do I live here?" heard the man stammer, "Yes, General! Third floor, to the left!" But at the next question: "And am I at home?" the man dropped limply upon the stone settle, and gazed at them as one distraught.

Calmly ignoring his amazement, the General, still followed by Serge, mounted to the story indicated, and after a hasty glance from the window overlooking the street, turned as though satisfied with what he had seen, and pressed the electric bell at the door on his left, long and firmly.

A maid servant, who was evidently expecting a summons, opened the door almost immediately; but, as she caught sight of the General, her lower jaw dropped, and she stood with eyes and mouth agape, staring at him. When asked: "Do I live here?" she nodded frantically, and when her interrogator continued, "Which is my room?" she gave a terrified gasp, and started hastily backward down the corridor, never turning her gaze from the General's face, wherein lay apparently some powerful fascination for her. Her outstretched right hand soon touched the framework of a door, and stopping, she remained pointing speechlessly toward this entrance.

With scant ceremony His Excellency caught the handle, and the next moment stood in a good-sized room, lighted by two windows looking out upon the street.

Pallen, whose nerves were now strung to their intensest pitch, saw, with something like a shudder, seated at a large round table, his back toward them, a man with close-cut black hair, who was busily sorting or counting a sufficiently imposing pile of bank-notes. A gray wig was thrown in a little heap on the table beside him, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, while the uniform which he had just discarded lay at full length—identically the same as that worn by the General—upon the bed.

He had not moved as the door had opened, but, on the contrary, had exclaimed, with some impatience: "How is it you are so late, Paul Dmitrieff?" And as His Excellency's hand now fell heavily upon his shoulder, he sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry, stretching out one hand at the same time in an endeavor to seize a pistol from the table.

But the General was too quick for him, and had the weapon already in his grasp. Covering his prisoner with it, he said, slowly:

"There is no escape for you. This house is surrounded by my men. You have but to look from the window and you will see them. I have been upon your traces for some time, my friend; but your audacity of to-day will put an end to your escapades, I can assure you. And as for your accomplice, Paul Dmitrieff——"

As the General had been speaking, the steady tramp of a squad of police had been audible upon the stairway and from the corridor outside, and just as he pronounced this name, the two foremost of the party appeared at the door, leading between them, heavily manacled, a short, thick-set man with so villainous a cast of countenance, that Serge, though no coward, fairly trembled to think what might have been his fate had he fallen unprotected into the hands of such expert and hardened criminals.

With what relief Serge Georgeovitch Pallen handed the money over that same afternoon to the persons appointed to receive it—for the telegram had been a part of the plot, and the gentlemen of the Committee had arrived that morning in St. Petersburg—may be better imagined than described, and the proprietor of the Northern Hotel was treated to a bottle of his own finest champagne in return for the kindly advice he had given the young tchinovnik.

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Simon de Vos, painted by himself.
(In the Antwerp Gallery.)

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IN A GALLERY.

Antwerp, 1891.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Virgin floating on the silver moon;
Madonna Mary, with her holy child;
Pale Christs on shuddering crosses lifted high;
Sweet angel faces, bending from the blue;
Saints rapt from earth in ecstasy divine,
And martyrs all unmindful of their pain;
Bold, mail-clad knights; fair ladyes whom they loved;
Brown fisher-boys and maidens; harvest fields,
Where patient women toiled; with here and there
The glint of summer skies and summer seas,
And the red glow of humble, household fires!

Breathless I stood and silent, even as one
Who seeing all, sees nothing. Then a face
Down the long gallery drew me as a star;
A winsome, beckoning face, with bearded lips
Just touched with dawning laughter, and clear eyes
That kept their own dear secret, smiling still
With a soft challenge. Dark robes lost in shade,
Laces at throat and wrist, an ancient chair,
And a long, slender hand whose fingers held
Loosely a parchment scroll—and that was all.
Yet from those high, imperial presences,
Those lofty ones uplifted from dear earth
With all its loves and longings, back I turned
Again and yet again, lured by the smile
That called me like a voice, "Come hither, friend!"

"Simon de Vos," thus saith the catalogue,
And "Painted by himself."
Three hundred years
Thou hast been dust and ashes. I who write
And they who read, we know another world
From that thine eyes looked out on. Wouldst thou smile,
Even as here thou smilest, if to-day
Thou wert still of us? O, thou joyous one,
Whose light, half-mocking laughter hath outlived
So much earth held more precious, let thy lips
Open and answer me! Whence was it born,
The radiance of thy tender, sparkling face?
What manner of man wert thou? For the books
Of the long generations do not tell!
Art thou a name, a smile, and nothing more?
What dreams and visions hadst thou? Other men
Would pose as heroes; would go grandly down
To coming ages in the martyr's *rôle;*
Or, if perchance they're poets, set their woes
To wailing music, that the world may count
Their heart-throbs in the chanting of a song.
Immortal thou, by virtue of one smile!

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ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

The Triumphal Entry into Berlin, 1871.

(From the photograph of a painting by W. Camphausen; by permission of the New York Office of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

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THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED: SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

No sorrow knowing, hath the heart of sorrow
Recondite in her eyes; while Mary's grace
For pity of to-day, of all the morrow
Turns her new joy to dimness in her face.
So new announced to her—and Earth, removed,
Shimmers a mist of tears before her sight;
Not seen, yet understood; renounced, yet loved;
All strength and pity shown in high brave light.
"For she hath looked upon the front of God,"
Her eyes are stilled; her lips have touched the rod,
Foreknowing His will and of mercy sure:
They offer her Earth's flower as it dies;
She sits with folded hands; but in her eyes
The infinite compassion of the pure.

HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

[June 16, 1871.]

By Archibald Forbes.

GLORIOUS and memorable as was the spectacle which Washington witnessed on the 23d and 24th May, 1865, that closing scene of the civil war was checkered by many a sad and bitter memory. Grand "Historic Moment" as was the event, dark shadows fell athwart the splendor of the pageant which in steadfast tramp of stanch war veterans and in sheen of glittering steel, rolled its majestic stream down Pennsylvania Avenue. The blood of the Great President was scarcely dry on the narrow hallway leading to the back room where his patriot spirit left its shattered tenement of clay. The character of the war had been exceptionally sombre, and in virulence, obstinacy, and duration had been all but unique in modern times. The combatants had been no foes of distinct and adverse nationalities, but sons of a common country and a common race, brothers in blood, and knit to each other by countless ties. In the heart of the bloody devilry of most wars there lurks some seed of virtue, and probably never in the world's history has there been a war out of which sprang so much good as that which has so auspiciously emanated from the issue of the secession struggle; but in those days when the grand divisions of the Union hosts were striding along Pennsylvania Avenue, few men as yet could discern the far-off rainbow in the sky.

Undimmed either by memories or

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forebodings, was the radiant exhilaration of the triumphal entry into Berlin on June 16, 1871, by the German troops who had returned from the short, sharp, and decisive war with Germany's hereditary enemy. It was not to be expected that from a strife so titanic the cohorts of the Fatherland should return with full numbers. No, the graves of dead Teuton soldiers flecked the green sward of France from the Spicherenberg to the banks of the Loire, from Pontarlier on the foothills of the Alps to Havre on the English Channel. The Guard Corps constitutes the garrison of the capital of the German Empire, and was to have the chief prominence in the military pageant of the day. Its ranks were now full, but recruits repaired the ghastly chasms made on the smooth slopes of St. Privat, where six thousand of the Prussian *corps d'élite* went down in little over a quarter of an hour, of whom twenty-five hundred moulder where they fell. But if the Prussian Guardsmen did not know the French proverb, that an omelette cannot be made without the breaking of eggs, they were familiar enough with its German equivalent, and they blithely realized that, though comrades Hans and Johann sleeping their long sleep in the now German Lorraine, were not to be forgotten, their memory might be put aside on this day of triumph and rejoicing. The widows and orphans of the war hid their sad faces and sombre attire in the seclusion of their dwellings, and but for them, all Berlin was throbbing with exuberant joy and pride.

The Berliners are an early rising folk, from king to kerl, and by eight o'clock it seemed as if the whole population was already in the Linden, from the roofs and windows of which floated multitudinous flags, and whose central allée, from the Pariser Platz to the Spree, was lined on either side by captured field-guns garnished with flowers. War celebrities were thus early abroad. Who is this senior for whom the throng makes way reverentially—he with lean wrinkled face, set mouth, yet with something of a half smile on it, ever with downcast abstracted eye and stooping shoulder, with hands clasped behind his back and with listless gait—this fleshless, tough-looking man with the bushy eyebrows and the long, lean throat? He is worth looking at, for he is the greatest strategist of the age, and has been the ruling soul of the victorious campaign. Moltke, for it is he, has been with the Emperor, and is probably on his way home to finish Miss Braddon's last novel; for when he is not devising strategy he is reading sensational novels; and his abstraction, as like as not, is caused by speculation as to which of the two aspirants to her hand the heroine is ultimately to marry. A tall burly man swings round the corner of the Friedrich Strasse, his loud "Ha! ha!" ringing out above the noise of the street as he strides down the Linden. The crowd makes way for him when it will for few others, and in truth he is the stamp of man to drive a path for himself even through an obstructive crowd. His step is firm and massive, his shoulders are broad and square; the undress cuirassier cap sets off well the strong face with the heavy snow-white mustache and the terrible under-jaw, massive yet not fleshy, full but not exuberant, which one never looks at without thinking how symbolical it is of the "blood and iron" dogma which the stern but hearty man once so frankly enunciated. When last I had seen Bismarck he was sitting on his big horse under the statue of Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde, on the day the German troops marched into Paris, glowering down scornfully from under the peak of his metal helmet on a group of Frenchmen who had identified him, and were shrinking as they spat hissings up at him.

Now we are at the Brandenburg arch, and the driver of our fiacre suddenly wheels aside and halts. Why this rolling thunder of cheering? The road is clear but for this somewhat ramshackle park phaeton, in which sits an old gentleman in undress uniform with a younger man by his side. Why are hats in the air, and people roaring themselves hoarse as they bow low to this passing vehicle? Because its elder occupant is the central figure of this hour of national triumph and success. He does not look much like one who will be known to all time as a great his-

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toric figure, does he?—this full-faced, genially bluff-looking old gentleman with the bushy white eyebrows, mustache, and whiskers. But he will be, nevertheless; nay, he is a great historic figure to-day, for he is the German Kaiser and King of Prussia, who, after his quiet, old-fashioned German way, has come out for his morning drive among his people. In ordinary times they merely take off their hats to him silently, since it is known that he dislikes more demonstrative greetings; but this is an exceptional day, and his Berliners think themselves entitled to take a liberty. The Kaiser does not bow, he merely nods; it is his way, for he is a homely man, and one could not imagine him assuming a Napoleonic aspect of abstracted sphinxhood.

The thoroughfare which is later in the day to become part of the *via triumphalis* leads by the street of La Belle Alliance—so called in memory of the meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the evening of Waterloo—over the Kreuzberg, to the wide green expanse of the Tempelhofer Field, where is to be held the Kaiser's parade of the army. We ride under a succession of triumphal arches along the broad roadway, kept clear spontaneously by the dense throngs on either side without need of police or soldiery. Now that the parade ground is reached, one can as yet but make little out of the seemingly tangled and inchoate formations. Yonder is a bright clump of glittering steel—an infantry regiment of the Guard. This snake-like coil crossing on the lower level, a flowing river of glitter, is another, marching on to take up a position. And now over the crest of the Kreuzberg is pouring a flood of white and steel, tipped with shining brass and dancing plumes. It is the Cuirassiers of the Guard on the march. The succession of splendid squadrons seems interminable, as they come on, scabbards clinking on spurs, helmets and cuirasses flashing in the bright sunshine. Now at a spanking trot approaches the Dragoon Brigade of the Guard. No traces of hard campaigning are visible now either on troopers or horses—nothing save the medals and iron crosses on gallant breasts to recall that awful afternoon when the brigade, to relieve their sorely strained comrades of the infantry, galloped up the slope north of Mars-la-Tour straight into the jaws of death. Lebœuf's chassepot bullets are not raining into the ranks now, no pale death now confronts the troopers who escaped that tornado of fire. The Hussars of the Guard, trim and dainty, are coming on to the field at a walking pace by another route. Their crimson and gold shabracks are very bright in their newness, untarnished they by the dust and blood of Vionville and the red mud of the Ardennes. The noble horses arch their crests and jingle bits and collar-chains; they are as proud to-day as are their riders. With a rattle and a rumble, the sound of which is a mixture of a cavalry charge and the roll of laden wagons on a granite causeway, the Horse Artillery dashes up at a straining gallop, whips in air, traces taut, the limber-gunners hanging on by their eyelids, the mounted detachments riding knee to knee. At a demurer pace advances the Field Artillery, plain, but smart and thoroughly serviceable; the men who handle the grim toys which did so much to earn the German success in the war, do not care about fancy uniforms, but about straight shooting. Through a hurricane of cheering, a compact column of infantrymen, above whose ranks rises a forest of colors, standards, and eagles, marches up steadfastly. The column deploys into line on the green sward of the Tempelhofer Field, and the strange diversity of uniforms among the men who compose it becomes apparent.

For this is the famous "Combined Battalion," eight hundred strong, made up of small detachments from every regiment of United Germany which fought in the recent war. In its ranks march eighty-one non-commissioned officers, each man chosen because of some signal deed of personal valor, to be the bearer this day of one of the eighty-one trophies 'reft from France, which are now glittering and waving on the parade ground of the German capital. Yonder are the eagles of the French Imperial Guard, which I had seen laid down with tears and gnashing of teeth, on that sullen October morning by the

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Moselle, when one hundred and seventy thousand Frenchmen in arms surrendered in a mass. Yonder the Gallic banners fought for and won at Gravelotte, Sedan, Orleans, Le Mans, St. Albert, Villersexel, and many another fierce and bitter combat. No wonder that the chosen bearers—Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Würtembergers, Hessians, Badeners—march proudly under such a burden as this. The world has rarely seen such a pregnant show as these eighty-one emblems of victory present.

While the battalion is standing at ease, let us pass down the ranks and note some of its features. Every type of German stock is represented here, nor are there wanting men of Slav descent, who are now as German as the Germans themselves. These eight hundred men are the compendious living story of the war, to one who can read the significance of the regimental numbers on their shoulder-straps. This man with the "40" on his shoulders was one of those—and not one of the last, else he would not be here—who carried, now at the bayonet-point, now scaling upward on their hands and knees, the steep face of the Spicherenberg. This stout fellow with the number "35" on his shoulder-strap, stood fast in Flavigny when forty French batteries on the Roman road were pouring into it a hail of live shells. There are memories here of the ravine leading up to the shot-rent St. Hubert, of the storm of St. Privat, of the furious close-locked struggle in the street of Champigny, of the grapple at the barricade of Le Bourget. This Bavarian in the light blue looked into the heart of the shuddering horror of Bazeilles; yonder Saxon sergeant commanded his company at Villiers, when all the commissioned officers had gone down. I can recognize, in connection with days of danger and nights of quiet gossip on the fore-posts, many of the faces in this "Combined Battalion;" and when I hear a "Wie geht's, Herr Forbes?" emanating in drawling Saxon from the deepest recesses of a man who looks as if he had been hewn out of gnarled timber, and discern the kindly glimmer in the stern man's eyes as he woodenly clinks his heels together and salutes an old friend, the recollection recurs of the steep night-climb on to the slaughter-pen of Mont Avron, when under-officer Schultz was in charge of the "Sly Patrol."

The early tangle of regiments has resolved itself into precise and serried order. In the place of honor on the right of the first line stands the "Combined Battalion" deployed; on its left the First Division of the Guard, in the front of whose centre sits motionless its brave chief Von Pape, on his brow still the shadow of that awful slaughter of his "children" on the slope of St. Privat, which clouded all his after-life. The second line consists of the Second Guard Division, whose commander, that fiery old Pole, Budritski, gave a lead to his Guardsmen over the big barricade in the throat of the street of Le Bourget, his sword in one hand, in the other the king's color of the Queen Elizabeth regiment. In the third line are the cavalry and artillery. In front of the now set parade gradually gather many notable warriors, massing to escort the Emperor along the lines. Alvensleben, the hero of Mars-la-Tour, is chatting with the Crown Prince of Saxony, who is to live to be almost the sole survivor of the great men of the great war; Von Werder is shaking hands with Manteuffel, who relieved him in his sore stress in front of Belfort. Old Steinmetz, "the Lion of Skalitz," holds converse with the Bavarian commander Von der Tann, who sits on his big horse moodily pulling his long iron-gray mustache; Blumenthal, the military mentor of the Crown Prince, is here with his keen, not unkindly face; and the cultured Von Goeben is scanning the "dressing" of the Guard Corps through his spectacles. Stiehle, beloved of Prince Frederick Charles, but the *bête noire* of correspondents, grimly lowers on the scene, and appears disgusted by the geniality of Podbielski, the quarter-master-in-chief.

Hark to that clamor of cheering, coming on the wind from the throat of La Belle Alliance Street! Nearer and nearer it rolls, like a great wave, till it climbs the Kreuzberg and breaks in thunder on the gentle slope of the Tempelhofer Field. It heralds at once and accompanies the approach of the Em-

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peror. Preceded by a couple of equerries, but with no other escort than the love and reverence of his people, the old Kaiser rides forward, wearing the plain uniform of a Prussian general, and mounted on a powerful dapple-brown charger. The "Royal Salute" clashes out from the massed bands; the troops, with three sharp and simultaneous volleys of cheering, present arms; and before the conqueror the "Combined Battalion" droops to the ground the eagles and banners of the conquered. Behind his Majesty ride his son the Crown Prince and his nephew Prince Frederick Charles, and then deploys a brilliant staff in rear of which follows a long line of carriages. The first of these contains the Empress and the Crown Princess; the former pallid, stiff, and formal; the latter beaming with joy and pride. Her swelling heart is in her eyes; a glance tells how she sympathizes in her every fibre with the scene before her. The cortège passes along the serried lines at a brisk walk, and then forms up at the saluting point for the march past. But that is a mere military formality, and we shall do well to hurry to a position whence may be seen to advantage a subsequent spectacle. The last view of the scene on the Tempelhofer Field is seen in passing from the crest of the Kreuzberg, and is worth glancing back upon. The sombreness of the dark blue of the infantryman is relieved by the more brilliant dress of the cavalry, the dancing plumes of the staffs, the waving of the countless banners, and the bright, fresh green of the sward. There is a constant yet flickering shimmer as the sun plays lightly on bayonets, drawn swords, and burnished cuirasses — such a shimmer as diamonds radiate in a well-lit ballroom. Along the route from the Kreuzberg right to the lower end of the Linden, along the whole line, indeed, of the impending procession, the guilds of Berlin guard and keep open its thoroughfare. At the first triumphal arch stands a deputation of black-coated gentlemen, the master-machinists and workers in iron of the Hauptstadt. Behind and beyond these are the journeymen of those crafts, stalwart, brawny fellows, all dressed in their best, and with silver badges in their hats. Emblematic trade-banners are everywhere displayed, of puddlers, of strikers, of hammermen, of boiler-makers. Men say that between the far end of La Belle Alliance Street and the Brandenburger Thor there are, arrayed in double file, not fewer than twenty thousand craftsmen.

To Berlin the Brandenburg Gate bears almost the relation of the Arc de Triomphe to Paris. Erected at the beginning of the century, it attracted the rapacious eye and the unscrupulous hand of the First Napoleon. The fine allegorical sculpture representing Victory was torn from its place above the gate, and carried off to Paris. When in 1815 the conqueror became the conquered, the ill-gotten gains of the Empire were reclaimed and the "Victory" came back to Berlin. Inside the gate fine new houses were built around a great parallelogram, from the lower end of which springs the noble promenade of Unter den Linden. To this area was given the name of the Pariser Platz. Its houses form an admirable amphitheatre in which to represent a splendid spectacle and celebrate a glorious triumph. This space was selected with marked appropriateness as the arena in which the Emperor and his victorious army should receive from the civic authorities of the capital of the Empire a welcome home and grateful thanks for the triumph of heroism and endurance. On tiers of seats in front of the houses of the Pariser Platz were congregated a great proportion of the rank, the wealth, and the patriotism of Germany, who were to be at once spectators and actors in a ceremony which crowned events that had changed the color and the current of modern history more than any occurrence since the Declaration of Independence by the United States of America.

On either side, in the great sloping tribunes, rises a vast bank of humanity, bright with the colors of the ladies' dresses. The tall masts with starred banners and waving pennons, frame in color with color, and above everything there is a sky line of many hues, for all the mansions have crowded tribunes even on their roofs; and on the summit of the archway of the gate are perched adventurous lads clinging

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around the monumental horses of the "Victory." In front of the tribune on the left of the gate, an oblong enclosed space is filled with pretty girls dressed in white trimmed with blue, among them Fräulein Blaesar (apt name for the day of blazing sunshine), who, patently to the naked eye, is conning over the address of welcome which she has been chosen to recite to the Kaiser. Under the huge silver-trimmed awning projecting into the Platz from the head of the Linden, stand the civic dignitaries of Berlin headed by the Burgomaster Hedeman, with a vista in the rear of aldermanic-looking committee-men, with those inexplicable rolls of parchment in their hands which never by any chance come to anything. The chief magistrates are robed and uniformed, and swelter visibly accordingly; the minor functionaries are in evening dress, with portentous soup-plate-like medals and cable-like chains of office. Soldiers are gathered in every corner of the Platz, but soldiers unarmed, many of them just recovering from their war wounds, of whom a sad proportion have left a limb in France.

There is a shout that the procession is approaching, but it is a false alarm, created by the apparition of a solitary Landwehrman who, armed to the teeth, stalks stolidly under the archway, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and presses steadily on as if he was marching up to a French barricade. But now at length the time has come, heralded by the cheering billowing along the Königsgraetzer Strasse. There is a mighty roar from the tribunes as old Marshal Wrangel rides through the Thor—"Papa" Wrangel, the veteran of the war of Liberation, the warrior-contemporary of Blücher, a nonagenarian still straight and soldier-like, bearing stoutly sword, cuirass, and plumed helmet. Then follows him the General Staff in a glitter of diverse uniforms, and in rear of the staff ride the chiefs who commanded army corps in the war, some of whom, such as Werder, Von der Tann, and Goeben were in its course the heads of independent armies. Then come the supreme commanders of larger separate armies, the Crown Prince of Saxony, who not five years ago was Prussia's foe; Manteuffel, grim, gray, and wiry; and fiery old Steinmetz, the inheritor of Blücher's byname of "Immer vorwärts!" There is an interval; and then, riding abreast, there pass the three makers of history, the men, too, who have made the German Empire—Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon. Alone, with a twenty yards space before and behind him, rides now Kaiser Wilhelm, brusquely acknowledging the tempest of cheering which surges around him. Verily he reneweth his youth as doth the eagle, this stalwart, sempervirent monarch of the Teutons. Gone in this hour of triumph from this fresh-colored old chieftain with the eye of a hawk, the aches and ailments of the campaign; his crest is erect, his back straight, his bridle-hand light yet firm on the dapple-brown charger he bestrides so gallantly. The deputation of young ladies sally out upon him, and he halts in courteous attention while Miss Blaesar speaks her piece, which is commendably short. When she has finished he stoops over her and takes her hand; the ladies around me, in their gushing way, will have it that he has kissed her. Certainly there was temptation, for Miss Blaesar is an exceedingly pretty girl. Then the Kaiser bends to the right and rides along the front of the tribune occupied by convalescent officers wounded in the war, whom he greets with kind solicitude and shakes hands with the nearest. This Pater patriæ also has a few soldierly words of sympathy for the convalescent private men massed in the further corner; and then he wheels the dapple-brown under the civic awning, where Burgomaster Hedeman is master of the situation. Herr Hedeman is not so pleasant-looking as Fräulein Blaesar, and he is ever so much more prolix. Bismarck, weary of the *copia verborum*, takes his feet out of the stirrups, and permits himself a stretch and a yawn. The Red Prince throws his charger on its haunches with an impatient chuck of the bit, for Frederick Charles is a man of action, not of words—and in truth the worshipful Burgomaster is very prosy. It has been a weary halt, but at last Hedeman's sonorous volume of platitudes comes to an end. The Emperor says not much in

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reply, but in a strong voice and with considerable gesticulation. He does not kiss Hedeman—Hedeman is old and hairy, and smells of tobacco, which Wilhelm does not like. In England the Burgomaster would have been bidden to kneel down, and when he got up would have found himself a live baronet; but there are no baronets in Prussia, and he is content with a shake of the imperial hand. And then the Emperor is out of sight down the Linden, with his Princes and Poins; but the army has still to defile.

In the intervals between the congratulatory addresses, the military bands had been performing snatches of distinctly patriotic music, such as the favorite "Heil dir im Sieges-Kranz," an air familiar to Americans under the name of "Hail to the Chief;" the not less favorite "Ich bin ein Preusse," and the triumphant "Wacht am Rhein." But now it was to the strains of "The Pariser Einzug Marsch," composed for the defile through Paris of Blücher's army in 1814, that the First Guard Infantry, the leading regiment of an army which had twice since 1814 seen the interior of the French capital, strode down the central allée of the Linden in close column of double fours. The Third Guard Infantry, almost purely a Berlin regiment, was very warmly greeted, the shot-torn fragments of its ragged colors fluttering over the stalwart and medalled color-guard. A much married regiment: many wives and sisters, not to speak of babies in arms carried by most of the former, had invaded the ranks, and marched step by step with the fighting men. Behind the "Combined Battalion," which, as it strode under the forest of conquered banners, dense almost as Birnam wood moving to Dunsinane, roused the masses to the wildest enthusiasm, came the dingy but dashing Rifle Regiment of the Guard, the "Sweeps" of the Army Corps, scudding under bare poles, to use a nautical expression—for the last tatter of its regimental color had been shot away and there remained but the splintered staff. At the head of his "Lady-birds," the "Kaiser Alexander" regiment, rode their chief, the gallant Count Kaunitz, who cleared the Le Bourget barricade abreast of brave old Budritski. The sister regiment, the "Queen Elizabeths," passed next. Neither it nor the other "Queen" Regiment, the "Augustas," marched home under the colonel who had led it out to war — to both Le Bourget was fatal. I stood by the graves under the weeping-willows on the lawn of the Château of Arnouville, wherein was laid to a soldier's rest the heroic Zaluskovski, the colonel of the Elizabeths, with eight of his officers around him, and wherein sleeps Count Waldersee, the commander of the Augustas, who, barely recovered from his severe wound received in the mêlée of Sedan, was slain in storming one of the entrances into Le Bourget. But with the loss of their original chiefs, neither regiment lacked good leadership. The "Elizabeths" now followed down the Linden the ardent von Altrock, in whose paletot I counted fourteen bullet-holes after the fight of Le Bourget. At the head of the "Augustas" rode von Seeckt, who was left for dead in front of St. Privat, but who recovered to be wounded again at Le Bourget, and now looked no whit the worse for his rough handling from the chassepot bullets. I need not weary the reader by detailing how cavalry followed infantry, and artillery followed cavalry, then more infantry, more cavalry, and more artillery, till the whole host of forty thousand men had passed, and till, indeed, most people were tired, and surely all were hoarse with applauding. There is much sameness in file after file, be the files the finest troops in the world; and certainly the world might be searched in vain to discover finer than those which this afternoon had passed through the Brandenburg Gate, and having marched down Linden, were now massing in the broad Schloss-Platz to witness the final ceremony of the day.

The occasion had been appropriately chosen for the unveiling by the Kaiser of the statue, which had been set up in the adjacent Lust-Garten, of his royal father, that King Frederick William who had been the victim of Jena, and who after years of humiliation and privation, had seen his Prussia restored to her place among the nations by the statesman-

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ship of Stein, the provident wisdom of Scharnhorst, and the soldierly prowess of Blücher. It was a scene of great interest. On the steps of the pedestal of the statue were grouped the ladies of the Royal House. Below them was a little company of venerable men in quaint old-world uniforms, the surviving officers of the war of Liberation; and the handful, near the old officers, of veteran private men and non-commissioned officers of the same period, constituted with them a singular and suggestive link between the soldiery whom the Great Frederick so often led to victory, and that triumphant modern array whose serried lines to-day encircled the arena of the ceremony. Already there lay on the base of the monument the banners conquered from France by Prussian arms in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and hand in hand with Britons on the field of Waterloo and in the subsequent pursuit. Now the color-bearers of the "Combined Battalion" stepped proudly forward, and deposited with the earlier trophies the emblems of victory won on French battle-fields on which the graves of friend and foe were yet recent. The Chaplain-General of the Army, speaking from the highest step of the monument, then delivered in stentorian tones an address which was partly a pæan, partly a prayer, in which was not a little of the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, but more of abject homage to the demi-god-like attributes of the worthy old Kaiser, and of flatulent encomia on the virtues of the German soldiers. The Oberfeldgeistliche was both turgid and tedious; but there is an end to everything, and at last there came an end of him. The Emperor rode forward from his place at the head of the great staff and pulled the cord which let drop the concealing drapery. The statue of his father stood revealed; the Kaiser, helmet in hand, led off the cheering; at the simultaneous shout of command the troops presented arms with one sharp automatic-like crash; the cannon thundered forth the salute of a hundred and one guns; and when the smoke drifted away, the final ceremonial of the memorable day was over, and the triumphal "Einzug" had been consummated. It had been a complete and crowning success; and if there were those who held that it should have been postponed for two days, when it would have occurred on the anniversary of Waterloo, the reply was in order, that it was the chronological *riposte* for Ligny, which was fought on June 16, 1815, and which was the last defeat which has befallen the Prussian arms.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

WHAT Christendom wants at Christmas time is simply to be happy. It wants the same thing all the rest of the year, but when Christmas comes its habit is to make a special effort and gather, if it can, a special harvest of happiness from the plantings of the year. And where it is not used to being happy and does not really know how, it shows a pathetic willingness to learn, and even to assume an appearance of gayety that it does not really feel. Honest effort counts for a good deal in any pursuit, and where millions of people try to be happy and to furnish merriment for one another, a very considerable proportion meet with reasonable success. But in everything where there is a possibility of success there is also a hazard of failure, and it is no disparagement of a virtuous purpose to have a merry Christmas, to remember that effort which is misdirected, or attempts the impossible, or fails for any other reason, increases the bitterness of the resulting disappointment. Some good people will not have the heart to attempt any Christmas fun, or will fail in it in spite of all they can do. It is especially for their consideration that these remarks are intended.

There was a person once—I dare say it would be nearer the truth to say there were a million people at various times—who, having sought after happiness with earnest and protracted strivings, finally gave up the quest and went about his other business. His conclusion, slowly and automatically derived from long periods of longing and resulting depression, was that he could not get in this world what seemed indispensable to his satisfaction, and that while it was within his powers to live decently and maintain an honest walk and conversation, happy he could never be, and it would not pay him to try any more. So he settled down with the feelings of one who has been unjustly deprived of his own, to go through the motions of living without regard to whether he liked it or not. But his mind, continuing to operate more or less independently, presently evolved the reflection that, while it was incumbent on every man to live his life and to live it as handsomely as he knew how, he was under no sort of obligation to enjoy it, since happiness was a mere incident of mundane existence, and not at all a necessary condition or an absolute right. Now, merely to live decently whether you like it or not, is like walking along the street with your hands in your pockets; whereas to feel obliged to gather a complete outfit of happiness that you cannot reach, is like running your legs off after an elusive butterfly. So great was this person's relief at the conclusion that happiness was not necessary, and that as a human being he was under no ethical bonds to secure it, that a weight left his mind and his spirits presently began to rise; and though now and then he would lose his head and rush off after an impossible felicity, like a half-broken puppy who flushes an unexpected bird, when circumstances had duly thrashed him back into

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good behavior, he was able to return, not to his original gloom, but to the comparative cheerfulness of the emancipated state.

It makes a great difference in one's feelings about happiness whether he accustoms himself to regard it as a luxury, like a million dollars or a yacht, which some men have and more don't; or as a comparatively indispensable endowment, such as a nose, which it is a sort of reproach to a man to be without. The instinctive appetite for it is, like hunger and thirst, a wise provision of nature, and designed to incite a salutary degree of effort; but it is quite as capable of abuse as the other appetites, and needs the same sort of control; so that whoever feels that he must have so much happiness every day, whatever happens, has reached a point where a period of total abstention is likely to do him good.

There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look a little to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough after something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object and it leads you a doubtful chase; but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it has perched unnoticed on your shoulder, like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt. So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln, nor Balzac, nor Carlyle were happy men, but they put saddle and bridle on their own depression, and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columbus himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes.

But let nothing herein set forth induce any person to trifle with or undervalue any present happiness of which he may already hold the fee. It is very pleasant to have, and often very wholesome, and as long as it can be kept pure and sweet it is a lamentable blunder not to cherish it. Nor should anything herein dissuade anyone from making a special effort after a particular lot of Christmas happiness. Only, worthy people who do make that effort are counselled to aim a little to one side of the mark, that their chance of a bull's-eye may be the greater. And the practical application of that advice, as everybody knows, is just to aim to make the other people happy, and trust to getting a share incidentally for one's self.

We are apt in our criticism to impute to imaginative writers a larger freedom in the choice of their material than they actually enjoy. They can choose what they will, in the main; and what one will, we are wont to regard as a choice practically without limits. Nevertheless such a choice has limits, the natural limits of whatsoever will exercises it; and in the case of the writer choosing his material these limits are an important consideration.

There are writers who can set pen to almost any theme. When the golden-rod becomes for a day the national flower, they can do you sonnets to it in any number, without having been aware previously of its existence. Or, when the public curiosity is all astir over mesmerism, they can toss you up a mesmeric tale that would have mesmerized Mesmer himself. Honest handicraftsmen these are, for the most part, whose work we receive often at less than its real value, make an hour's use of, and then toss aside, never to recall it again. Such writers may be considered to have a practically unlimited choice, and we commit at least no absurdity in rating them for not always choosing what we would have chosen.

But the writers whose work reaches the dignity of literature are not of this adaptable type. They have ineradicable, unyielding preferences and repugnances; and cannot work to their best effect but at a consciously gracious task. They may each wish to do all that any writer has done or can do; but wishing is distinctly different from willing. Against that one encounters no obstruction either within or without; whereas against willing, since it is the beginning of action, there is the obstruction both of circumstance and of one's own nature—of those very preferences and repug-

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nances which in writers of the more significant sort are ineradicable and unyielding. With such writers the choice even of what they will must therefore be much restricted. A reviewer observed the other day, with much discrimination, *à propos* of a Life of the artist Keene, "And, surely, in matters of art, a lack of desire is a lack of power. To say that an artist did not care to draw beautiful faces is exactly the same thing as to say he could not. His nature did not fit him for it." The observation holds as well in letters as in art; and, when we chide an author for writing something else than what we should like him to write, we proceed little more wisely than if we chide an imbecile for not being a wit.

All this, perhaps, is so perfectly plain and simple when set forth by itself as to seem scarcely worth the saying. Yet we are continually losing sight of it when we come to pass judgment on authors and books. Authors too often lose sight of it; and reconcile themselves to the larger prosperity of some brother of the craft with the reflection that if they had a mind to prostitute their talents to it, they could do work as popular as his. Thus Ben Jonson, sensitive to the public's liking for a sort of pieces other than his own, was wont to bid it remember that he

> could so have wrote a play,
> But that he knew this was the better way.

Jonson's very confidence in the excellence of his own way, disabled him to follow any other. Possibly he could have followed another, had he willed; but he could not will. For the setting-forth he was absolutely impotent; how splendidly he might have finished is therefore a perfectly useless conjecture. No less useless would have been the exhortations of the play-goers and critics of his day, had they chosen to make exhortations, to him to write like those rivals whose method he held in such burning contempt.

One or two rather serious consequences attend the failure to remember that imaginative writers must do what they can. But for a sense of wilfulness in those who are not realists, or romanticists, or what not, when we ourselves chance to be one or another of these, there could scarcely be the disposition that there is to deal roundly with them for their slackness, and that consequent conflict of schools which now so often obscures right reason. And but for a sense of malice prepense when a writer fails to change his field at the first bidding, there could scarcely be that brutality which is sometimes practised on those who have done the world the rare beneficence of opening to it a perfectly new garden of delight, but have been unable to open a second when the novelty wore away from the first.

During the late "silly season" of the London newspapers—and the English journalist takes his silliness with conscientious thoroughness, as he does his politics—one of the chief papers devoted many columns to letters from readers on the question why young men do not marry. Most of the writers agreed in thinking that it was because of the fear of the expense of married life, which is plausible enough, and nearly all of them agreed that it was a great evil, in which opinion I do not find myself able wholly to join. But whether it is an evil or not, there is no question that there exists, in England and here, a class, apparently of increasing numbers, of women who either do not marry at all or do not marry so young as their mothers and grandmothers did; and it seems to me that fathers of sense do not quite recognize the duty that this fact imposes upon them—the duty of making such provision for daughters that they shall, as far as possible, be free to marry or not, and shall not be impelled to do so from the mere need of a home and support. Of course this provision must vary with the means of the father. It may take the form of an adequate income, secured by a proper investment, or it may be a training in some occupation that will yield an income, or it may be in part one and in part the other. The main point, so far as the daughters are concerned, is that marriage shall be a matter of choice, that a fairly comfortable and independent life shall be made possible without it, and that no woman shall feel forced, or tempted, not to put too fine a point upon it, to become a wife to secure such a life. I know that the problem is not a simple one, and that its solution is not easy, but ease and simplicity are not the prevailing character-

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istics of a man's duties to his children of either sex. This one is none the less imperative on that account.

I do not ignore the fact that for the greater number of women marriage is the happier and better condition, and I know the objection to my suggestion that it would discourage marriage. But it remains true that a certain number of women do not marry, and the duty to provide for the greatest attainable happiness for them is as clear as any other. Another consideration, and one which is worth thinking of, is that the chances of happiness and a good life for those who do marry will plainly be increased if their choice is as free as nature and the perversity of fate permit. Nor should I withdraw the provision for daughters in case of marriage. I would, in the reasonable ratio of means—which a little self-denial by fathers would increase—continue it. We men are not such miracles of unselfishness that the possession by a wife of independent resources, proportioned to station, is a wholly vain title to respect. The essence, I think, of the intelligent American's idea of marriage is mutual affection, and to that I believe that a certain undeniable and lasting equality contributes. All social legislation for forty years back, in the United States, has tended toward that end. It would be well if social habits and methods took the same direction.

In his remarkably interesting "Souvenirs d'âge mûr," M. Francisque Sarcey gives an account of his persistent, but not successful, efforts to make for himself a corner in some Paris journal in which he could apply to books the method that he has adopted in the criticism of plays. The principle is very simple. First, he had "in stock," so to speak, a body of general ideas in regard to the various departments covered by current publication. This, it is assumed, though the assumption is sometimes a little violent, every critic starts out with. The ideas may be modified or developed with the passage of time, but they must be definite enough and broad enough to be useful before even a beginning is to be made. Second—and this is the point on which his claim for originality rests — M. Sarcey wished, if he took up a book at all, whether for praise or condemnation, or each in part, to give his readers a very clear impression of the actual contents of the book, a succinct but careful and faithful description of it, a *catalogue raisonné*, not only of its virtues and defects, but of its essential features, an analysis of its author's purpose and methods. Finally was to come the comment. Not that every notice was to be divided in this way. Quite the contrary, the great dramatic critic thinking that the comment should be woven with the general or specific statement, and that the fundamental ideas, on which he insists, should be inferred rather than stated, but should always be the basis of the criticism. Each article would then be a lesson in these ideas as applied to the particular work in hand, and for this purpose, a poor or even a slight or bad work would be as useful, and would require as much pains, as a good or even a great book.

I am convinced, not only that the plan is a sound and practical one, but that the journal of means and position that adopts it would make for itself a class of permanent readers of great value. At present I recall but one journal that approaches it. The "notices" of the daily press are, as a rule, singularly inadequate, and often inept. Even the better class of them make too much of a display of the critic, and leave the reader worse than ignorant of what the writer criticised has really done. The omission is the more remarkable because, in this department, there is much room for that element of "news" for which American readers are supposed to be so eager, and American journalists so happily gifted. The scheme suggested by M. Sarcey does not require genius; it does require ability, if not of a high order, certainly not common; but especially it demands patient industry, great fidelity, and, from the publisher, a free hand. Given these, there is a department to create.

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